Sept. 13, 1947

THE NEW YORKER

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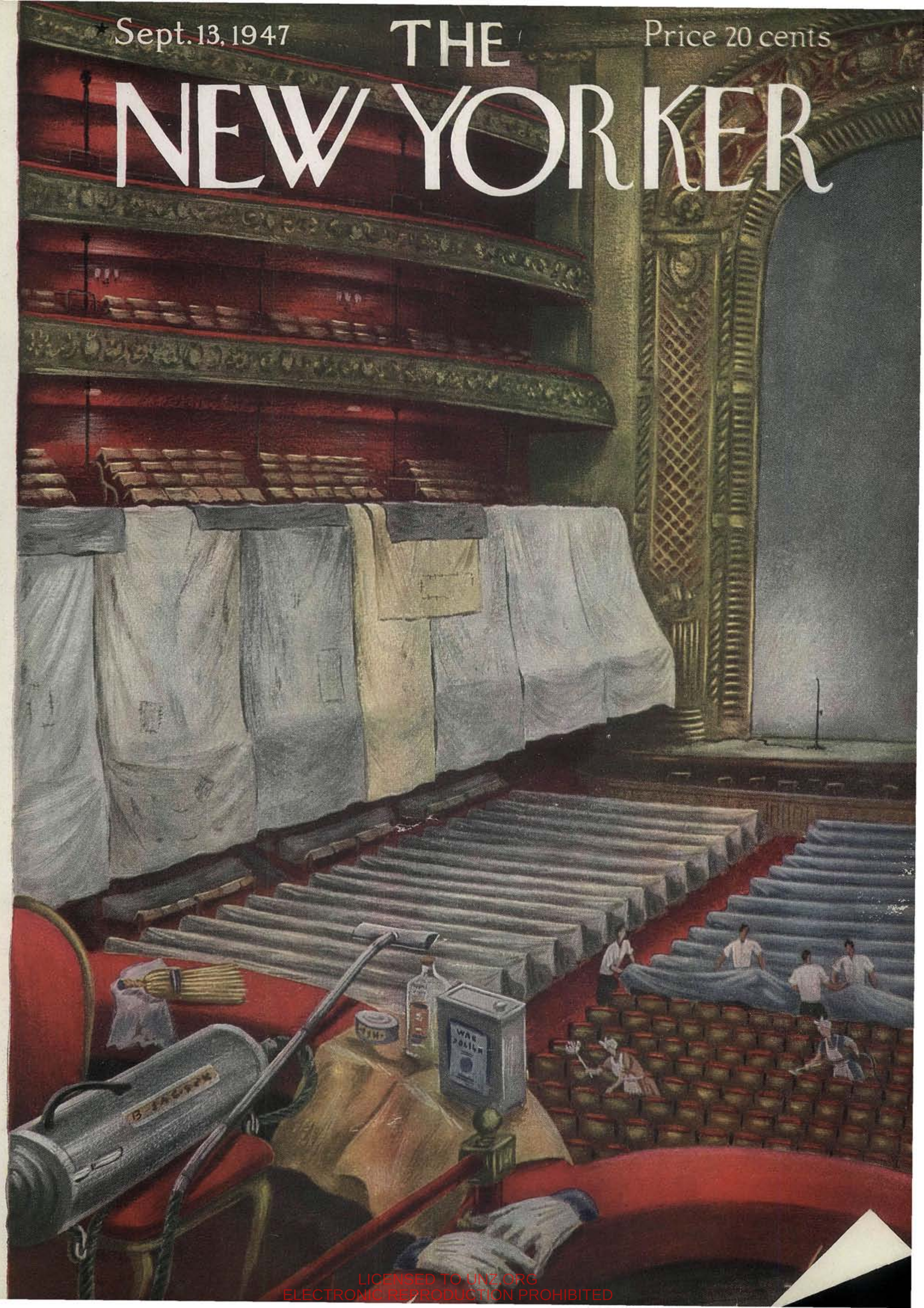
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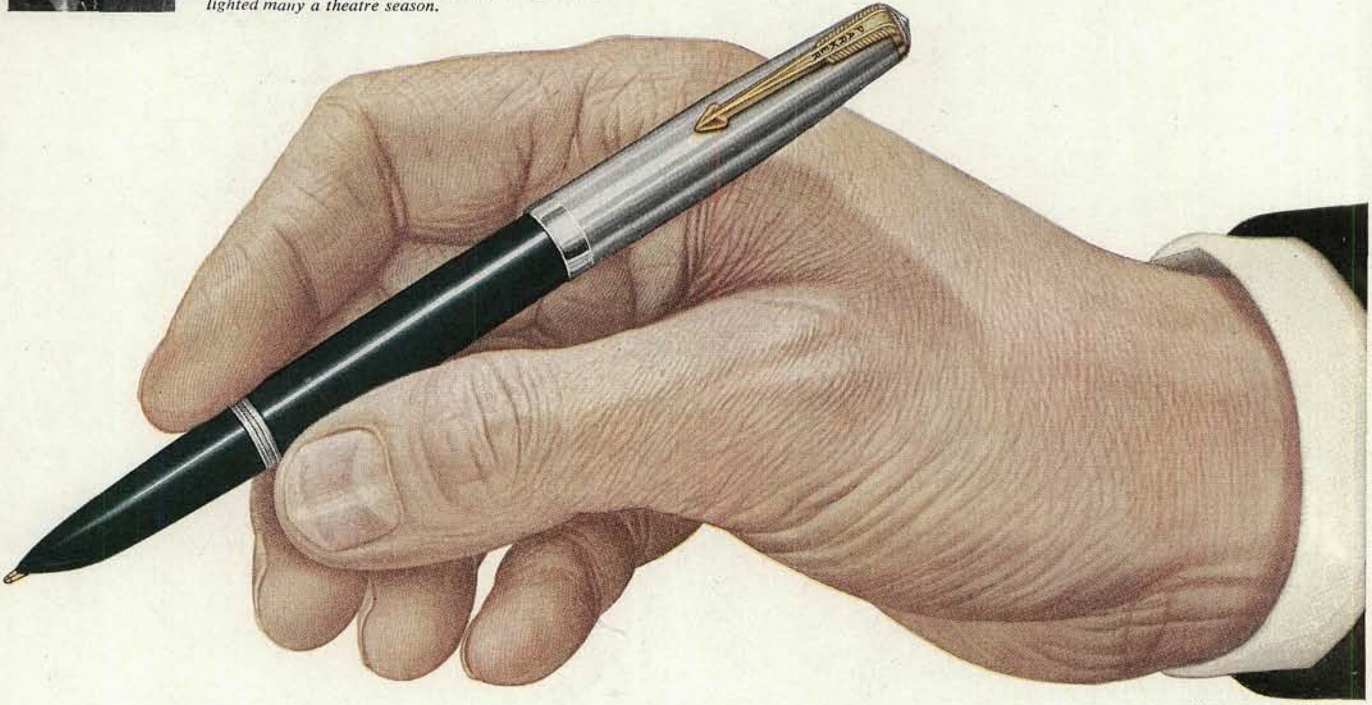

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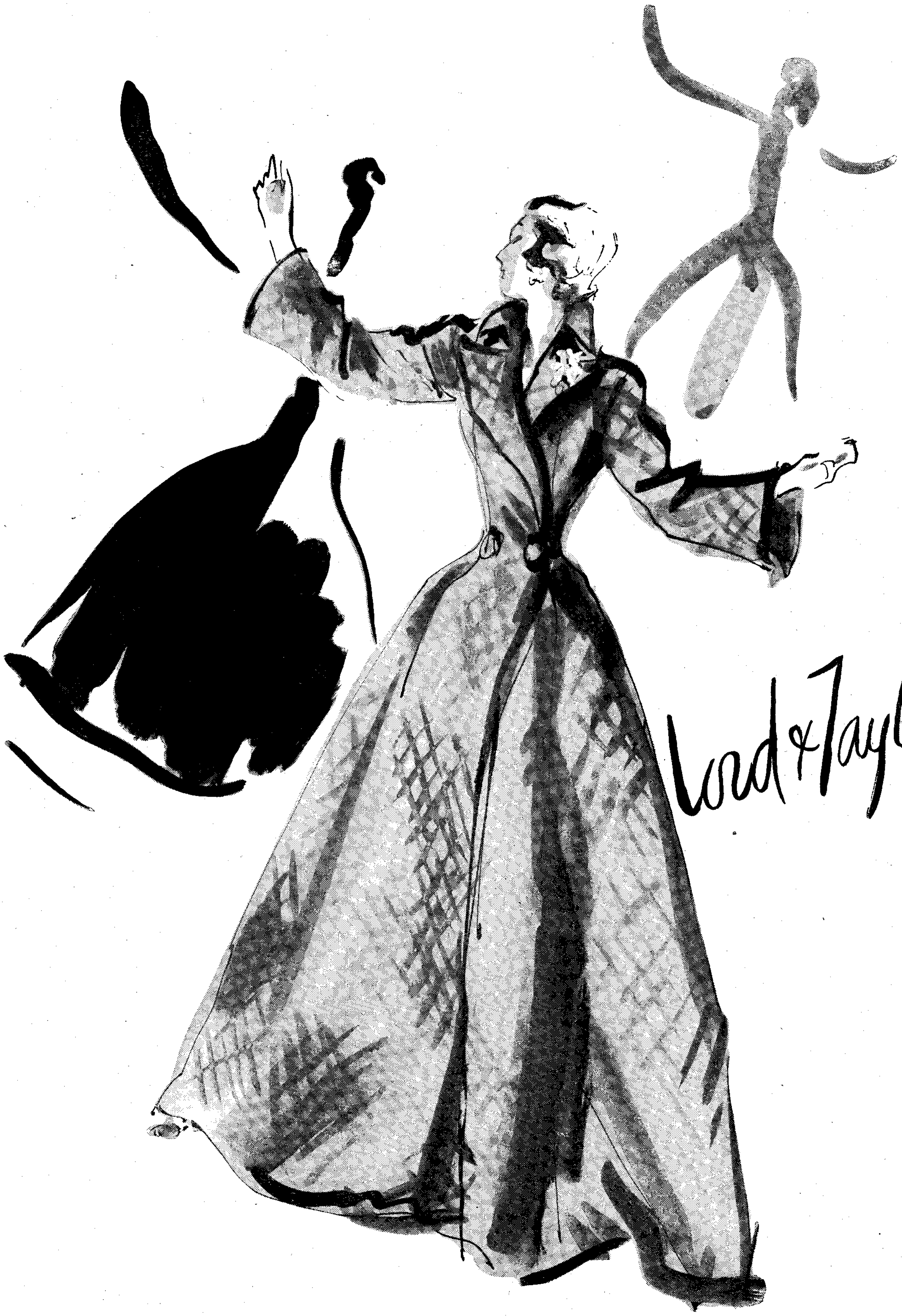

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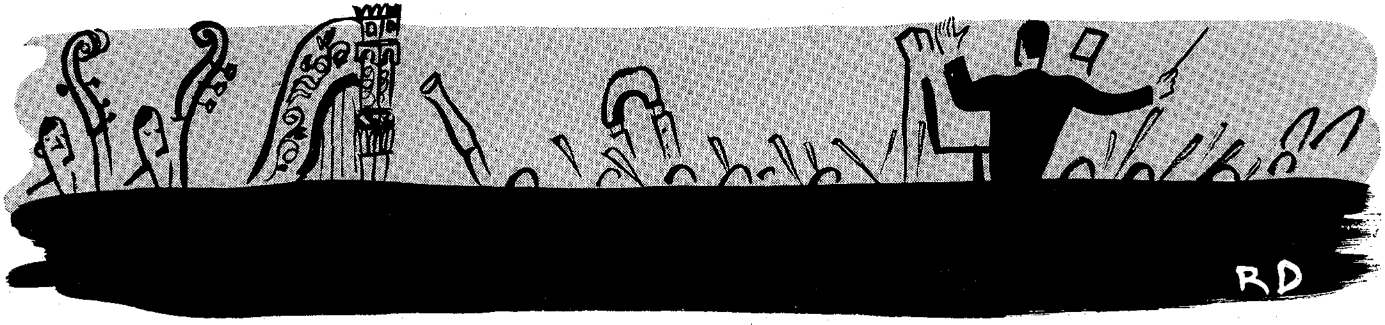

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—This play by Arthur Miller concerning a war profiteer and his family suffers from plot trouble and a superabundance of rhetoric, but its intensity may interest you. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

John Loves Mary—A smooth, waxy piece of hokum having to do with a soldier's postwar difficulties, aided no little by smart direction and an expert cast. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Young Man's Fancy—Something about the reformation of a sissy at a boys' summer camp. You may as well skip it. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BORN YESTERDAY:** Judy Holliday as an enlightened tramp and Paul Douglas as a scheming junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **BURLESQUE:** Bert Lahr in the revival of the 1927 hit. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HAPPY BIRTHDAY:** The testimonial to Helen Hayes. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** Frank Fay and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. With Josephine Hull. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **STATE OF THE UNION:** Republican politics and principles. With Ralph Bellamy and Kay Francis. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly at 8:35. Matinée Saturday at 2:35. Closes Saturday, Sept. 13.) . . . **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE:** Harvey Stephens is the latest inductee for the sergeant's role, and Phyllis Ryder and Peggy French play his two girls. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

MUSICALS

Brigadoon—A good-looking and tuneful show, of Scottish persuasion. It is full of nice people, among them David Brooks and Pamela Britton, but its laughs are too widely spaced. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—Two short plays by Gian-Carlo Menotti, in which the actors sing Mr. Menotti's lines to Mr. Menotti's music and do a sharp job of it. Marie Powers, Evelyn Keller, Frank Rogier, and Jean Carlton head the troupe. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sweethearts—Bobby Clark tears this ancient and anemic Victor Herbert operetta to shreds and remakes it into something nearer his own heart's desire and the public's. A very funny show when the star is on the stage, as he is almost constantly. June Knight and Marjorie Gateson help fill in the gaps. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

Long Runs—**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN:** The celebrated Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CALL ME MISTER:** Life as it never was in the Army—or out of it, either. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **FINIAN'S RAINBOW:** The one about a leprechaun. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** In saecula saeculorum. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Thursday matinée, Sept. 11: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Le Beau Danube."... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 11: "Swan Lake," "Madroños," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 12: "Concerto Barocco," "Lola Montez" (première), "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaité Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 13: "Les Sylphides," "Cirque de Deux," and "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 13: "Raymonda," "Cirque de Deux," and "Lola Montez." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 14: "Raymonda," "Cirque de Deux," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 14: "Serenade," "Night Shadow," "Cirque de Deux," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 16: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 17: "Frankie and Johnny," "Lola Montez," "Cirque de Deux," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 18: "Les Sylphides," "Lola Montez," "Cirque de Deux," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 19: "Ballet Imperial," "Night Shadow," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Frankie and Johnny." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 20: "Raymonda," "Cirque de Deux," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 20: "Baiser de la Fée," "Madroños," and "Rodeo." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Children's Movies—Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturdays at 11 A.M. at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—Every now and then, if you listen hard, you can hear a New York Central train rumble by underneath this sunken garden, but Basil Fomeen's orchestra is much more audible, and sounds better, too.

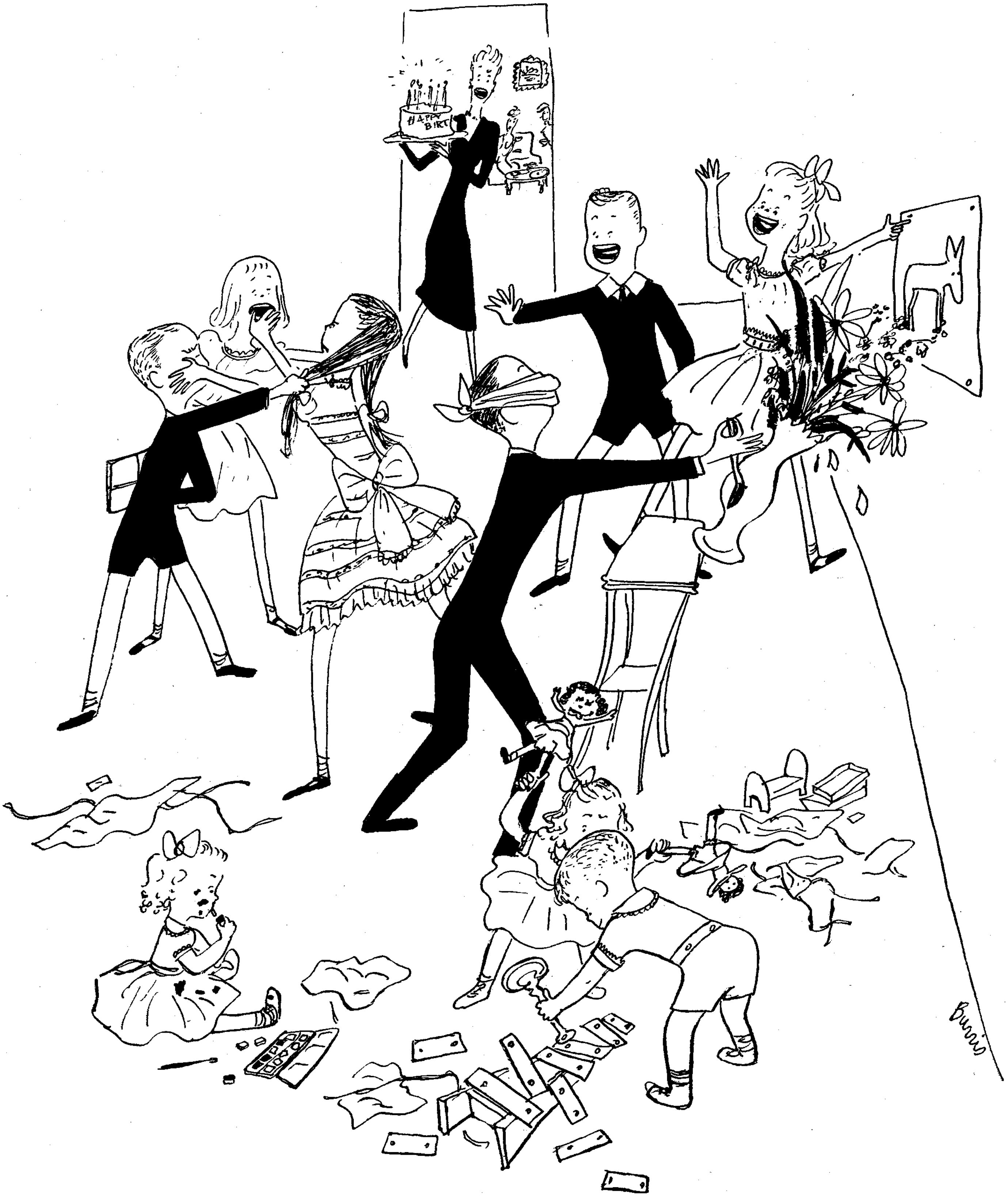
Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Rosario and Antonio, the dancers, are capering about the airy Cascades at the moment, but on Tuesday, Sept. 16, summer will come to an end on East Forty-third Street, and the Bowman Room will take up where it left off, with dancing to two orchestras.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Lucienne Boyer, for those of us who can't get to Paris. Abbey Albert's orchestra provides dance music.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St., (VO 5-6374)—As much of a fixture in Ivy League curricula as Freshman English. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Interior decoration that some people don't believe even when they see it. Piano

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIII, No. 30, September 13, 1947. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1947, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Pan-America and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.



...but at least their clothes are well-mannered;
they come from **SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

music during dinner, and Joel Shaw's dance orchestra afterward. There are plans to close the place during the week of Sept. 15; it would be a good idea to call up before going.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room will reopen on Tuesday, Sept. 16, with Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band playing for dancing all evening, and Señor Wences, a ventriloquist talking through his *ventre,* at dinner and supper.... ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room is enlivened by Jimmy Savo, moon-faced and beady-eyed, at dinner and supper. Dance music by Emile Petti's orchestra.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—There are no rocking chairs on this warm-weather porch, but it's well back from the street and in a nice location. Paul Sparr's orchestra and the Maisonette Quintet for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band supply dance music in the Café Lounge for a glossy clientele. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Dean Murphy, who does imitations, backed up by Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof offers dinner and supper dancing to Jack Fina's orchestra. Ginny Simms sings at supper, and Mischa Borr's rumba band is on hand all evening.... ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

Drake, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano by Cy Walter after nine o'clock, and by Les Crosley at cocktails and dinner.... **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band, playing jauntily for dancing in a well-groomed setting.... **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music. ... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox, playing the piano after ten-thirty.... **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Piano music.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Ferrante and Teicher playing the piano after ten.... **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Jules Lande's dance orchestra until nine.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty. ... **DORSET BAR,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley's piano music after nine.... **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54th St. (CI 7-2700): The Joe Mooney Quartet.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Fiesta time in the Village includes a fast-moving Spanish show and plenty of ardent rumbas for the amateur Latin.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): An unimpressive show, headed by Dorothy Jarnac and Dave Martin's orchestra. Nellie Lutcher, who plays the piano and sings, will arrive on Tuesday, Sept. 16.

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BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Lou Holtz, Barry Wood, Patsy Kelly, and Diosa Costello, all churning around to very little purpose.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, who has only to brush a piece of lint from his lapel to start the initiate laughing themselves into a collapse. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, making it worth your while to brave this vast, pink satin roundhouse.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Setting out for the season under a full head of steam with a show that includes Alice Pearce, Amanda Lane, the Three Flames, and the Ellis Larkin Trio.... **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan, topping off a new show.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): This familiar basement offers Chippie Hill, a blues singer of the old school, along with Jay Marshall, a magician, and Don Frye at the piano; dancing.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A weather-beaten belfry, presided over by Spivy herself, warming her wits at the piano. Sheila Barrett is here, too. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Cheerful fooling around by Louise Howard.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): Music to inflame the savage breast by such performers as Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, and Pee Wee Russell. Tuesday nights are uninhibited free-for-alls, with other students of the art dropping in to take a hand.... **CLUB TROUBADOUR,** 131 W. 52nd St. (CO 5-0572): Mary Lou Williams, Mildred Bailey, and George Auld's orchestra.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Freddie Ohms, Ernie Caceres, and their colleagues, blowing both hot and blue.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Albert Nicholas's trio; a jam session every Monday evening.... **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's trio.... **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Ella Fitzgerald, who's been away much too long.... **FAMOUS DOOR,** 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): Ben Webster's quartet.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Skinnay Ennis's orchestra.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Claude Thornhill's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Orrin Tucker's orchestra.

SUMMER SPOTS

ST. MORITZ ROOF, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): A thirty-first-story balcony offering a superb view of Parks Commissioner Moses' little acre. Alfred Menconi's orchestra and a small show.... **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): A breezy vacation lodge in the trampled wilds of Central Park; dancing.... **BOSSERT,** Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100): The view of where you came from compensates for the long ride from Manhattan; dancing.

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Shep Fields' orchestra.... **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra.... **MEADOWBROOK,** Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-1914): Desi Arnaz's orchestra will replace Ray McKinley's orchestra and Mel Tormé on Tuesday, Sept. 16.

Dinner in the Country—Some comfortable places to dine within motoring distance of the city—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 91).... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016).... **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on weekends.... **MANHASSET, L.I.:** Mori (Manhasset 1842).... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 839).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 266).... **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 253). ... **CENTERPORT, L.I.:** Old Water Mill Inn (Northport 844); dancing on weekends.... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342).... **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167).... **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Wappingers Falls 451). ... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031).... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548).... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 932), and Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232).... **WESTON, CONN.:** Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

Groups—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Paintings by Aaron Bohrod, Joe Jones, Sigmund Menkes, and most of the other associates of the gallery; through Sept. 13.... **CHINESE,** 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of paintings by Ralph Rosenborg and other artists affiliated with this establishment; through Oct. 3.... **NATIONAL SERIGRAPH SOCIETY,** 38 W. 57th St.: Silk-screen prints of New York scenes, by members of the Society; through Sept. 19. (Closed Saturdays.)... **PERLS,** 32 E. 58th St.: Darrel Austin, Nahum Tschacbasov, and others of this gallery's artists; through Sept. 12.... **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by Max Weber, Milton Avery, and other present-day painters, and some nineteenth-century French pieces; through Oct. 4.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Works, ranging from the representational to the abstract, by fifteen painters and a few sculptors; through Sept. 13.... **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings by French and American nineteenth-century artists, includ-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing Degas, Pissarro, Cézanne, and Homer; through Sept. 30.

JOHN SENNHAUSER—Pleasant, if not particularly original, non-objective paintings. (Artists, 61 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 20.)

WATER COLORS—A collection by the late Arthur G. Dove, done between 1930 and 1946, as well as some new pieces by Charles Sheeler, George L. K. Morris, and others. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Sept. 20.)

AMONG THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Stanley Wilson; through Sept. 26. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors; through Sept. 27. . . . **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Charles White; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **KOOTZ**, 15 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 27. **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through Oct. 1. **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 30. **ARGENT**, 42 W. 57th St.; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ The semiannual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square; Sept. 12-28.

MUSEUMS

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A loan show of modern Jewish paintings, in addition to a display of ceremonial objects. (Sundays, Mondays, except Sept. 15, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays, except Sept. 16, and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through Sept. 25.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 31.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty-eight paintings, in oil and other media, commissioned by Nathan M. Ohrbach, in an ambitious but rather unfruitful attempt to picture New York. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 15.)

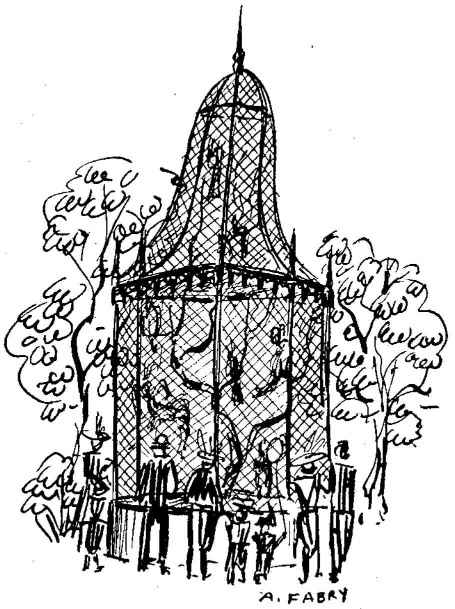
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A memorial exhibition of photographs by Alfred Stieglitz. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 21.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan show, including paintings by Hilla Rebay and Jean Xceron. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.)

MUSIC

JOSH WHITE—Folk singer. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447. Saturday evening, Sept. 20, at 8:30.)

OUT OF TOWN—The Saratoga Spa Music Festival, F. Charles Adler conducting members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony: Thursday, Sept. 11, with John Corigliano, violin; Saturday, Sept. 13, with Michel Nazzi,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

oboe, and Alexander Williams, clarinet; Sunday, Sept. 14, with Mary Simmons, soprano; Tuesday, Sept. 16, with John Corigliano, violin, and others; and Thursday, Sept. 18, with John Wummer, flute. (Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Evenings at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Chamber-music concert by the Gordon String Quartet. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday afternoon, Sept. 14, at 4.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Thursday, Sept. 11, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 14-16, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Sept 17-18, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Chicago. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2:30 P.M., Giants vs. Philadelphia. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2 P.M., Dodgers vs. Boston.

BOXING—Tony Janiro vs. Tony Pellone, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 19. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

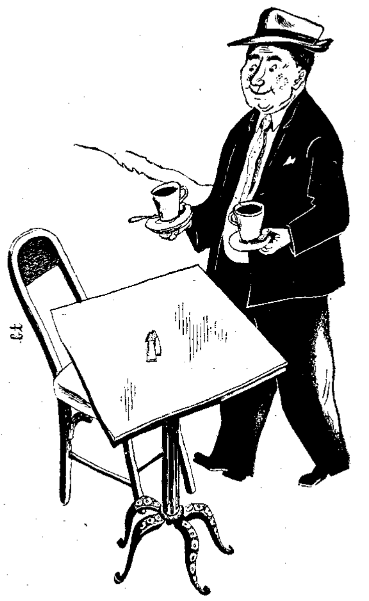
DOG SHOWS—Somerset Hills Kennel Club. (Far Hills, N.J., Saturday, Sept. 13.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Kennel Club. (Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, Conn., Sunday, Sept. 14.) . . . ¶ Eastern States Exposition. (Springfield, Mass., Saturday, Sept. 20.)

HORSE SHOWS—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I., through Saturday, Sept. 13.) . . . ¶ Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va., Friday through Sunday, Sept. 12-14.) . . . ¶ Moorestown Horse Show. (Moorestown, N.J., Saturday, Sept. 13.) . . . ¶ Newark Horse Show. (Newark, Del., Saturday, Sept. 13.) . . . ¶ Hagerstown Horse Show. (Hagerstown, Md., Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14.) . . . ¶ Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa., Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 18-20.) . . . ¶ Eastern States Exposition. (Springfield, Mass., Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 18-20.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I., Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 18-20.)

POLO—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury, L.I.: Semifinal match in the National Open Championship, Sunday, Sept. 14, at 3:30 P.M. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT CLUB, Westport, Conn.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Cleveland, Friday, Sept. 12, at 8:30 P.M. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 8:30 P.M.

RACING—At GARDEN STATE: Weekdays at 2



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

P.M. The Quaker City Handicap, Sept. 13; the Jersey Handicap, Sept. 20. (A special train to the track leaves Penn Station weekdays at 10:50 A.M., D.S.T.) . . . **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; through Sept. 20. The Cowdin and the Edgemere Handicap, Sept. 13; the Astarita and the Beldame Handicap, Sept. 20.

TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I., BO 8-2300, through Sunday, Sept. 14.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M., D.S.T.)

YACHTING—Championship Races on the Sound: Saturday, Sept. 13, Bayside Yacht Club, Bayside, L.I.; Sunday, Sept. 14, Indian Harbor Yacht Club, Greenwich, Conn.; Saturday, Sept. 20, Horseshoe Harbor Yacht Club, Larchmont, N.Y. . . . ¶ Royal Bermuda Yacht Club vs. Larchmont Yacht Club, in a series of international team races on the Sound, starting Monday, Sept. 15.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The annual plenary session of the General Assembly will convene on Tuesday, Sept. 16, at Flushing Meadow, and about nine hundred visitors will be admitted to each meeting. For tickets, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go. Trains leave Penn Station for the special United Nations stop at seven minutes past the hour and half hour. Committees of the General Assembly will meet at Lake Success, in rooms accommodating up to a hundred onlookers, and about twice that number will continue to be admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on the day before you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

MINEOLA FAIR—Long Island's yearly tribute to the pastoral life, with sheep-herding contests, square dancing, and assorted fruits and vegetables. (Fair Grounds, Mineola, L.I., through Saturday, Sept. 13, from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "A Rocket Trip Around the World." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

AUCTION—English and American furniture and objects of art owned by the late Agnes Page Bartlett and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St. Exhibition, Saturday, Sept. 13, and Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 15-16, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 17-20, at 2 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

SECRETARY OF STATE MARSHALL—An address marking the opening of United Nations Week, Sunday, Sept. 14, at 4:30 P.M., WNBC.

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC.

MUSIC—C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, Sept. 14, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting, Sunday, Sept. 14, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Saratoga Spa Music Festival: F. Charles Adler conducting members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, Tuesday, Sept. 16, and Thursday, Sept. 18, all at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

SPORTS—Racing: The Edgemere Handicap, at Aqueduct, Saturday, Sept. 13, at 4:15 P.M., WCBS, WNBC.

DRAMA—The second in a series of full-length plays recorded by the B.B.C.: Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," Friday, Sept. 19, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Best Years of Our Lives—In spite of all the rapt comments you may have heard about this narrative of the postwar difficulties of three veterans, it is frequently just slick and pretentious. (Art, 36 E. 8th; Sept. 11.... ¶ Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd; starting Sept. 16.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; starting Sept. 17.)

Black Narcissus—This Rumer Godden story of nuns on a Himalayan mountain peak was probably an unwise choice for a movie script, but the acting and Technicolor camerawork are noteworthy. Deborah Kerr, David Farrar, Sabu, and Flora Robson. An English film. (Fulton, 210 W. 46th.)

Crossfire—A film in which the murder of a Jew starts an exploration of anti-Semitism that is often strongly effective. Robert Ryan is outstanding as a typical American Fascist, and Sam Levene is altogether persuasive as the victim. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th.)

Dear Ruth—Many of the situations in this modest comedy about romantic mixups during the war are rather patly devised, but the cast, which includes Edward Arnold, Billy De Wolfe, and Joan Caulfield, makes a good share of them fairly funny. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th; Sept. 13-16.... ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th; Sept. 13-17.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th; Sept. 15-17.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd; starting Sept. 16.)

Great Expectations—Charles Dickens' novel gets such loving treatment that it is possible to overlook many of the story's more preposterous aspects. The acting and photography are as skillful as anyone could ask. An English picture. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; Sept. 11.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th; through Sept. 12.... ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; starting Sept. 16.)

Kiss of Death—A tough, violent, and exciting gangster picture, with Victor Mature and a terrifying newcomer to films named Richard Widmark. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th.)

Life with Father—A careful and wholly enjoyable transfer of the play to the screen. William Powell and Irene Dunne look very handsome in Technicolor. (Warner, B'way at 51st.)

The Macomber Affair—Hemingway's tale of a disturbing lady and a couple of gentlemen out shooting in Africa, softened up by Hollywood but still good. With Joan Bennett, Gregory Peck, and Robert Preston. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd; Olympia, B'way at 107th; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th; through Sept. 16.... ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th; starting Sept. 17.)

Odd Man Out—The first part of this picture is a grim and alarming man hunt, but then the film dissolves abruptly into a morass of mysticism. An English film, with James Mason. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; through Sept. 15.... ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th; Sept. 12-15.)

Open City—A powerful Italian piece concerning the wartime underground in Rome. (World, 153 W. 49th.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty—Hollywood has added considerable confusion to James Thurber's story, but Danny Kaye helps to compensate for any inadequacies with some fine comic turns. Virginia Mayo, Boris Karloff, and Fay Bainter are also on hand. (Astor, B'way at 45th.)

Shoe-Shine—A simply told tragedy about two Roman boys who get mixed up in the city's black market during the American occupation. In Italian. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th.)

Tawny Pipit—A gently humorous English film dealing with the hardships of keeping a pair of extremely rare birds safe and contented while they nest outside an English village. The piece includes a lot of comical ornithologists and a proper quota of good-hearted rural idiots, and it manages to be whimsical without being sticky. Bernard Miles heads the cast. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th.)

Welcome Stranger—Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald, who are rapidly becoming the Beery-Hatton combination of this generation, in a film about doctors. Mr. Fitzgerald is lovable, Mr. Crosby is lyrical, and Joan Caulfield, who assists them, is beautiful. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 11.)

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; through Sept. 12.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Sept. 13-16.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film concerning a Scottish castle moved to America. (Carlton, B'way at 100th; Sept. 11.... ¶ Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd; through Sept. 13.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd; starting Sept. 17.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Almost four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Criterion, B'way at 44th.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane, and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; starting Sept. 17.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. Dolores Costello and Joseph Cotten. (Art, 36 E. 8th; Sept. 12-15.)

The Moon Is Down (1943)—The Steinbeck piece about the Germans in Norway. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Sept. 15-17.)

Moontide (1942)—Waterfront life on the West Coast. Jean Gabin and Ida Lupino. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd; Sept. 14-15.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching in the West. Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; through Sept. 12. ... ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th; Sept. 14-16.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a dressy revamping of the old number. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Sept. 11.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. An English picture, with Charles Laughton. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd; Sept. 14-15.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead as Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd; Sept. 15-16.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—Excellent music and a dash of psychiatry. An English film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th; Sept. 12-14.)

The Spiral Staircase (1946)—Dorothy McGuire as a mute pursued by a strangler. (Palace, B'way at 47th; Sept. 13-14.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and a flock of dogs. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd; Sept. 13-15.... ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; starting Sept. 17.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier playing Emma and Lord Nelson. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th; Sept. 15-16.... ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th; Sept. 16.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—You know, flying carpets and jinn. Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Carlton, B'way at 100th; Sept. 11.... ¶ Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd; through Sept. 13.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—Raimu in the French comedy about seduction. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th.)

A Yank in London (1946)—Wartime romance between an American sergeant and the daughter of a duke. Rex Harrison, Anna Neagle, and Dean Jagger. An English picture. (Normandie, Park at 53rd; Sept. 12-14.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Sept. 11, at 4 and 8 P.M.: French films of 1895 to 1923.... ¶ Sept. 12-13, at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Sept. 14, at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.: French films made between 1922 and 1925.... ¶ Starting Sept. 15, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: French films of 1926 to 1929. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY.

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-2887)
"The Outlaw," Jane Russell.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Romance of Rosy Ridge," Van Johnson, Janet Leigh.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Fulton, 210 W. 46th. (CI 6-6380)
BLACK NARCISSUS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"The Roosevelt Story," documentary film.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9349)
KISS OF DEATH.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Down to Earth," Rita Hayworth, Larry Parks.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
Through Sept. 12: "The Farmer's Daughter," Loretta Young, Joseph Cotten, Ethel Barrymore.
Sept. 13-14: **THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE**, revival.
Sept. 15: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 16: "The Long Night," Barbara Bel Geddes, Henry Fonda.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
WELCOME STRANGER.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CROSSFIRE.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Sept. 16: "Mother Wore Tights," Betty Grable.
From Sept. 17 (tentative): "The Foxes of Harrow," Rex Harrison, Maureen O'Hara, Victor McLaglen.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Sept. 17: "Black Gold," Anthony Quinn, Katherine DeMille.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Dark Passage," Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"Lured," Lucille Ball, George Sanders.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
LIFE WITH FATHER.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
Through Sept. 17: "Something in the Wind," Deanna Durbin.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
Sept. 11: "The Devil's Envoys" (in French), Arletty.
From Sept. 12: "The Prisoner of Shark Island," revival, Warner Baxter; and "Swamp Water," revival, Walter Huston.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
SHOE-SHINE.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
TAWNY PIPIT.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Frieda," David Farrar.

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
"Russian Ballerina" (in Russian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
"I Know Where I'm Going," Wendy Hiller, Roger Livesey.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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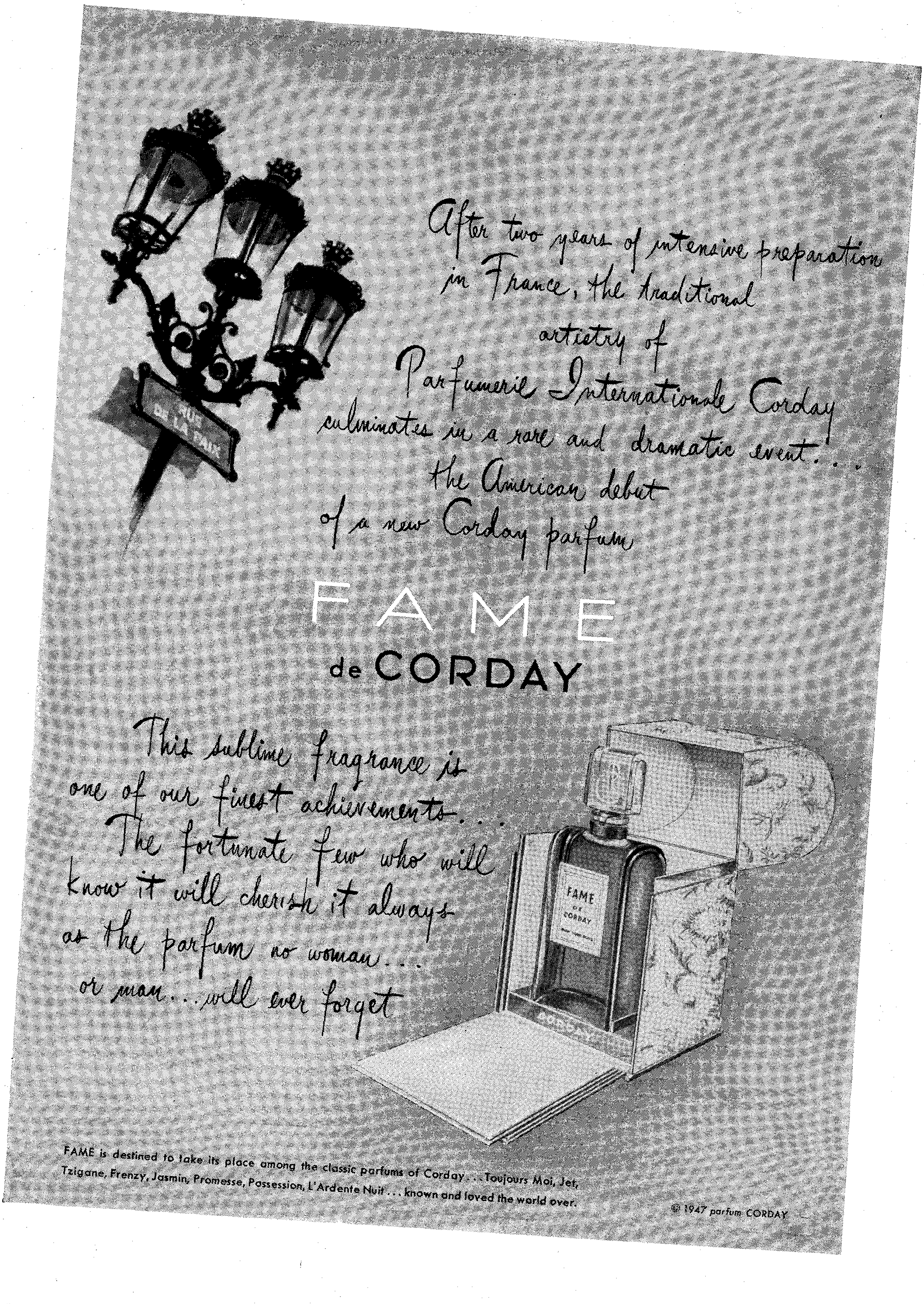

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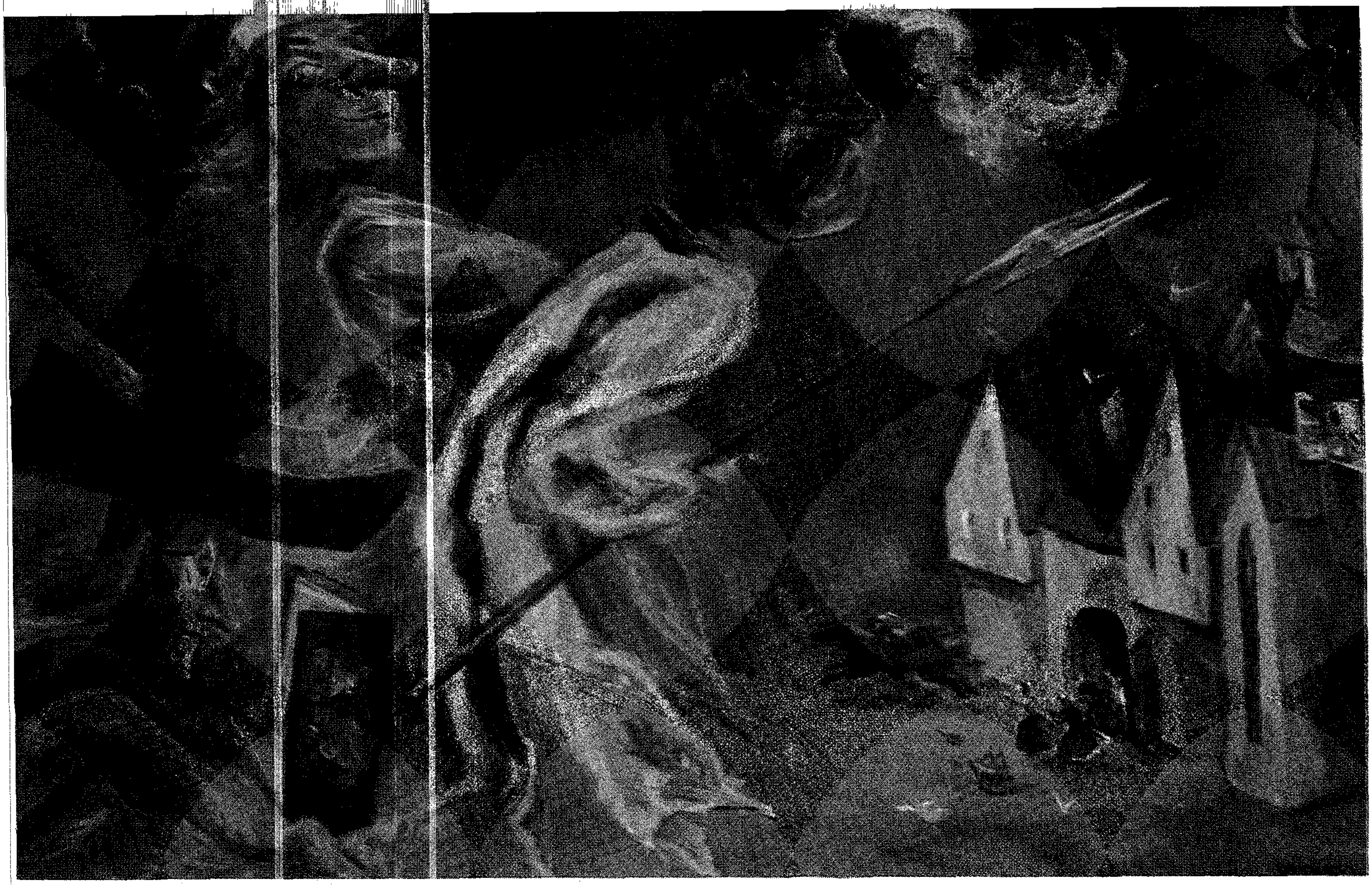

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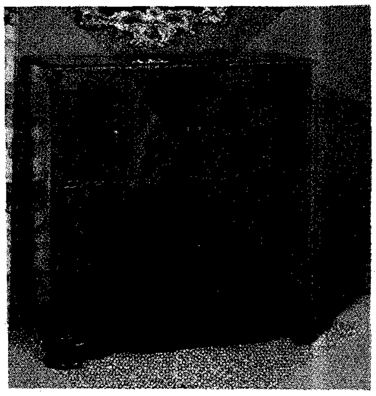

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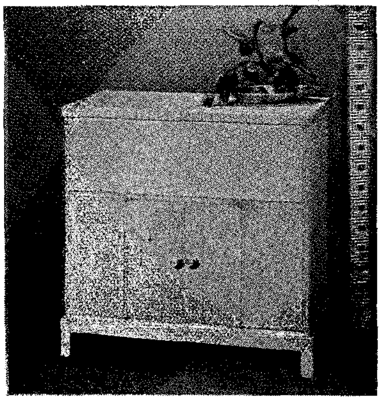

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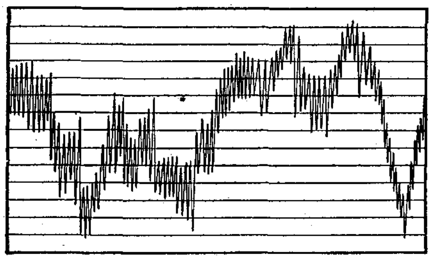

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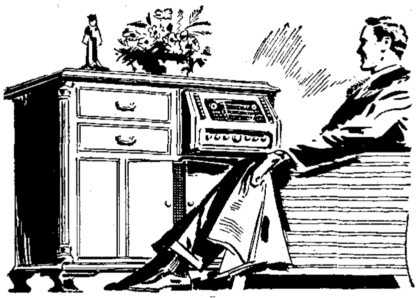
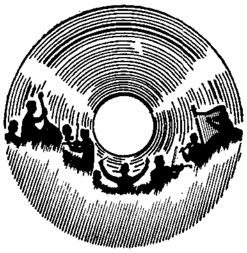
At present, standard broadcasts seldom transmit higher than 8,500 cycles, but live FM programs offer listening in the 30 to 12,000 cycles bracket. (And what a revelation, music lover, you get with Scott FM!) With the Scott, you hear *everything*—even the small, soft, hard-to-hear "voices" which give a symphony orchestra's music texture and depth.

Test this. Play a record on any ordinary phonograph, and then play it on the Scott. Notice how the resonance of the viola, the triangle's tinkle, the reedy mellowness of the oboe or the brassy vigor of the trumpet stands out in its individual beauty when heard on the Scott.



Here's another test you can make with a record. (Richard Strauss' *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks*—RCA Victor plastic high-fidelity record No. 18-0002 is good for this test.) Play this record on the ordinary phonograph. Note how, when the entire orchestra booms out fortissimo, the music almost "blasts" you from the room.

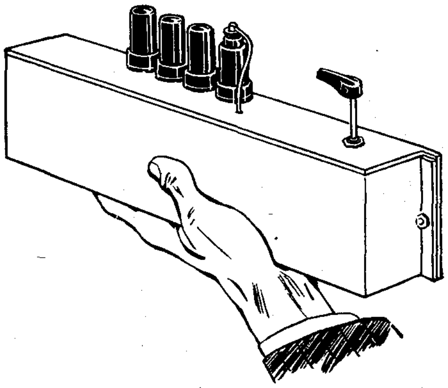
Playing this same record on the Scott, you'll hear the music swell out easily, powerfully, smoothly, bringing you all of its deep, rich tonal texture without annoying, ear-blasting distortion.



This is due to the Scott's high *power output* . . . ability to reproduce loudly recorded or broadcast passages without distortion at normal listening level.

The built-in phonograph system of the Scott is the most clean-cut and lifelike reproducer of recorded music that has been developed to date.

A precisely engineered record changer gives fast but "kid glove" handling of your records. In addition it may be set for a 2½-minute pause between selections. A specially designed pickup matches the full fidelity range of the Scott.



Sh-h-h! . . . For new purity of tone from your favorite records, old or new, a special "Scott engineered" Dynamic Noise and Scratch Suppressor* has been created. It achieves its miracle of quiet without blanking out "highs" or "lows." It is installed only on Scott instruments and only by Scott dealers.

**Licensed under Hermon Hosmer Scott patents pending*

Sensitivity is REACH

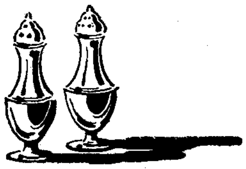
Sensitivity means the radio's "*reach*," how far its reception. Additional tubes are used in the Scott for "*pulling in*" even the most distant programs. World-wide reception with the Scott means just exactly that.

Selectivity brings the programs you want to hear into sharp focus. The more sensitive the radio, the more stations it receives, and the more stations it receives, the more crowded the wave band becomes. So selectivity is particularly important (and wonderfully well achieved) in the Scott.

Two control knobs on the Scott regulate sensitivity and selectivity.

Phonograph WHAT IT IS . . . WHAT IT DOES . . . HOW IT DOES IT . . .

And speaking of control knobs, let's look at the other five lined up along the bottom of the Scott control panel.

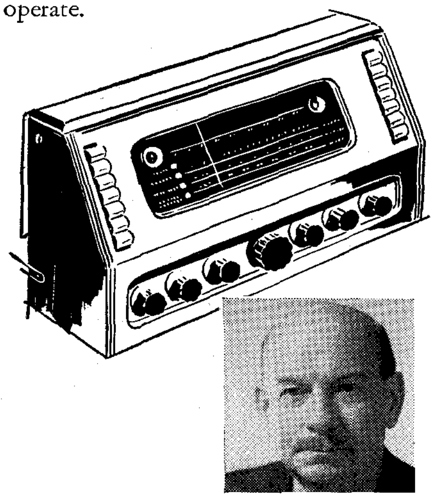


Take the *bass control* and *treble control* knobs . . . they're the salt and pepper shakers of the Scott—with them you can "season" your music to taste! Each operates independently of the other. To add a dash of bass, a twist of the bass knob is all that's needed, and the treble values remain undisturbed. On ordinary receivers only one tone control is provided . . . a turn of this one knob gives the *effect* of a tone change, but actually either bass or treble values are being sacrificed at the expense of the other.

Then there's the *volume control*, the *wave band switch*, and the big, 2-inches-in-diameter chromium *tuning knob* . . . with the man-sized feel. Talk about split-hair tuning . . . you can't miss with this knob in your fingers. It's geared at an 8.5 to 1 ratio.

There are a lot of knobs to turn on the Scott. But these controls mean listening perfection to the music lover, world-wide reception to the short-wave enthusiast.

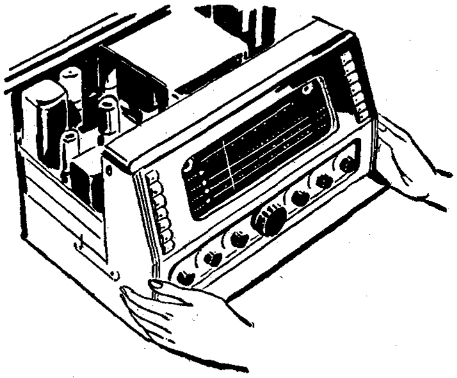
And, if you don't care to fiddle with knobs, just press a button for your favorite station! With pressure switch tuning, the Scott is simple enough for a child to operate.



Styled by Walter Dorwin Teague, famed industrial designer, the complete control panel is framed in mellow mahogany. The wave band markings are large, easy to read with indicator lights showing which band is in use . . . AM (Amplitude Modulation) —that's your standard broadcast band, FM (Frequency Modulation), and international short wave.

At each side of the panel is a row of 7 crystal Lucite pressure switches. These pressure switches are honest-to-goodness finger-tip control. Just a light pressure, and a tiny motor in the Scott does the rest, making the station change automatically . . . and tuning it in with *electronic* accuracy.

Now for a look at the "works" of the Scott. And that's easy. The Scott rolls out smoothly on a ball-bearing-mounted platform for easy tube replacement . . . and for just plain (and proud) "looking at."



The lovely-to-look-at chromium shielding stands up to climate and weather, protecting the insides of the Scott from destructive atmospheric conditions.

The book says, "Scott uses a heavy-duty, 15-inch dynamic reproducer with a built-in coaxial speaker and self-contained dividing network."

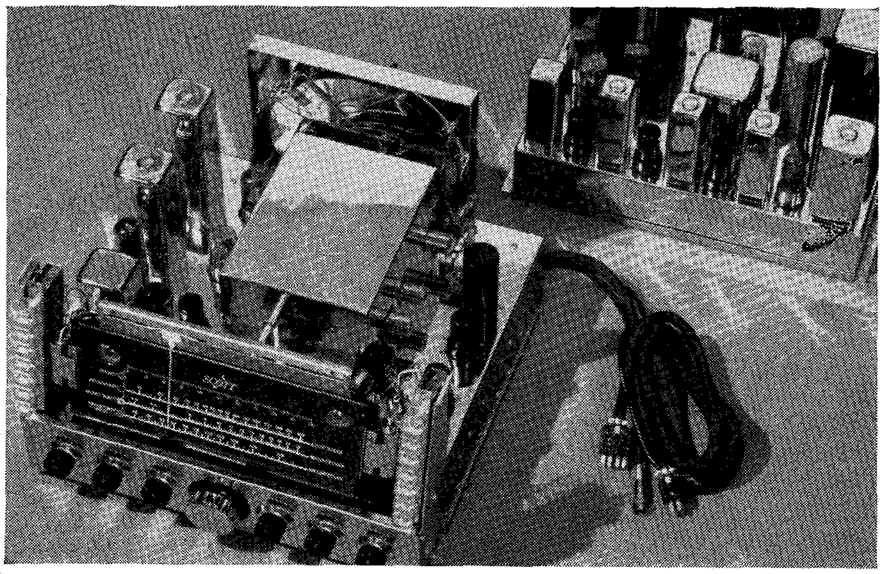
In plain language that means the Scott has a "sounding board" that's big enough to take care of all sound, soft or loud; it employs two speakers on the same axis, one for bass tones, the other for treble tones; and a dividing "sieve" to shunt high and low tones into the right speaker.

* * *

Now step back a few paces . . . take a good over-all look at the Scott radio-phonograph. Doesn't the whole instrument say, "Here's elegant engineering"? Isn't it the kind of elegance you'd be proud to have in your home, to show to your friends?

And wouldn't it be satisfying to know the radio you own is the finest? . . . that you have all-over-this-world reception with "out-of-this-world" reproduction right at your finger tips?

Scott cabinets are available in traditional styles or handsome modern . . . and the Scott is the perfect instrument for custom installation, too.



The new
SCOTT
RADIO PHONOGRAPH

Send for this free booklet

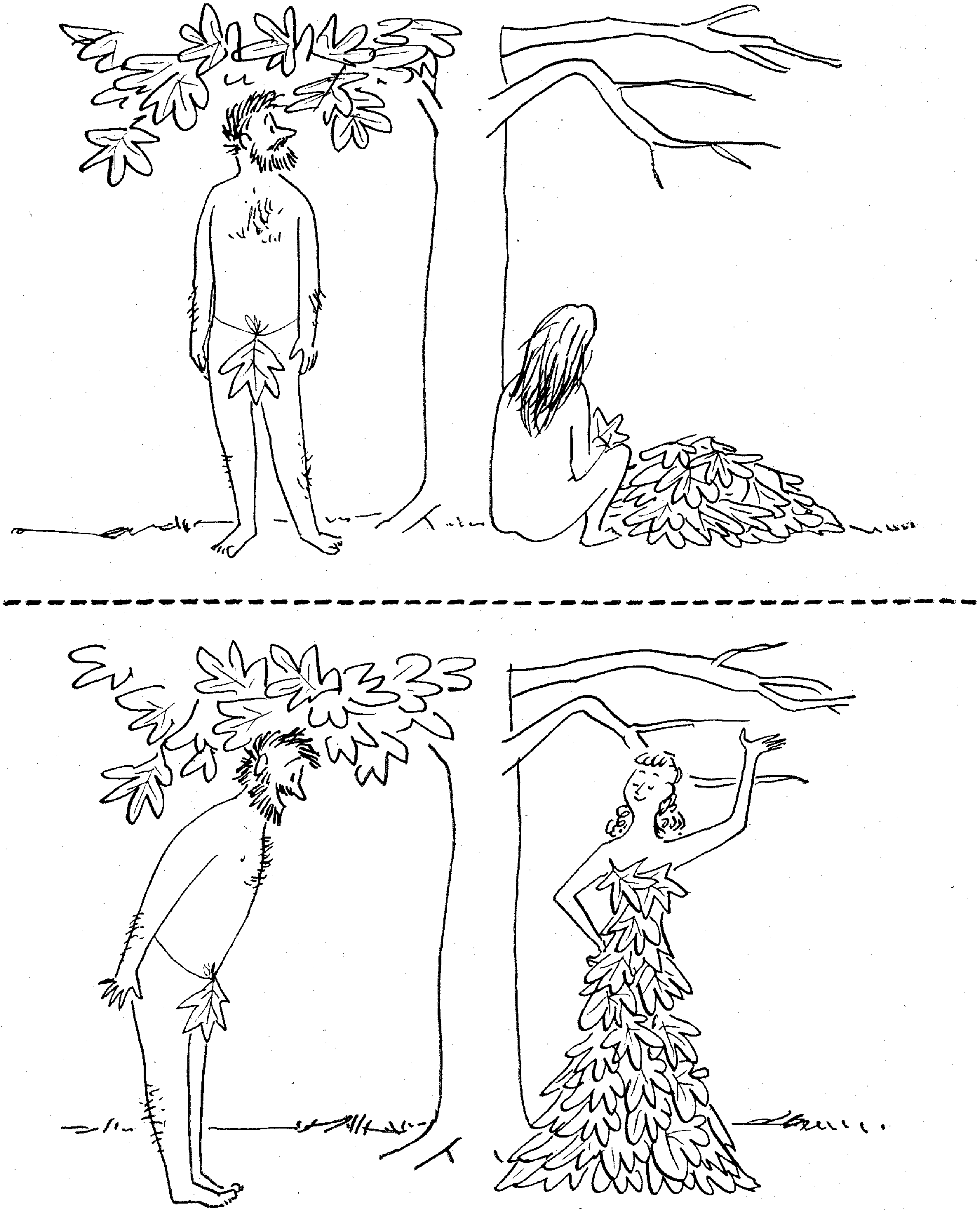
Write, or send this coupon, for the free booklet pictured here, and for the name of your nearest Scott dealer. Scott Radio Laboratories, Inc., 4436 Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago 40, Illinois.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY____________ **STATE**____________

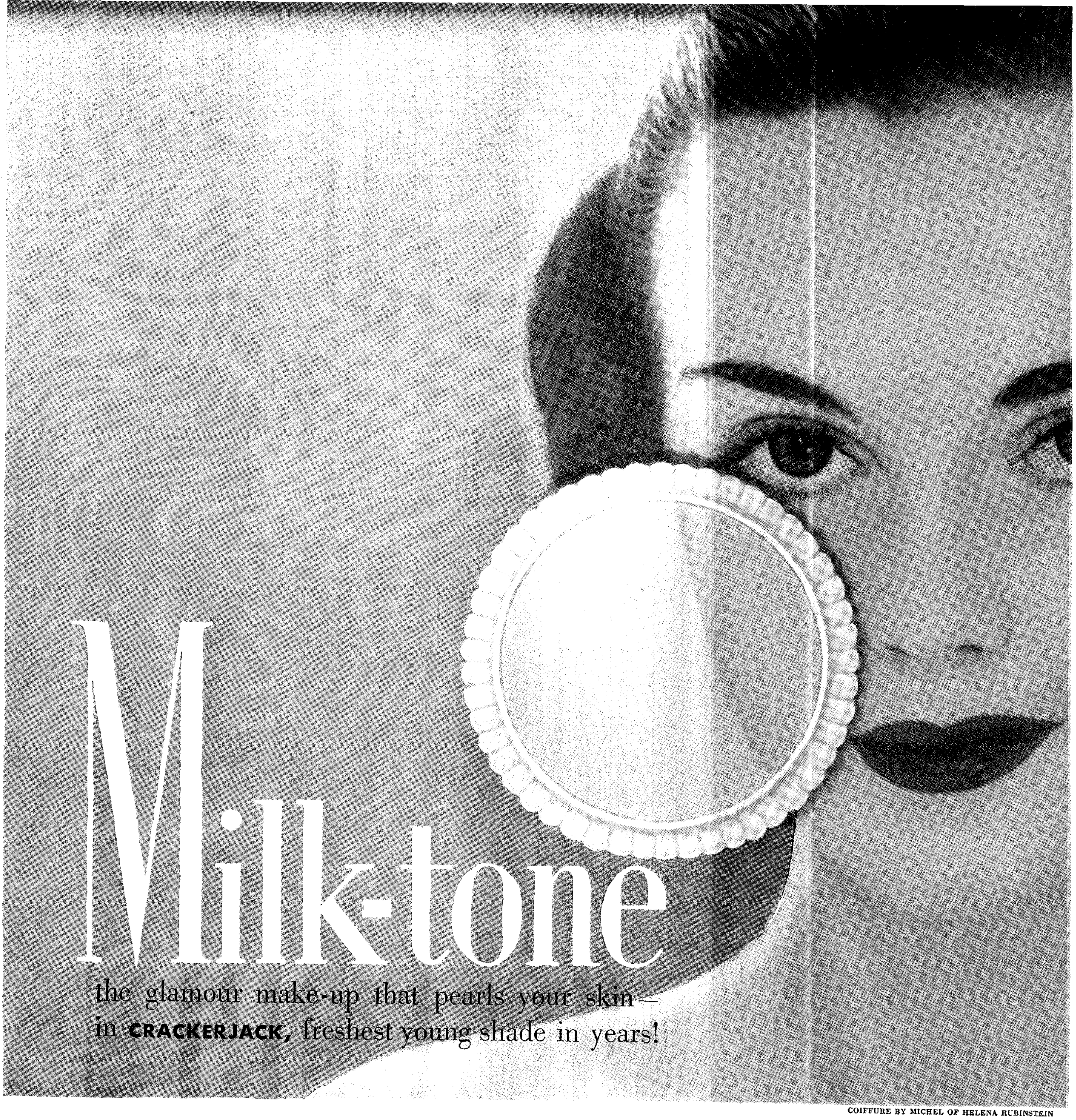
Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



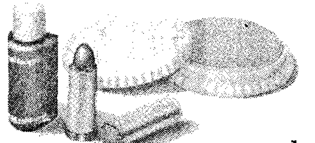
Nor the Power of the Magazine Women Believe In

During the first six months of 1947, women bought an average of over 200,000 more newsstand copies of the Journal than in the same period of 1946.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL


Milk-tone
the glamour make-up that pearls your skin—
in **CRACKERJACK**, freshest young shade in years!

COIFFURE BY MICHEL OF HELENA RUBINSTEIN



Smooth your skin to a pearly bloom, a glamorous mat finish with **MILK-TONE**—the cake make-up masterpiece by Helena Rubinstein. **MILK-TONE** is mixed with gentle, non-drying milk proteins. So it *helps* your skin as it hides tiny imperfections; so it's as *beneficial* to dry skins as it is to oily ones! Wear it in sunlit **CRACKERJACK**, to match merry **CRACKERJACK** lips and fingertips. Or in 4 other lovely skin tones, for a moist-fresh texture, a soft new glow.

MILK-TONE CAKE MAKE-UP, 1.00

LIPSTICK, 1.50, 1.00

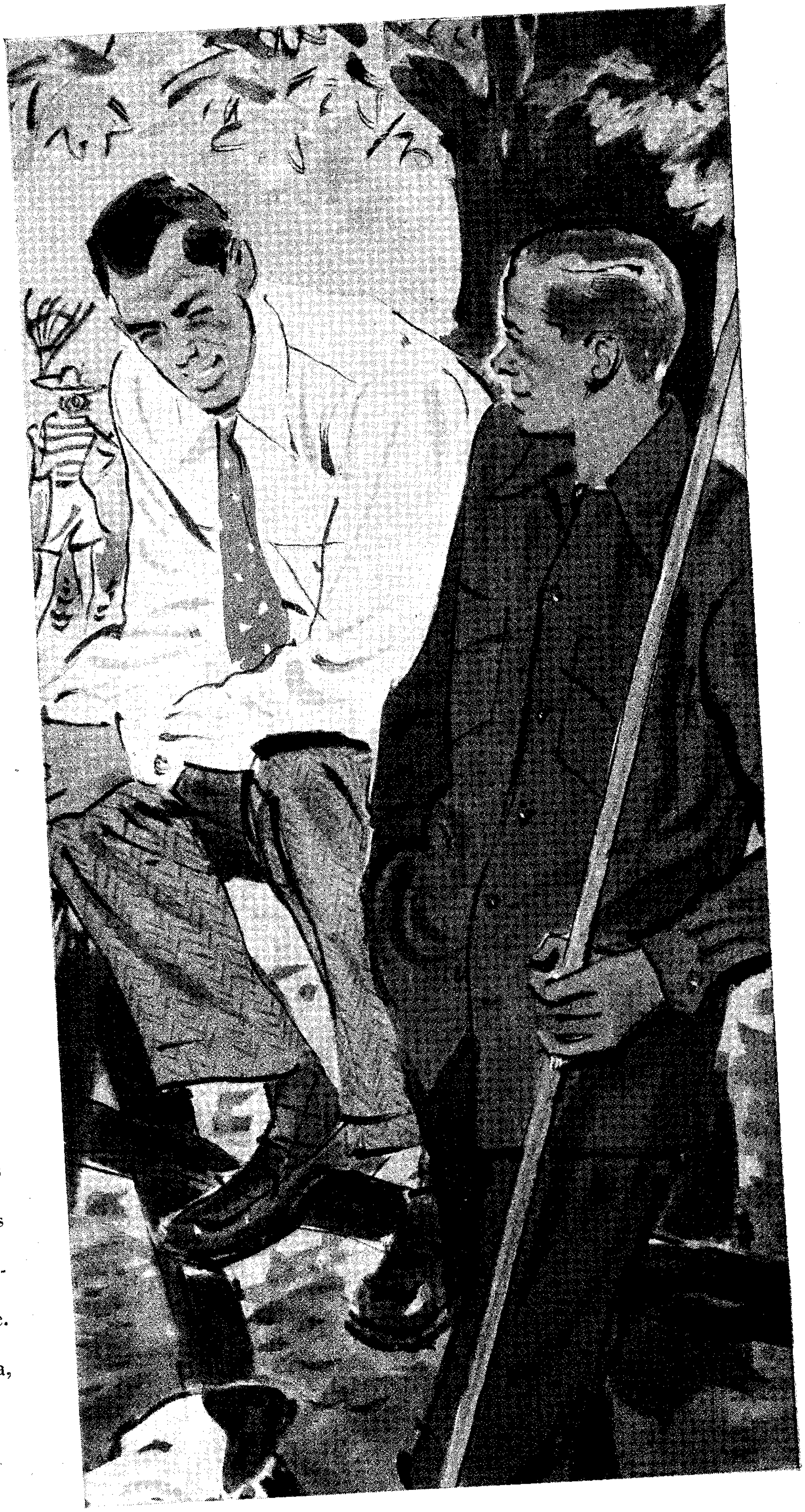
NAIL LACQUER, .60

Plus tax

helena rubinstein 715 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22 • PARIS • LONDON • TORONTO

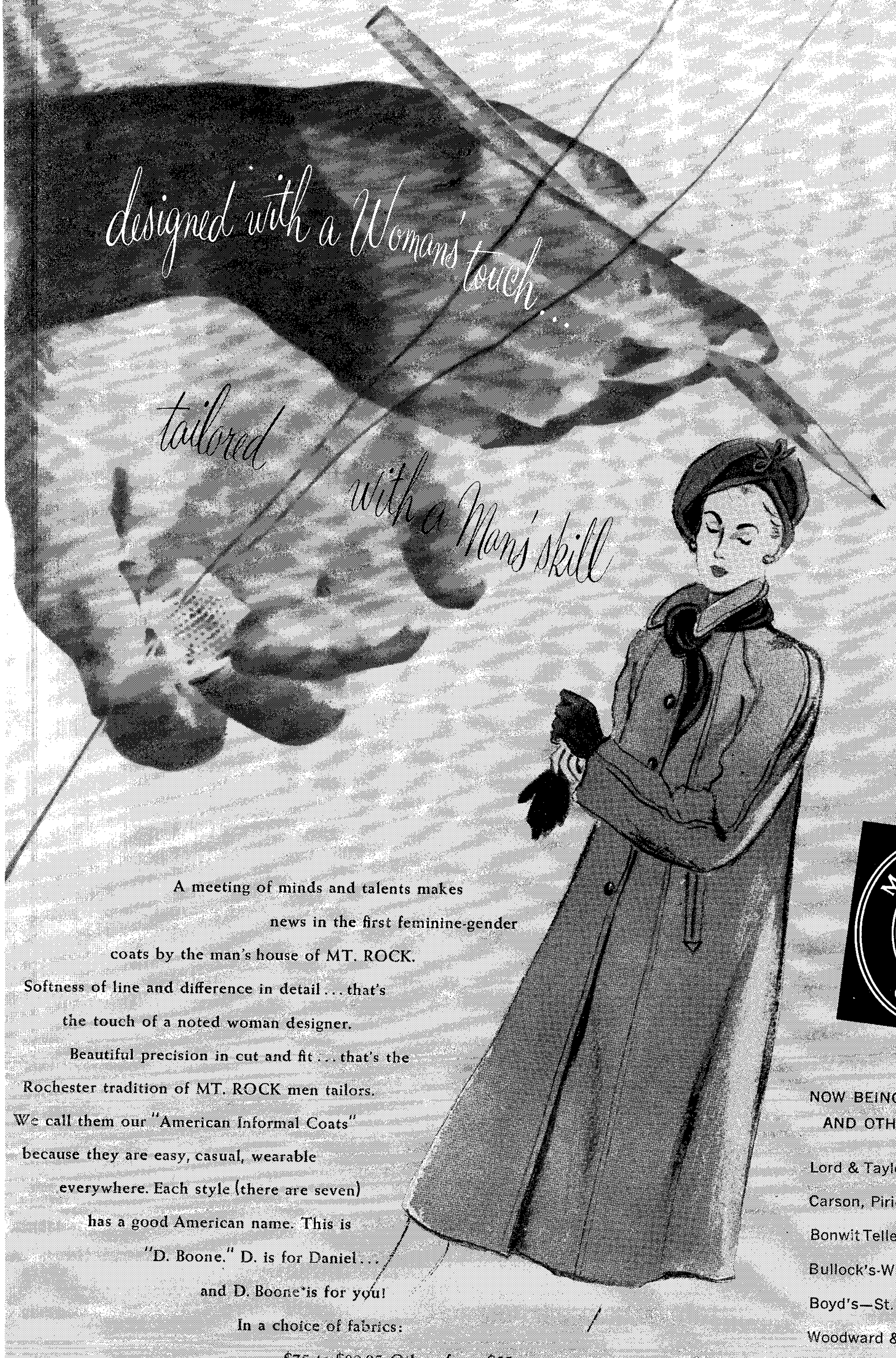
A YEAR 'ROUND PROPOSITION . . .

Shirts of Flannese†, versatile fabric of Celanese* synthetic yarn, can cope with wear, any season, even the laundry, without losing their poise and personality. Flannese is wrinkle-resistant. Has a soft but firm finish that means your collar won't curl. Tailored by leading manufacturers, you'll find shirts with the Celanese* Flannese label in a range of colors including navy, brown and deep tones as well as white and pastels. Moderately priced at fine stores everywhere. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.



Celanese Fabrics of Synthetic Yarn*

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
† Trademark


designed with a Woman's touch . . .
tailored with a Man's skill

A meeting of minds and talents makes news in the first feminine-gender coats by the man's house of MT. ROCK. Softness of line and difference in detail . . . that's the touch of a noted woman designer. Beautiful precision in cut and fit . . . that's the Rochester tradition of MT. ROCK men tailors. We call them our "American Informal Coats" because they are easy, casual, wearable everywhere. Each style (there are seven) has a good American name. This is "D. Boone." D. is for Daniel . . . and D. Boone is for you! In a choice of fabrics: $75 to $89.95. Others from $55.

MT. ROCK COAT

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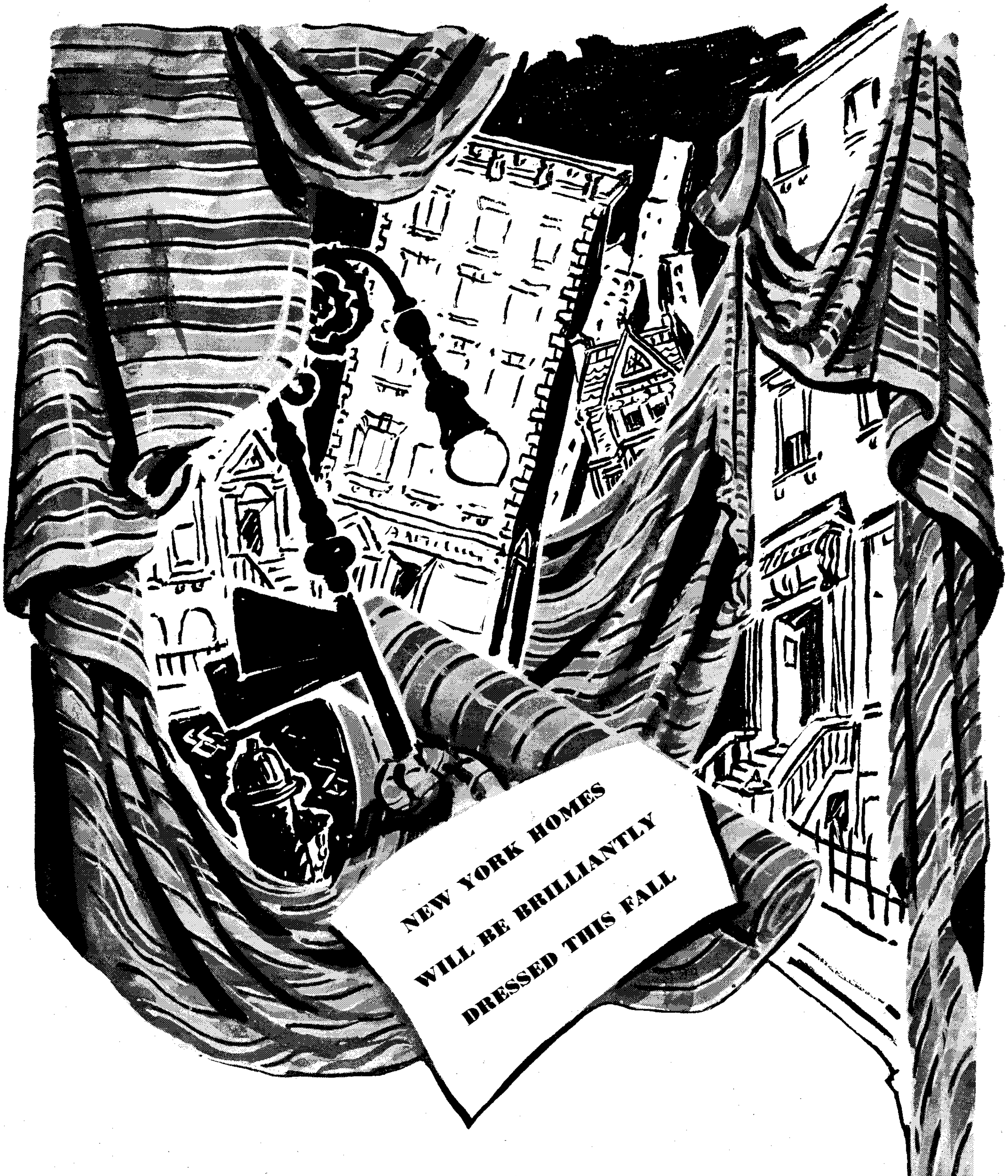
NEW YORK HOMES
WILL BE BRILLIANTLY
DRESSED THIS FALL

ALTMAN'S PRESENTS A DISTINGUISHED DECORATOR COLLECTION OF NEW, CORRELATED CHINTZES AND COTTON TWILLS BY EVERFAST*. YOU'LL SEE THEM NOW IN OUR FIFTH AVENUE WINDOWS . . . SWEEPING DOWN OUR DRAPERY AISLE IN ROOM SETTINGS . . . SOME MADE UP INTO DRAPERIES AND BEDSPREADS . . . ALL BEAUTIFUL, ALL AVAILABLE BY THE YARD. CHINTZES, YD. **1.50**; TWILLS, YD. **2.50**

FOURTH FLOOR

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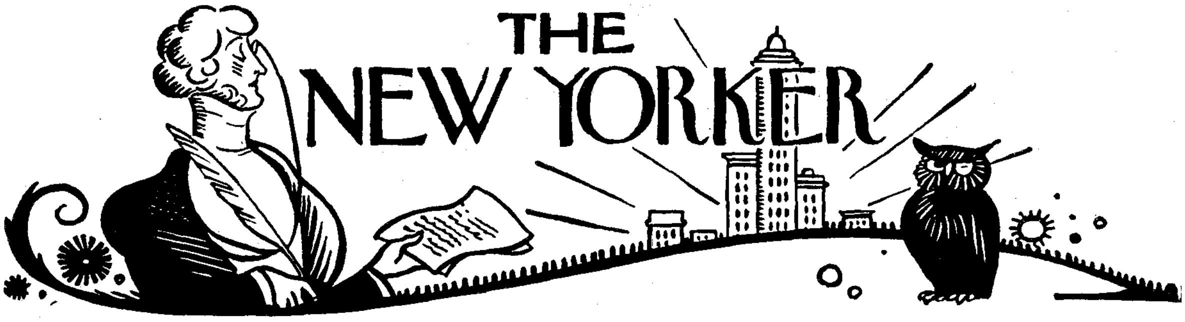
B. ALTMAN & CO. FIFTH AVENUE



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ACCORDING to the news report we read of Mr. Truman's orchid-hunting escapade last week on Mount Corcovado, which lies just back of the American Embassy in Rio de Janeiro, he was extricated from a potentially embarrassing situation by the quick talking of Brigadier General Wallace Graham, the White House physician, who, when some Brazilian troops on alpine sentry duty tried to halt the President, cowed them by "barking" at them in German. The guards, we gathered, didn't get the meaning of General Graham's barks but let the President pass because his bilingual companion "sounded authoritative." We have been trying to recreate this scene, and the more we do so, the more it disturbs us. Presumably, the soldiers were Portuguese-speaking Brazilians and understood neither English nor German. Why, then, should General Graham have had to resort to German to impress them with oral sounds? Do the brigadiers of our Army have such non-authoritative-sounding a command of the barkable syllables of our own language that, when faced with the necessity of overpowering a sentry with a phonetic barrage, they are obliged to fall back upon the tongue of an army they have just trounced? If this is the sorry case, we urge Secretary of Defense Forrestal at once to start a speech school for all personnel of our armed forces likely to have to impress foreign sentries, the curriculum to consist of courses of instruction in the fiery declamation of combinations of ringing syllables capable of arousing awe and respect in sentinels of all nationalities. As a starter, we submit for the list "Bloop! Bleep!" Or, even better, "*I*ke! *Ei*sen! *How*er!"

THE Dean of the Columbia University Law School, Dr. Young B. Smith, recently declared in his annual report that government by law is our best protection against totalitarianism and other abuses of government, and the *Times'* headline said, "LAWYERS HELD BAR AGAINST TYRANNY." You hardly have a clear-cut case of misinterpretation here, for Dean Smith had said "government by law, of which lawyers are an essential part," but the difference between the implication of the headline and the news story under it reminded us forcefully of the basically schizoid attitude Americans have always had toward the law and lawyers. Since our beginning, law and government by law have been generally venerated as the bulwarks of our liberties, the pride of our democratic heritage, and so forth. On the other hand, lawyers have been widely scorned, mocked, distrusted, vilified, and resented; they have been put down as scoundrels, sharpers, hypocrites, pompous fools, honey-tongued liars, bloodsuckers, and nuisances. The Philadelphia lawyer and the sea lawyer are stock American terms for a bore and a pest. The American ideal, we suspect, is government by law without lawyers, and what Dean Smith probably meant to say was "government by law, *although* lawyers are an essential part of it."

TWO or three days after the first rush of veterans to cash in their terminal-leave bonds, we visited a number of banks on Seventh Avenue between Thirty-second Street and Forty-second Street, and discovered that the rush, which we'd been led to expect would be something like what happened at the opening of the Oklahoma Territory, had become almost imperceptible. Several banking gentlemen with whom we spoke were feeling rather let down by the fact that business was so slow despite the excellent press they had received. One explanation we heard, and discounted heavily, was that a good many veterans had gone away for the summer and hadn't got back yet. Another was that reports of congestion had frightened prospective customers into staying away. The executives who man the branches of big downtown banks are all of exactly the same height, weight, and degree of sallowness, and it is difficult to be certain whether they ever know one day less acid than another, but we got the impression that cashing the bonds that had been presented had given them an unusual and upsetting sense of accomplishment. "All that money pouring out!" a shrunken deacon in blue serge said to us, tapping his desk with yellowed fingers. "My! Of course, I did what I could to discourage them, to make them uncomfortable, but it wasn't much use."

The most surprising aspect of the rush was that a large number of veterans who turned in their bonds, which paid two and a half per cent interest, deposited the proceeds in savings accounts, which pay approximately one per cent. Offhand, this would seem to indicate that veterans regard banks as more than twice as safe as the government, but in talking with veterans as they came away from the tellers' windows we learned that there were other reasons they were willing to lose money on the transaction. In the first place, several of them were concerned about how and where to keep bonds. They were afraid of burglary, fire, or their wives' throwing the securities out along with old

Irish Sweepstakes tickets. Such an incident might necessitate paddling upstream through choked Army channels for months or years to obtain replacements, and the men were willing to make almost any sacrifice to avoid that horrible possibility. One veteran told us he had turned in his bond because it was getting soiled and crinkly. "A dirty, mussed-up dollar bill still looks as if it was worth a dollar," he said solemnly. "In fact, it looks more valuable than a new dollar bill. But a crumpled bond looks depreciated. Anyhow, bonds don't seem real to me, and money does."

Nobody we talked to intended to spend his money on a spree. Most of those who weren't putting their cash in savings accounts had it earmarked for family obligations of the usual, nagging kind—dentist bills, doctor bills, payments on a house or car. They felt no exuberance about receiving the money, since they were merely going to get a look at it and pass it on. One young man, a fur operator on Seventh Avenue, said he was planning to spend his three hundred and forty-eight dollars on household furnishings. "Me and my wife are going over to Loeser's Thursday night," he said. "That's where she used to work—Loeser's. We're going to look at some bedroom and living-room suits. When I came back from Germany, my mother-in-law gave us her apartment to live in, and our kid's been wrecking the place ever since. There's not a whole chair, bed, or table left in it—looks more like kindling than furniture. We figure the least we can do is get the old lady some things she can sit down in or sleep in without going through to the floor." Another young man said he was using his money to get married. "I spent all my other money getting her ready to marry me," he said sadly. "Oh, brother!" remarked his companion, who was investing his money in a part interest in a bakery on Fordham Road. Behind the marble counter, the bankers waited, rubber stamps in hand, for business to pick up.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The minestrone served at the Rudley's at Lexington Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street is, according to the menu, "Italian style."

The bulletin board of a church out in Queens last week bore the following hospitable message: "United in Sin. A Hearty Welcome Awaits You."

The East Orange Public Library has a shelf of books labelled "Stories with Cheerful Endings."

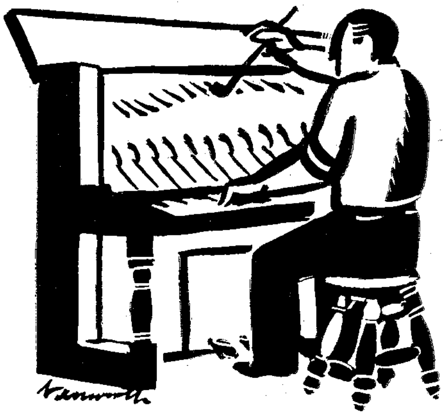
In the window of a drugstore in the upper Bronx is a hand-lettered sign reading:

NO MORE
BUBBLE
GUM EVER

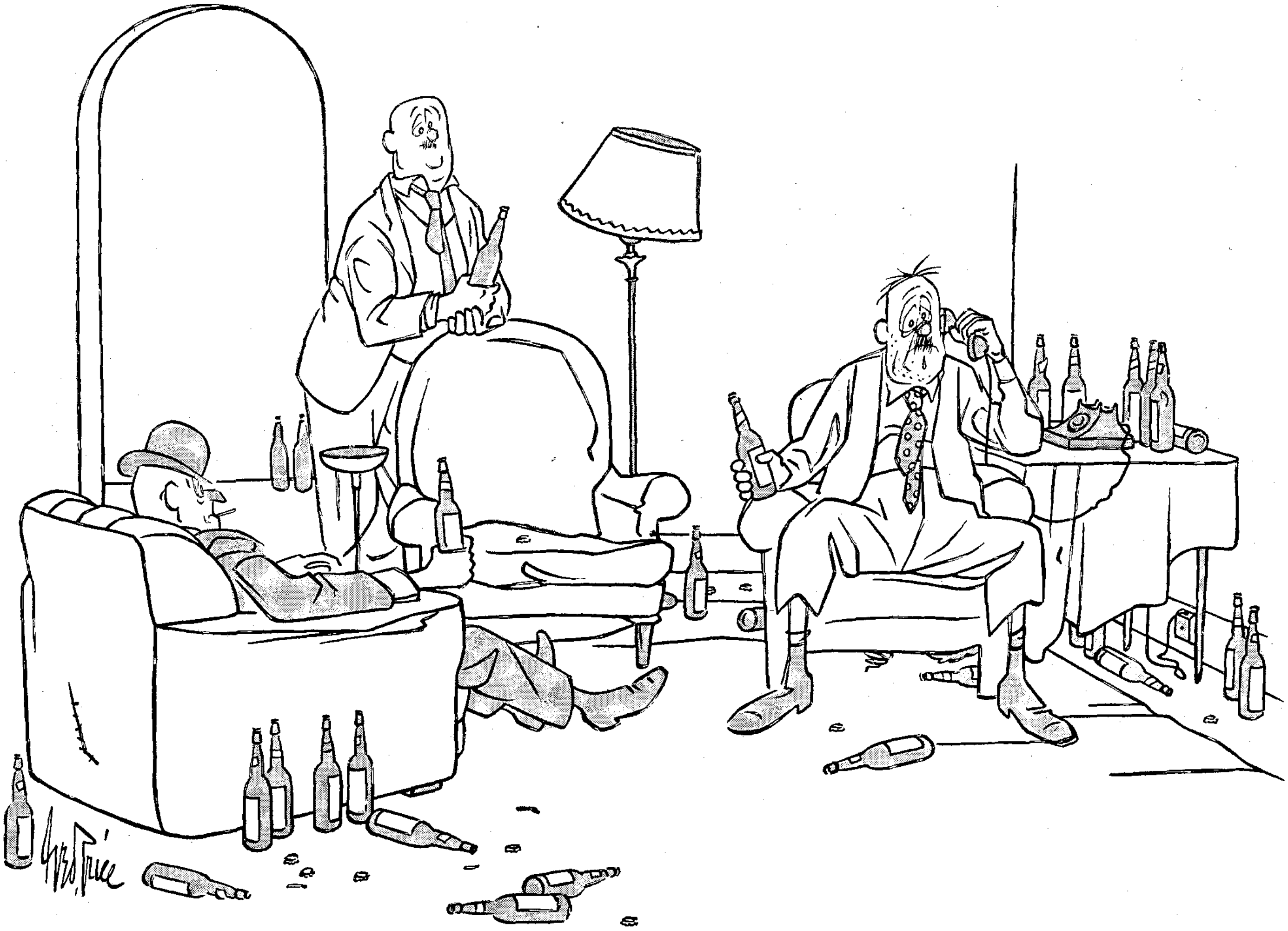
Beetle Man

JOHN C. PALLISTER, of the Department of Insects and Spiders of the Museum of Natural History, returned a few weeks ago from an eight-month-long expedition to Peru, in the course of which he bagged some twenty-eight thousand bugs of practically every size, shape, and kind, and our readers may be sure that we've had a rather creepy chat with him about his kill. When we met him, he was sitting at a cluttered roll-top desk in his office on the fifth floor of the Museum, surrounded by bottles full of alcohol and specimens, all of the latter thoroughly dead but looking thoroughly alive. Mr. Pallister, who is fifty-six, told us that he has been with the Museum since 1938; previously he was in charge of Arthropoda, the phylum of the animal kingdom to which insects and spiders belong, at the Cleveland Museum of Natural History. Since moving here, he and his wife have been living on their seagoing yacht, the Marion II, which he keeps moored in Sheepshead Bay. He bought the boat with the idea of making an entomological expedition aboard her, but he hasn't got around to that yet—the trip to Peru seemed a little *too* far. Meanwhile, what with the housing shortage and all, the Pallisters figure that they're a good deal better off than they'd be in a small apartment ashore.

On Pallister's desk were a couple of linoleum coasters painted to resemble beetles. We picked one up and admired it. "I'm a beetle man," Pallister said simply, taking away the coaster and placing a large black beetle in our hand. "There are twenty-three thousand described beetles in North America alone, north of Mexico, and nobody has ever written a book that describes all of them. I've started such a book several times but have always given it up as hopeless." He went on to tell us that in Peru he collected not only beetles but butterflies, moths, spiders, flies, and just about anything else that crawled, hopped, or buzzed. "I didn't get as many scorpions as I'd hoped," he said, with understandable bitterness, "but everything else turned up in splendid quantity." The formal purpose of the trip was to investigate insect life in the river valleys on the eastern slope of the Andes, where the Amazon rises, and Pallister set up his headquarters at a small town called Tingo Maria. On his way there, he talked with an old jungle explorer who told him about a limestone cave in the Monzón River valley that might be worth looking into. It turned out to be just what Pallister needed. Before he got through, he made five trips to the cave, which is high on the face of a cliff above the river and is known to the natives as Cueva de las Lechuzas, or the Cave of the Owls. Actually, Pallister said, it is inhabited not by owls but by a rare bird known to ornithologists as Steatornis caripensis Humboldt. Luckily for Pallister, Steatornis, a big, truculent bird, prefers palm seeds and other vegetation to the delicious *smörgåsbord* of insects inside the cave, and Pallister was able to gather his specimens unreproached. Deep in the cave, he found pools teeming with centipedes, millepedes, and red mites. "I also found forty species of spiders in there," he said. "Some of them may be new to science. Haven't had time to make sure yet." He showed us one of his prize trophies—a reddish-colored Pedipalpida, or tailless whip scorpion, with a body about an inch and a half long and with legs that could span a dinner plate. "I don't know whether or not these are dangerous," Pallister said, "but when I saw their fangs, I decided to pick them off the walls of the cave with tweezers. Then I killed them with cyanide and put them in alcohol." During all the time he was in Peru, he was bitten by nothing more ferocious than mosquitoes.



When we attempted to congratulate Pallister on the size of his haul, he informed us that nearly a million species of insects have been identified throughout the world so far and that more are



"This is the janitor, Mr. McKeester. We're going to have to shut off the water for a few hours."

• •

being discovered all the time. "Insects are like people," he said, neatly retrieving the beetle from our hand and putting it back in a cigar box. "They keep travelling about seeking new and easier ways of life. Once in a while, they'll go up a river valley and get isolated. Then they interbreed, and new types develop. There's just no end to it."

Custom

A UNITED NATIONS car pulled up in front of a midtown hotel one afternoon last week and four Far Eastern delegates got out. The one who brought up the rear handed the doorman a tip, smiled broadly at him, and spoke a few words in his native tongue. "Indeed it is, sir," responded the doorman heartily. "A grand day." The chauffeur, also an Oriental, of the United Nations car thereupon felt obliged to make an explanation to the doorman. "That man not talk about weather," he told him. "He say, 'Last man out always stuck for tip.' "

Tubes

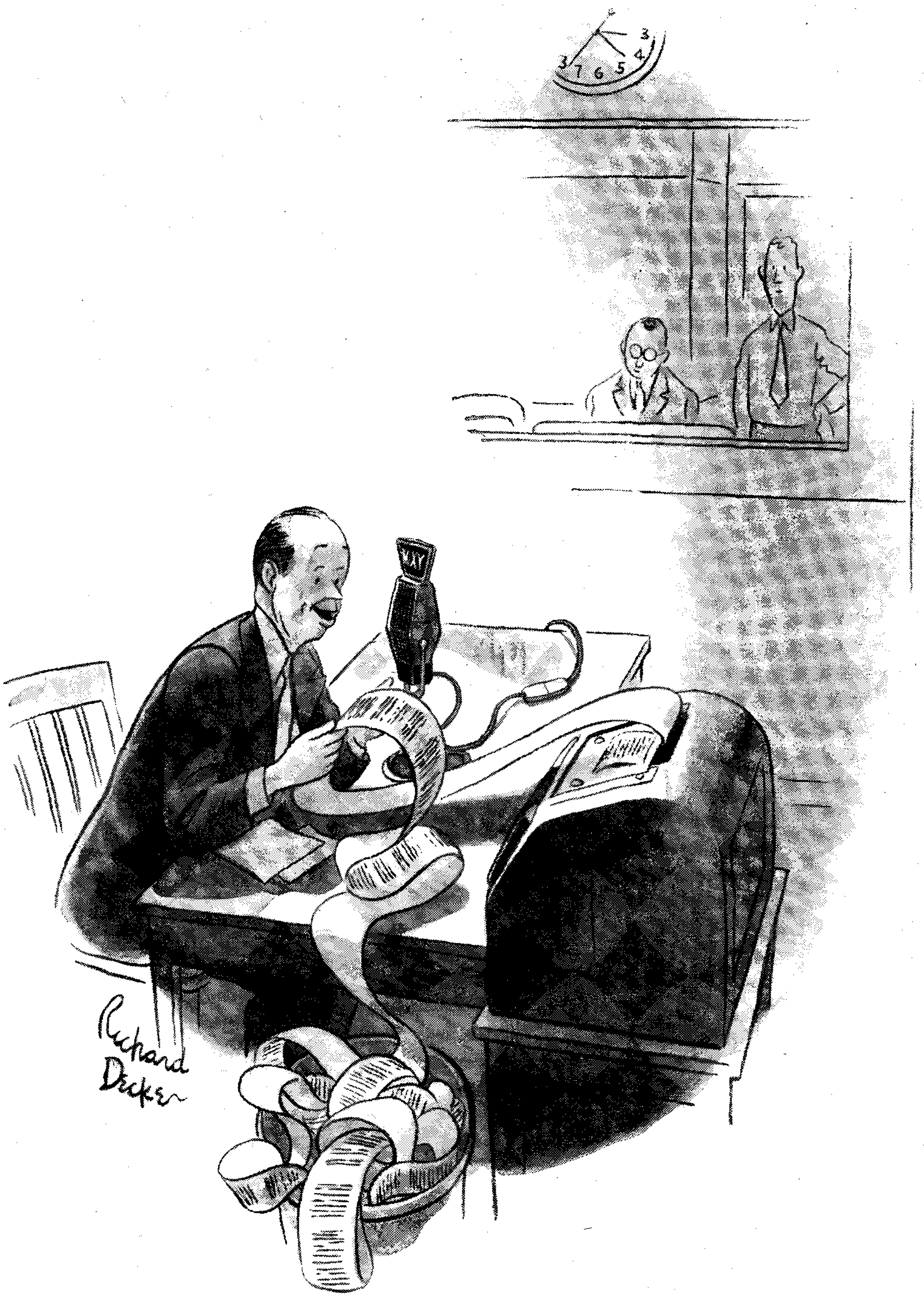
WE have gathered some facts and figures about the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel. It has been under construction seven years now and is just about half finished. Work was started in October, 1940, was suspended in October, 1942, because of the war, was resumed in November, 1946, and is expected to be completed in the middle of 1949 if shortages of materials don't hold it up. (Some materials have been ordered thirty months in advance in an effort to avoid this.) The cost of the tunnel, exclusive of the approaches, was estimated at $57,000,000 in the beginning—we're sticking to nice, round numbers—but the estimate is now $70,000,000. The cost of the approaches, originally estimated at $23,000,000, is now set at $36,000,000. These and the other data in this piece were supplied by Mr. George E. Spargo, who is general manager and secretary of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, under whose jurisdiction the tunnel is being dug and will be operated.

We found Spargo subdued by *all* the assumptions originally made about the tunnel. Back in 1937, for example, eight years before he took over, the official estimate was that the tunnel would carry nine million vehicles during its first year of operation, and that this figure would increase to a maximum of fifteen million vehicles during its sixteenth year. "The tunnel could handle upward of fifteen million vehicles, all right," Spargo told us, "if there were some way to line them up and shoot them through whenever you wanted to, but what actually happens is that a tunnel is jammed at some hours and practically empty at others." He cited the

Queens Midtown Tunnel as a case in point. It was expected that during its first full year of operation it would handle eleven million vehicles, and that the total would rise to sixteen million within five years. The sad fact was that in 1941, its first full year of operation, fewer than four and a half million vehicles used the tunnel. Gas and tire rationing lowered this figure considerably during the war. In 1946, the total was only 7,773,390. Spargo showed us the Authority report for 1946, signed by him, which noted of the Queens Midtown Tunnel, "The best that can be said is that the project is not going in the red as fast as it used to. This is not very consoling."

Spargo expects that the annual reports of the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel will be even less consoling, but he sees no way out. The Authority could make the toll fifty cents, instead of the proposed twenty-five cents, but in his judgment this wouldn't help matters; the higher the toll, the less the traffic. "A bridge would have been twice as cheap to build and three times as cheap to maintain," Spargo said, "but the War Department wouldn't let us build one."

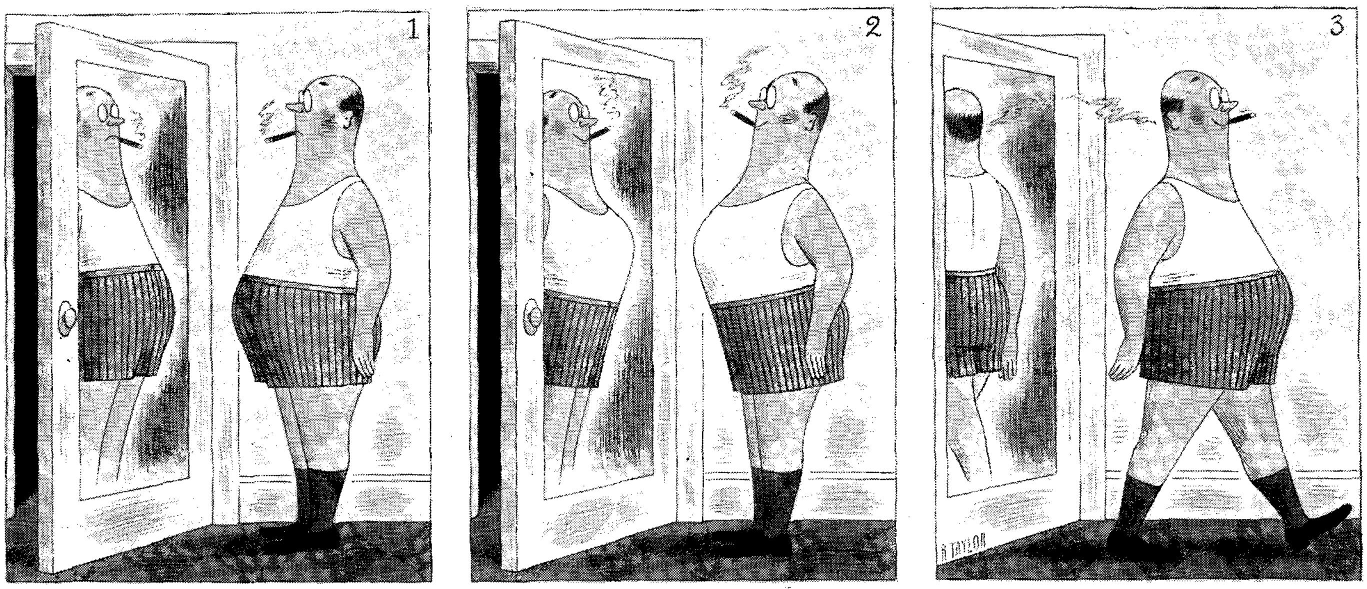
The tunnel will consist of two independent bores, which are being dug simultaneously from both the Brooklyn and the Manhattan ends. They are thirty-one feet in diameter and are fourteen feet apart. Walls and ceilings are to be lined with ceramic tile, and the two-lane roadways in each tube will be paved with brick. The maximum incline will be a little under four per cent, and at its lowest point the pavement will be a hundred and fifteen feet below mean high water. Construction from the Brooklyn end has been proceeding through what the engineers call soft ground and mixed face, necessitating the use of compressed air to prevent cave-ins. From the Manhattan end, most of the boring has been through the rock formation known as Manhattan schist, and the use of compressed air is unnecessary. A few weeks ago, one of the Brooklyn headings reached to within fifteen feet of its opposite number, and a drill hole was put through to handle electric lines. The actual holing through of the tubes won't take place until late in the fall, probably. At the moment, approximately thirteen hundred men are employed on the tunnel, and work goes on twenty-four hours a day six days a week. The tunnel will be 9,117 feet from portal to portal. It won't be the longest underwater tunnel in the world, however. The Mersey Tunnel, between Liverpool and Birkenhead, is 15,154 feet long. Chauvinists have to derive what comfort they can from the claim that the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel will be the longest underwater vehicular tunnel in the Western Hemisphere, and that it is foredoomed to lose more money than any other tunnel, of any kind, in history.



"Now big Johnny Mize is stepping up to the plate. He's hitting .304. He knocks the dirt from his spikes. There's the old stance. The score's still nothing-nothing. Perfect baseball weather this afternoon. Here comes the pitch! Wow-ee! He connects! It's a long one, deep into right field. Oh, boy, there it goes! It looks —it looks—yessiree! It is. Mize has done it again, friends!"

Eroica

THOUGH we generally react strongly, not to say apprehensively, to all prodigies, we're prepared to make an exception in the case of a nine-year-old lad of whom we've heard, who has composed a number of pieces for



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piano, for violin, and even for full orchestra. According to word percolating down to the family from the youthful Master's study, he is now putting the finishing touches on a work to be entitled "The March of the Rabbits as They Marched into the Sea as a Sacrifice."

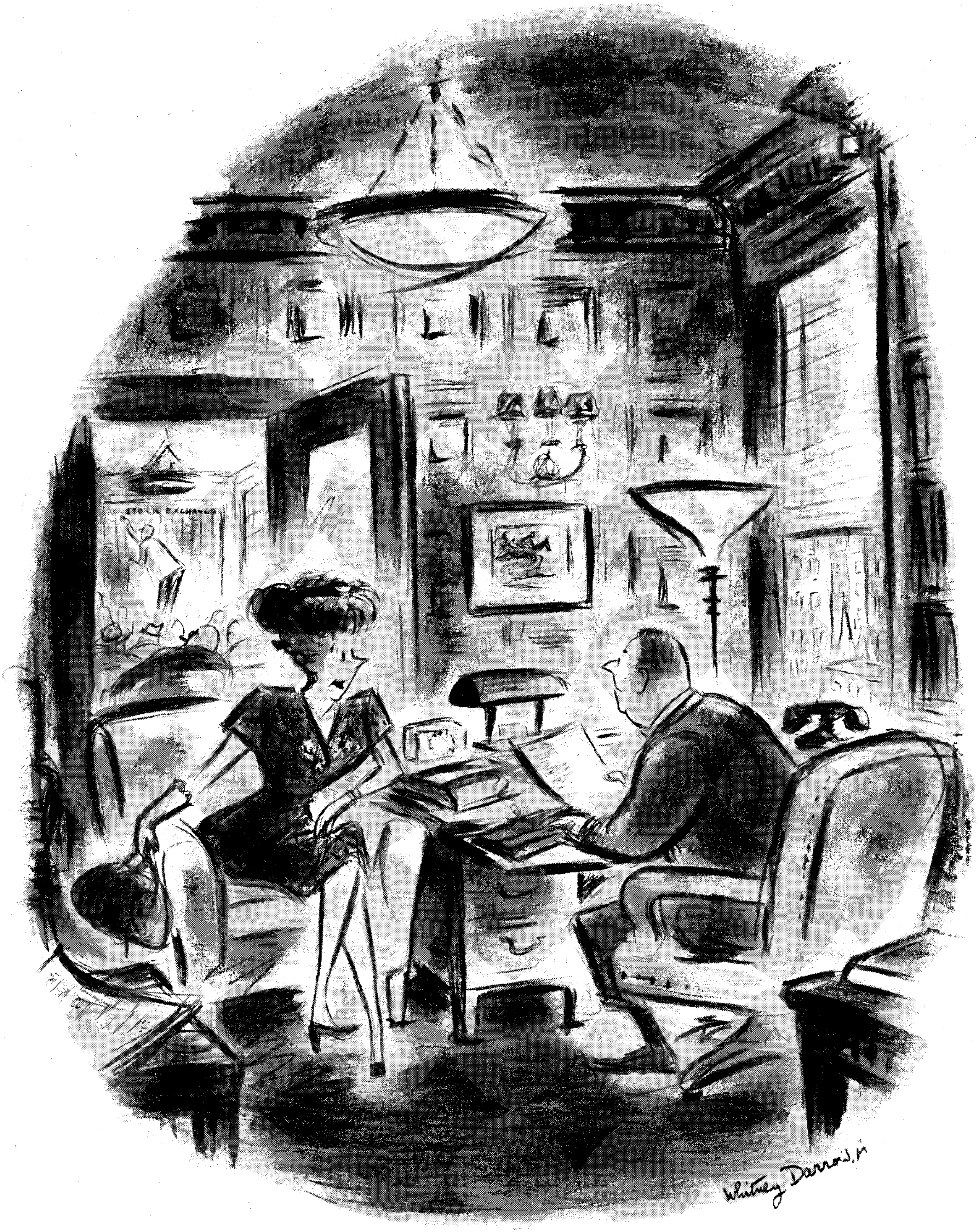
Mystery

IT'S been money, money, money with us all week. Foreign Secretary Bevin having proclaimed his scheme to get the gold out of Fort Knox by Christmas, we found ourself deep in consultation with a gold expert from Johannesburg, South Africa—Mr. Maurice Lipschitz, a broker who specializes in the shares of the great Rand mines. He is a small, plump, dark-eyed gentleman of middle age who has been in this country several months with his wife and daughter, and is now comfortably in residence at Essex House pending his departure for home. It was there, on a blinding green satin sofa, that our conference took place. When he learned that he owed the pleasure of our visit to the fact that he had been recommended to us as a man who knows all about gold, he looked about equally pleased and distressed. "One might as well think one knows all about God," he said. "In the end, one always runs up against something unreasonable, something mysterious. I have been reading books about gold all my life, and trying to understand it, and I daresay that even to the Assyrians and Egyptians it seemed an ancient and inexplicable subject. For example, what could be more mysterious than that thousands of laborers in my country should go down nearly two miles into the earth, where the temperature of the walls of the mines is over a hundred degrees, to bring up gold that sooner or later gets buried deep in the earth again at Fort Knox? What could be more mysterious than that everyone appears to care so much about something that does nobody any good? No one has been allowed to use gold coins for years, or redeem paper money in gold. Yet at the mention of the word 'gold' the whole United States gets its back up."

We asked Mr. Lipschitz what he thought of Bevin's suggestion, and he replied that he regarded it as foolish in the extreme, as contrary to international banking procedure, and as typical of a Socialist management of business affairs. What would he do, we asked, in England's place. "Forget about the gold and get the people to work," he said. "Export coal. Manufacture. Trade." But hadn't he just said that the gold wasn't doing anybody any good buried at Fort Knox? That was a different matter; the gold belonged to the United States, and most of it was pledged against the gold certificates held by the Federal Reserve System—a legal reserve required by Congress. Protection of currency, and all that. We reminded him that United States currency isn't redeemable in gold any more, at least not by *us;* that many countries have found they can get along without such a reserve; and that some economists have held that a currency could be kept stable without any gold reserves whatever. True, Mr. Lipschitz said, very true, but the United States has bought the gold. It belongs to the United States. What if we kept buying up all the available gold, kept insisting that our debtors pay us in gold, and yet kept burying the gold in the ground—what would finally happen? "There you have it," Mr. Lipschitz said with a thoughtful shake of the head. "The mystery of it. The safest thing one can do is buy mining shares. They keep going up as the currencies depreciate. We in South Africa are financially very strong—very strong. We feel that if everyone will only work hard, everything will work out as it should." He shook his head again and continued, "And yet if the United States were suddenly to stop buying gold, our economy would collapse. Utterly collapse. Isn't it extraordinary?" He tapped our knee. "I *will* say," he said, "that our climate is marvellous. Californian. And that our cinema houses are better than any you have here, gold or no gold."

Warmup

A PHILADELPHIA gentleman who has been waiting a long time for a telephone reports that he was overjoyed the other evening when he returned to his apartment and found that the phone company had been there during the day and had installed a shiny new instrument. Attached to it, however, was a printed card informing him that the telephone was not yet in service and would not be until some unspecified date. Our man's dejection was only slightly relieved by the concluding paragraph on the card: "You will be informed of the day service will start. In the meantime, you may practice dialling if you wish."


STOCK EXCHANGE
Whitney Darrow, jr

"When you say Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane recommend a certain stock, do you mean it's unanimous or just a simple majority?"

THE HEART OF LEE W. LEE

I LAINT a little more about Lee W. Lee a while ago. You remember me telling you maybe a year ago, maybe two years ago I told you. This group come into the Copa and Joe Lopez like he knew them, he gave them a table, desirable table one back of ringside, but not ringside, and the faist thing I got fascinated was by his size, this one guy. Enormous in size. He could of easly tipped the scales at three-ten if not more and his heightth was in proportionate. You know what I mean on him it looked good? Take off like a ceytain amount of the weight and you easly could end up with one of them Southwest Kentucky State Teacher College centers. On the other hand, take off a ceytain amount of the heightth and you have on the order of Tony Galento. Well, that night I faist saw the party in question I took particular interest in studding how he ate from the standpoint of quantity. It was all right. To scale. All he did, he sat down at that table and put away more food than any white man—white or colored, I don't care which—that I ever saw, and you know doorn my brief but long enough sojourn with the Army I saw some great eaters. Just now reminds me of a cute little yarn I heard a while ago about this guy is a songwriter out on the Coast. Hollywood songwriter. I don't remember what his name was but call him Harry Jones. Harry was a big man, too, but fat, because all he lived for was to eat. Eat, eat, eat, eat, eat. Diamonds Brady, whatever they called him, the old-timer back for God's sake at the tain of the century? Diamonds wasn't in it with this guy. This Harry. Harry? Harry? I know the name because it's a common name like Jones, but not Jones. No, not Jones. But call him Harry. In any case Harry took the greatest *pride*, you know, in how much he could *eat*. You know what I mean? He was *proud* of it. The *amount*. How some people take pride in accomplishing one thing? And some another? *That's* the way it was with Harry and what he took pride in was how much he could eat.

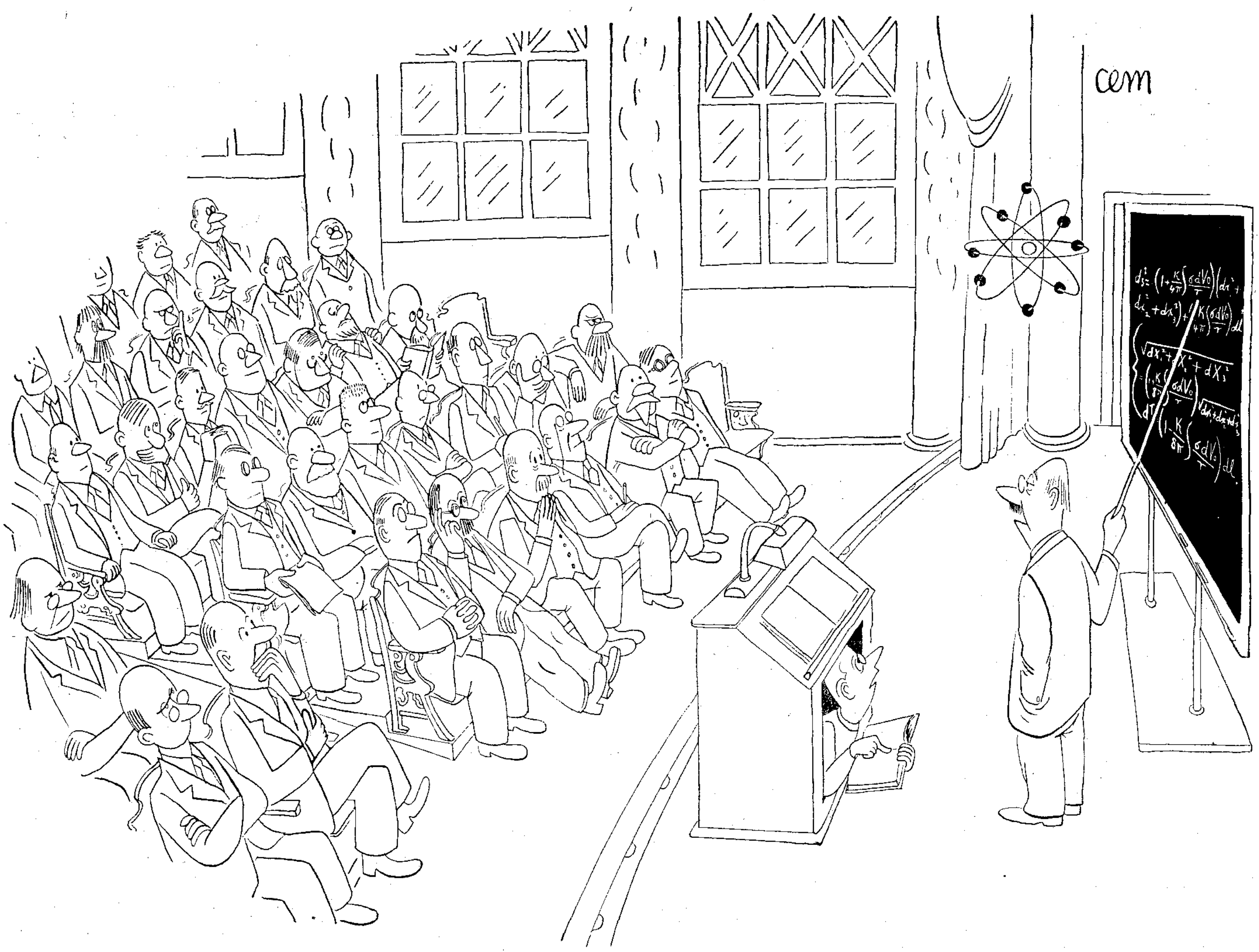
Well, Al Hitchcock, the great English director boasting like with Madelon Carroll that picture. "The Steps." A number of steps. Thaity-nine! That's right. Al boasted that one and countless other psychological and thrillers. You haid of Al Hitchcock. But he had another propensity similar to Harry the songwriter's. He loved to eat, too. So when Al signed for Hollywood somebody mention to Harry. "Harry," they said. "You know this Al Hitchcock that they recently signed. They tell me he's quite an eater. Quite a knife-and-fork man." "Yeah?" says Harry. "I tell you what I'll do. I'll eat everything Hitchcock eats, and *then*," Harry says, "*and then I'll eat Hitchcock!*" Cute story don't you think, if you never haid it before? Nothing to do with Lee W. Lee but it just happened to occur to me, and we're not doing anything more important.

I'd still like to tell you about Lee W. Lee, though. After the faist night I watched him eat he must of come to the city to stay, becuss I bunked into him numerous places here and there at the various spots. I didn't get to meet him at faist but I inquired who he was. Lee W. Lee, they said. That meant little or nothing to me. To tell the truth I never haid the name before. A while I figured him for one of the black markets or other, but then they went passé so I figured him for a fix man in like football, basketball, and them. But the trouble was, one night he'd be around stashing away a few steaks with the sports mob and the next night he'd be chumming with Garsong, you know the tubercular Frenchman making the deals for sending cars to his native France. Then the next night he'd be buying the wine for little Mildrene Shalimar, the little song stylist on the radio. Then the next night after that he'd be sitting there alone at a small table for two and the other chair he'd have tilted against the table, vaitually the equivalent of putting a sign "No Visitors" up. Always a bundle, mind you! Oho! Brother! You know what he was? You haid of Bill Gorman the sport writer being a fast man with the lettuce. Well, I never happened to witness Lee W. Lee reaching for a check for the simple reason there *was* no check. Not that he was cuffing anything. He paid. Always paid. I inquired from the various waiters in this spot and that spot and I was assured he wasn't running up any tabs. But when he came in the place, any place, it was the understood thing, wherever he sat down the bill at that particular location was for Lee W. Lee and nobody else. Not even if like a party of four or five'd be going for the full treatment, meats and wines—if Lee W. Lee happened to sit down for a momentary double brandy or two and then powdered out, the bill was his. And the people would never find it out till finally they asked for the check, and always the same story. The waiter: "Sorry, sir, taken care of by Mr. Lee. No, thank you, sir. Tip, too, Mr. Lee's pleasure." Always paid on the way out, you know what I mean? Never at the table. Later he told me why this was. He said he couldn't entertain in his modest quarters these lovely people but he didn't like to flash a bundle out in a public restaurant, so he made it a habit of remunerating without any ostentation, you know what I mean. Of course as a side remark I might hazard the thought that if I was carrying around a stack of bills this here thick laid out flat I wouldn't remunerate with any ostentation eyether myself, and physically I'm a much smaller man than Lee W. Lee.

STOP
NO PARKING
NO BATHING
NO FISHING
STOP

IN that connection was how I happened to meet him finally. I was standing chatting with Ben the doorman at Eywin's Chop House and Lee W. Lee came out. One of his nights alone. He had his usual heater in his kisser and Ben went over and asked him if he wanted a taxi, Mr. Lee. Mr. Lee: "I think not, Ben, thank you. A nice night for a stroll." Then all of a sudden what did he do but he pointid over at me and says, "Little man, I'd like to stroll with *you*." "Me?" I said. I never met the guy in my life before. Saw him countless *times*, you know what I mean, but never had two waids with him. *One* waid! But he was so goddam enormous, even ten feet away like he was standing, I had the feeling he could reach over and pick me up if he so desired. So I—I went over and I said to him, I asked him what was it, Mr. Lee. He didn't say anything only handed Ben a piece of money, folded up, wished Ben good night, and said, "Let's stroll." We strolled till we got to Sixth Avenue and then tained down Sixth and suddenly he stopped at some bar-and-grill gin mill. Paddy's or John J. McGillahooley's or I don't know. They're all alike to me. I never frequented them in my whole lifetime. On Sixth Avenue they can't do me any good. "Let's drop in here and chat," he said. Well, at least that proved the cat didn't get his tongue, which I thought but didn't say. It was the faist time he spoke since we left Ben.

We went to a table in the back and he ordered something and I ordered something, I don't know what. I didn't



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know *then* is how I felt, waiting for him to broach whatever he wanted to broach.

Mr. Lee W. Lee: "Now, then, what's your name and what do you do for a living?" he said.

Me: "My name? My name is Milton Black and what do I do for a living? I imagine you'd call me an account executive." I said.

Him: "No, I wouldn't," he said, "becuss I don't know what the hell that is, an account executive."

So I explained to him I was account executive with an independent advertising agency where I handle the advertising for some various night spots and restaurants.

"Oh," he said, and then he thought a minute. Then he asked me a question, how much did that pay me.

Me: "Now, wait a minute, Mr. Lee," I starred to say.

Him: "*How much?*"

So I named him a figure, upped it a little in case I didn't know maybe he might be going to make me an offer, but not too much in case I didn't know maybe he was a tax man.

Him: "Married?" he asked me.

Me: "Divorced," I said.

"You pay alimony?" he said.

"I do," I said, and he asked me how much and seemed very sympathetic to the situation, till suddenly.

Him: "I want to tell you something, you—" He called me some very profane and obscene things that I liked to take the ketchup bottle off the table and give it to him right then and there, but of course he would of known that in advance and anyway I doubt if a bottle of ketchup would break on him. He ripped me up and down, but never raising his vaice, till finally what he tains out he was sore about, he didn't like the way I kept looking at him in all the spots. What develops is he had a Kodak memory for faces, and especially if they exposed any curiosity about him. Displayed. "You've been displaying a lot of curiosity about me and everywhere I go I see your—your face. I want to know why. You don't worry me. You just bother me," he said.

Well, it took me the best part of an hour and a half to tell him my life history, my likes and dislikes, who I went around with, and one thing or another. Finally I was telling him about when I was a little boy in school and people used to take advantage of my size and pick on me, and all of a sudden he made like spitting, only no saliva came out. "Finish your drink and never mind finishing your story. I feel like taking in a club."

He meant I was to go with him so we got into a hack and went over to the Copa to catch the twelve-thaity show. There was a large group of young couples outside waiting to get inside and it wasn't the regular bobby-sockers. Couples, they were. Dressed up. Then I remembered it was high-school graduation time. These young fellows and gals, they were like you make a date six months ahead of time for Commencement and you're always reminding the mouse it's you and nobody else or no Copa at Commencement, and that keeps her in line, the mouse. With me it wasn't any Copa, becuss one thing when I was in high school it was Rudy Vallee's place, not the Copa, and secondly and fifthly and tenthly, we didn't have big ideas about coming downtown to a night club when I was at Evander.

Lee W. Lee: "Look! They giving away milk or something?" he said. I explained to him and he laughed. All of a sudden he went over to the crowd and picked out two kids and said, "Come on, you're going in and be my guests."

Well, two more surprised kids you never saw. A big groan went up from the ones ahead of them that happened to be standing in line longer, but one look from Lee W. Lee and silence reigned supremely. He took the kids in and as if Joe Lopez wasn't surprised enough seeing me with Lee W. Lee, what about these two kids? But Lopez played it straight, and gave the kids a ringside table. Not for four, just for two. The kids. I and Lee W. Lee sat at another table.

WELL, the kids ordered cokes and got up and danced and had steak sandwiches and watched the show and had the time of their life, and Lee W. and I just sat there watching them. Two kids really stuck on one another, you could tell that. We didn't talk much, becuss I didn't feel like intruding my thoughts, and Lee was studding them. Then he said, "She has a nice pair of jugs, that kid." Aw-haw, I thought to myself. Here it comes. He'll put away ten or a dozen more highballs and start moving in. But I was wrong. He kept looking at her, but he didn't go over to the table, at least right away. Once in a while he'd say, "A beautiful pair of jugs. Do you think he's getting any of that?"

"I don't know," I said. "Kids nowadays."

"*I* don't think he *is*," said Lee, very sad. Then he watched them a few minutes more and said, "He isn't, and it's a goddam shame." Then a few minutes later he called our waiter and ordered a bottle of champagne. "Don't bring any bucket. Cool it off outside and bring me the bottle." So when the waiter came with the wine Lee took it and went over to the kids' table. I stayed at our table but I could hear the whole conversation. He pulled up a chair and sat down and held the bottle in his hand and said, "Are you having a good time?" And they went into rhapsodies and he said for them to drink up their cokes and have some of this, meaning the wine. The young fellow didn't want to take any, but the gail did. I mean she pretended like she didn't, but she wasn't drinking wine, she was drinking a waid called champagne. Lee poured their glasses full of bubbly and left it there and then came back to our table. He didn't say anything till they got up and danced again. Lee said, "I think he's in."

Me: "He is if he wants to be."

He tained on me. "That's a hell of a thing to say!" he said.

"Don't get me wrong, Mr. Lee," I said. "Maybe he's in love with her and they don't want to do anything till they get married or engaged."

He didn't say anything only snarl at me and then a little while later the kids came over and thanked him, and one thing I could see, the young fellow was in all right, if he wanted to be, becuss Lee could of been, or I could of, or Joe Schmo from Kokomo. Anybody. I guess that's a lot of champagne if you're not used to it, what she drank. I noticed there was only like a fingerful left in the bottle. They knocked that over fast.

They went home, or wherever they were going, and I said I guessed I would likewise take a powder about fifteen or twenty minutes later. All that time he sat there thinking. "All right, go ahead," he said. "But answer me this question."

"Glad to accommodate," I said.

"I think maybe you're right," he said.

"About those kids?" I asked him.

"Yes," he agreed.

In other waids, he was considering the possibility such as I pointed out, where we have the situation of a young couple not wishing to do anything till they get married, very likely. It just shows you one thing: I happen to've come across a lot of mysterious talk about Lee W. Lee and the whereabouts of his source of income, but you must say for the man, he's got a heart. That's what I laint about Lee W. Lee, my friends.

—JOHN O'HARA

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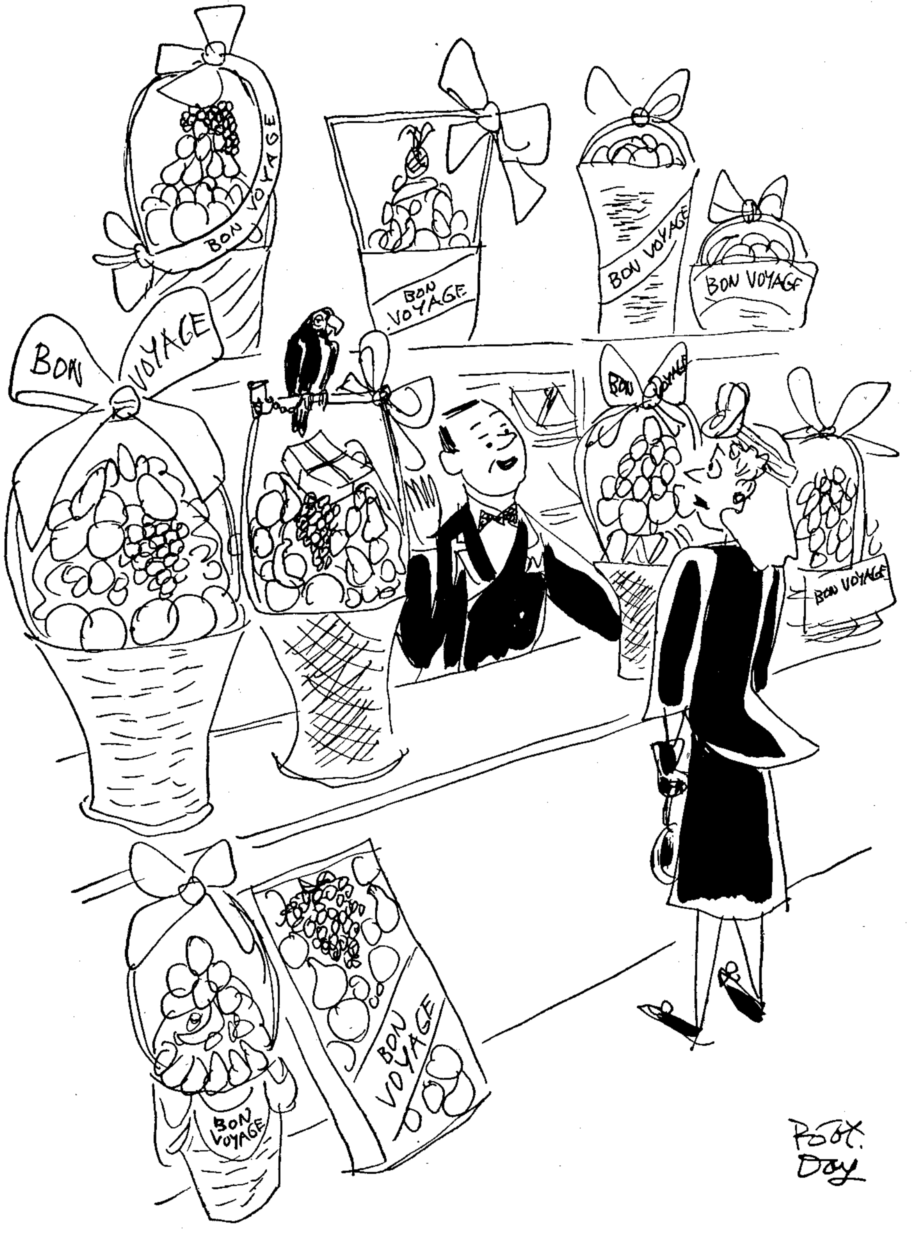
They say she never argues, never blows up, simply looks at the director and says in her tiny, clear voice: "I can't do that, Mr. Powell; it would be silly." And she don't.—*The Times.*

Never mind the dialect, son.

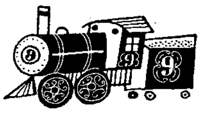


"With this *one, the bon voyage is wished orally."*

A SECOND VISIT

A WILDERNESS of war and peace stretched between Roger Tilney and his first sight of Batshanger. As Captain Tilney, he had come to it in August, 1940. The threat of invasion had made every house along the coast of southeast England a potential redoubt, and he had been given a list of houses and told to inspect and report on them. Batshanger was one of these.

It had not been easy to find, for oak woods embraced it, the lanes multiplied like rabbit runs, and the signposts had already been removed, as a measure of defense. Having found it, he had realized with an agonizing cleavage of mind that it was the house of all houses that he wanted to live in for the rest of his days, and that it was a house he must certainly recommend for requisitioning. Embarrassed by the noise of his boots, the creaking of his belt, the flashes of light darting from his buttons, he had inspected it—being taken around by an alarming Miss Parminter, who had been the governess, so he gathered, and was now Mrs. Gauntlett's secretary—noting simultaneously that the dining room had a coffered ceiling and would sleep a dozen men, marvelling at the fig trees and knowing that the latrines would best be placed beneath them, and hearing, between his inquiries and the mortally satisfactory replies, the quiet thunder of the sea. As for Mrs. Gauntlett, who did not appear, he had gathered that she was old and that war had already made her childless.



NOW, six years later, Roger saw Batshanger again. This time, it had not been so hard to find. He drove along a widened road. Under the oak trees, groups of Nissen huts brooded, melancholy as yaks, exuding a false sentiment of domesticity. All the seclusion and free wildness through which he had driven that other time seemed to have gone for shelter behind the iron gates of Batshanger. These were locked fast. Looking through the ironwork, he saw nothing but tall, feathery grasses and pale feverfew where there had been a gravel driveway; it was not till he looked more attentively that he saw the barbed-wire tangles through which this vegetation had grown up. By the gatepost was a notice saying, "Danger. Mines." At the foot of the back drive, there was a similar warning, but the gates were off their hinges and the rutted gravel had recent footmarks on it and clearly was in use. He walked up it, wondering who came here now—bird's-nesting children, perhaps; courting couples . . . Nothing more, he thought, for a profound feeling of disinhabitation hung over everything; drifts of nettles had sprung up among the laurels, the summerhouse had fallen to bits, and he saw swallows flying in and out of one of the pillboxes. Then he caught sight of the house. In a quieter, more fatal way, it was as much a ruin as any dwelling he had seen in Europe. It had kept its walls and most of its roof, and some of its windows were still unbroken; but the walls were cracked and slabs of their plaster had fallen away, the paint was shrivelled and the exposed woodwork had rotted, the steps and the balustrades were broken, and large mounds of empty tins and clinkers were heaped in a methodical alternation against the fruit wall.

Some houses die a violent death in war and some a slow death. Batshanger had died a slow death—dying of maltreatment, like a labor slave.

Roger seemed to have been standing there for a lifetime, feeling the sun on his back, hearing the distant, sighing explosions of the waves. The vine, ramping out of its broken vinery, green and prodigal, seemed to have grown wilder and more past reclaiming while he had stood there. But, because one is never satisfied with a sorrow, he now decided that he would walk on and examine Batshanger from the garden side.

In 1940 there had been, he remembered, a grumpy gardener, so grumpy that he had not deigned to be pleased when Roger promised to arrange that the gardens should be declared out of bounds. Presumably, he had gone on working ("Dig for Victory," of course), for the fruit and vegetable grounds were still in a discouraged sort of order. Roger stood thinking of the grumpy gardener and rubbing a sprig of southernwood between his fingers when a woman's voice floated into the garden, calling "Ethel!," and immediately Miss Parminter rose up from among some gooseberry bushes nearby.

She gave him a little nod and said, "Stay where you are. I'll be back in a minute." Then she went up the path between the apple cordons.

NOTHING would have been simpler than to go away, and there was nothing Roger more impulsively wished to do. But, obeying Miss Parminter, he stayed where he was, and presently she returned, looking exactly as he now remembered her to have looked in 1940—tall and large-boned, with the sun shining on her unadorned face and sandy-gray hair. He began to mumble an explanation for his presence.

"I remember you perfectly," Miss Parminter said.

Along with the capitals of Europe, Roger thought, and the rules governing the dative, and the collects for the Sundays after Trinity.

"Your name is Tilney," she went on, "and you came here on the tenth of August, 1940, about requisitioning."

Telling himself it was no wonder that his coming should be so accurately remembered, he muttered, "I feel like a murderer."

"Nonsense!" said Miss Parminter briskly. "The place was bound to be requisitioned, and somebody had to come here and say so. That somebody happened to be you."

"I can't see it so straightforwardly as that."

"Then you are sinning your mercies. Surely it is one of the compensations of war that doing one's duty is made natural and straightforward."

Roger looked toward the house and then toward the neat construction in concrete which had replaced the Palladian gazebo.

"What happened afterward was no fault of yours," Miss Parminter said. "Shut up a lot of young men in an old house, give them far too much food very badly cooked, train them for war, and give them no opportunity to fight—what else can you expect? You don't look in the least like a murderer. Are you still in the Army?"

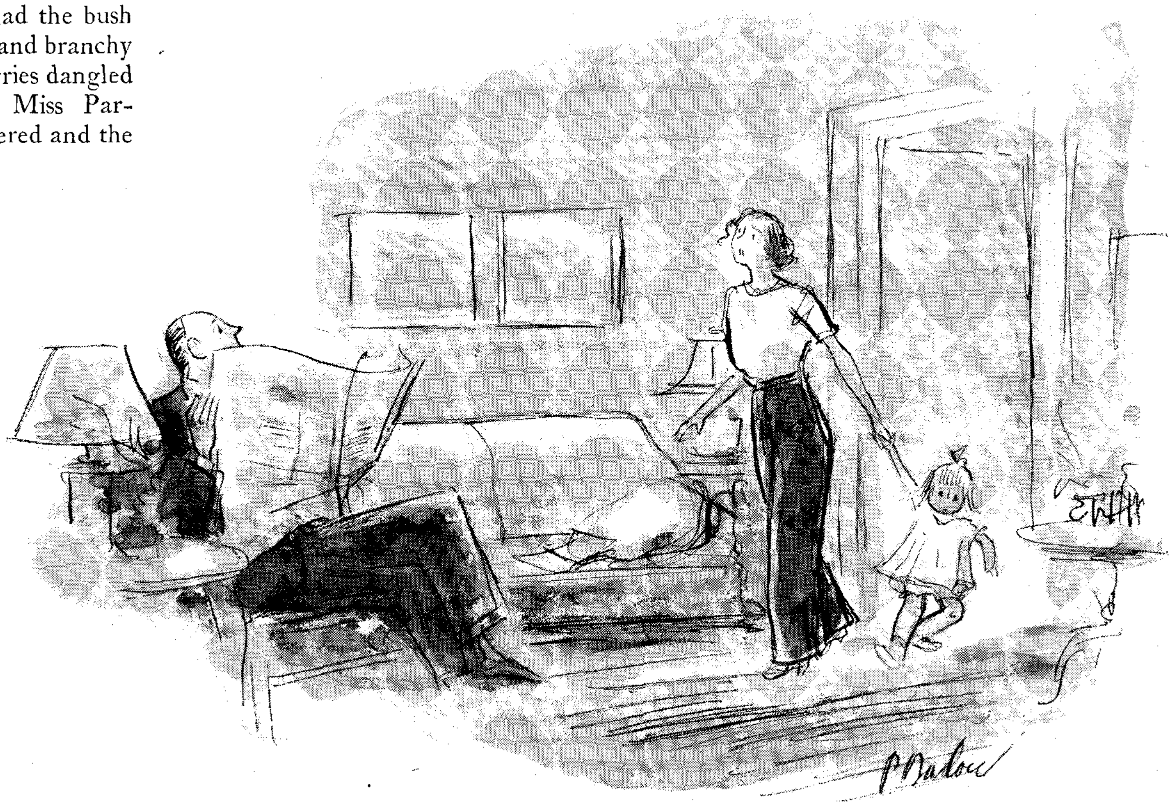
"No," he replied, and left it at that.

"Do you like gooseberries?" She turned back her sleeves. "You'll find the best ones on that bush. Pick them for yourself. Personally, I wouldn't give a thank-you for a gooseberry that I didn't eat off the bush. They begin to deteriorate from the moment they are gathered. So do potatoes from the moment they are dug. But people are either too poor or too rich to have palates." She seated herself on the ground and began to gather the fruit.

"May I help you?" Beyond a necessary "Thank you" he had not intended to acknowledge gooseberries. But the words were out of his mouth before he could examine them.

"Thank you. That will be very kind. You'd much better sit down to it. You won't get so scratched. Not there! You're on an ants' nest."

When Roger was seated to Miss Par-



"I have dreadful news. She's learned how to open the refrigerator."

minter's satisfaction, they had the bush between them. It was large and branchy and very old. The sleek berries dangled from gray-mossed twigs. Miss Parminter's hands, square-fingered and the color of brown holland, moved through the bush with amazing rapidity and never got scratched.

"All these will be jammed by the Women's Institute," she presently remarked. "And this year, I rejoice to say, we shall have a sufficiency of jam pots."

"Is that thanks to the Ministry of Supply?"

"Goodness gracious, no! I collected them after old Mrs. Cutler died. She had nine dozen stored away under her bed."

Roger had a vision of an old Mrs. Cutler, narrowed by death, lying in a wide bed with brass knobs while Miss Parminter competently explored beneath it. Meanwhile, Miss Parminter was explaining where, in her opinion, the dividing line between foresight and hoarding should be drawn. Her hand, sweeping unscratched among the branches, came into contact with his. It was a cool, strong hand and he felt an incomprehensible impulse to cling to it.

"What became of that rather severe gardener?" he asked.

"Gulliver? He went into the Observer Corps and saw the first rocket. Now he's hoping to find a Colorado beetle. Invasions have gone to his head, poor man! But he still gardens quite well. I think we've finished this bush. It's really very kind of you to help me."

It occurred to Roger that she might be dismissing him; at any rate, she was affording him an opportunity to go. But he wriggled himself along with her to the next bush.

"It has steadied Gulliver to have us back. We have been living here since the beginning of April, Mrs. Gauntlett and I."

"Living? I didn't know the house was lived in."

"Of course you didn't. I saw that when I noticed you on the lawn. You looked so pale that I wondered if I should bring you out a cup of tea, but I decided it is always better to be left alone with a shock. So I left you with yours, and came and picked gooseberries."

"I can't imagine how you can live in it."

"There are three quite habitable rooms," Miss Parminter said. "We manage."

He thought of the remainder of the house—the plasterwork pattering down from the ceilings, the silence of the windless days and the banshee cry of the wind, the leaves blown in through the broken windows and whispering in corners, the sunlight traversing the empty rooms, the muteness, past reproach, of farewell.

"And now tell me about yourself, Mr. Tilney."

He realized with a tranquillity of horror that he was going to take her at her word. Everything rose up in order, unfussed and unfalsified—the childhood smothered in sweetness and whimsicality *(Roger says there is a dear little blue-eyed bogey under the stairs)*, the careworn, pilgrimaging adolescence *(Well, Tilney, and what is engaging your attention this term? Cricket, or the Byzantines?)*, the aficionado who was sick at the bullfight, the disdainful warrior decorated for an outburst of schoolboy exhibitionism, the apprehensive snob who had supposed he could live at Batshanger. He could tell Miss Parminter all this and not be thought pathetic, or charming, or a perfectly simple case of schizophrenia. He had only to dive into her silence, and he would find that he could swim.

But the voice which had cried "Ethel!" now cried "Ethel!" again. This time it was nearer. "Here is Mrs. Gauntlett," Miss Parminter said.

An old woman was drifting down the path toward them. Her fluttering draperies and the inconsequential way that she moved gave her a curious resemblance to a moth.

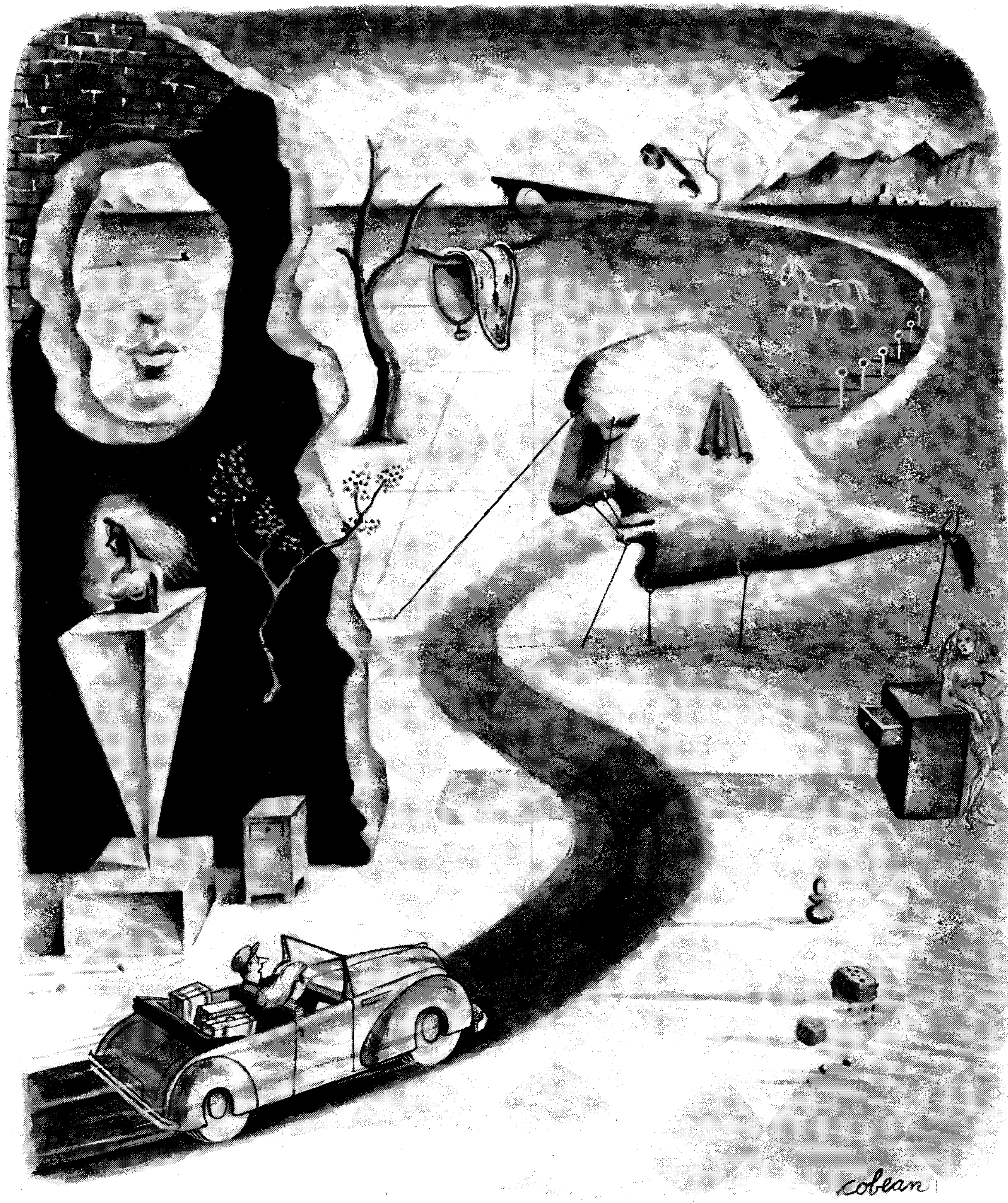
"Would you like to be introduced?" Miss Parminter asked, rising from among the gooseberry bushes. Roger, too, had risen.

"Well, since she must have seen me . . ."

"She won't have seen you. She's blind."

He set his teeth, and was introduced.

Tilting her head toward the sound of his voice, the old woman said that it was very kind of Mr. Tilney to help Ethel with the gooseberries, and that she hoped he would come in and have some tea. Just as, under happier circumstances, Miss Parminter would have seen to it that his hair was sufficiently combed, his nails clean enough for tea in the drawing room, she now solidified his excuses. Serenely hospitable and quite unconcerned, Mrs. Gaunt-



"I ***knew*** *we should have kept on Route 66 out of Flagstaff."*

• •

lett said that he must come next month, when her grandchildren would be there. He replied that he would certainly come if he could, knowing full well that he would never come again.

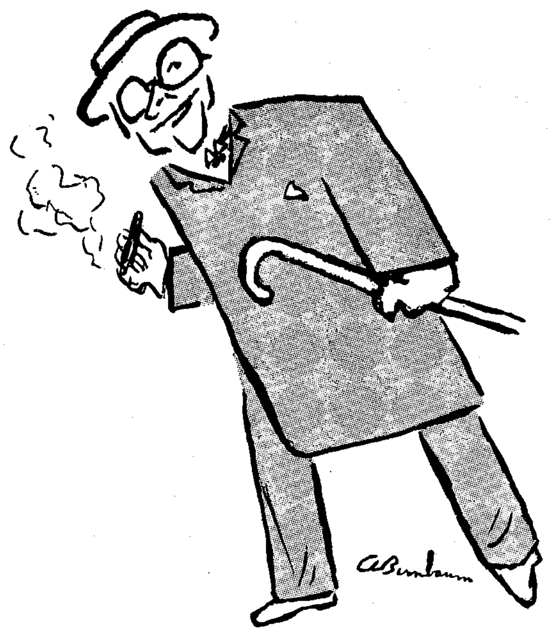
It was farewell to Batshanger—in every way, farewell, for even that squirming, residual little hope that he might yet buy it and somehow put it together again had been knocked on the head by the mention of the grandchildren. Yet as he drove away he realized—and without much astonishment, for astonishment is a perquisite of the fortunate—that though he yearned for Batshanger, he yearned even more for Miss Parminter. He thought of the boy and the girl who had grown up at Batshanger with Miss Parminter's cool, strong hand to cling to, and now were safe dead, and wondered how even the gods could pour such felicity on those they elected to love.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

PROFILES

COMEDIAN

I—ENTER, CROUCHING LOW AND SMOKING A CIGAR



Bobby Clark

Bobby Clark, a squat, graying man with a painfully worried expression, is among the last of the great clowns. His kind of comedy—broad, impolite, irreverent, frequently bawdy—is vanishing from the theatre, and it is not likely to reappear soon. Clark prepared for Broadway in various schools now permanently closed. Starting as a tumbler and bugle blower with a minstrel show, he left it for the circus, transferred to vaudeville, and moved on to burlesque. Of these, minstrel shows and vaudeville have expired and burlesque has developed a familiar rattle, thus drying up three prime sources of comic genius. Any comedians of the future will spring, if not from the circus or the stage itself, from radio, movies, or night clubs, a prospect that some people would rather not contemplate. Present-day comedy, in the opinion of many critics, is suffering from a dangerously low blood count; like Russian wolfhounds and European royalty, it has been overrefined. Clark is violently hostile to this trend, and has been ever since he graduated, a little reluctantly, to musicals and straight comedies. After forty-five years as an entertainer, he still has an affectionate regard for the bladder, the slapstick, and the prattfall, and he enjoys smacking a retreating chorus girl with his cane, a property with which his celebrated antic rushes are closely identified.

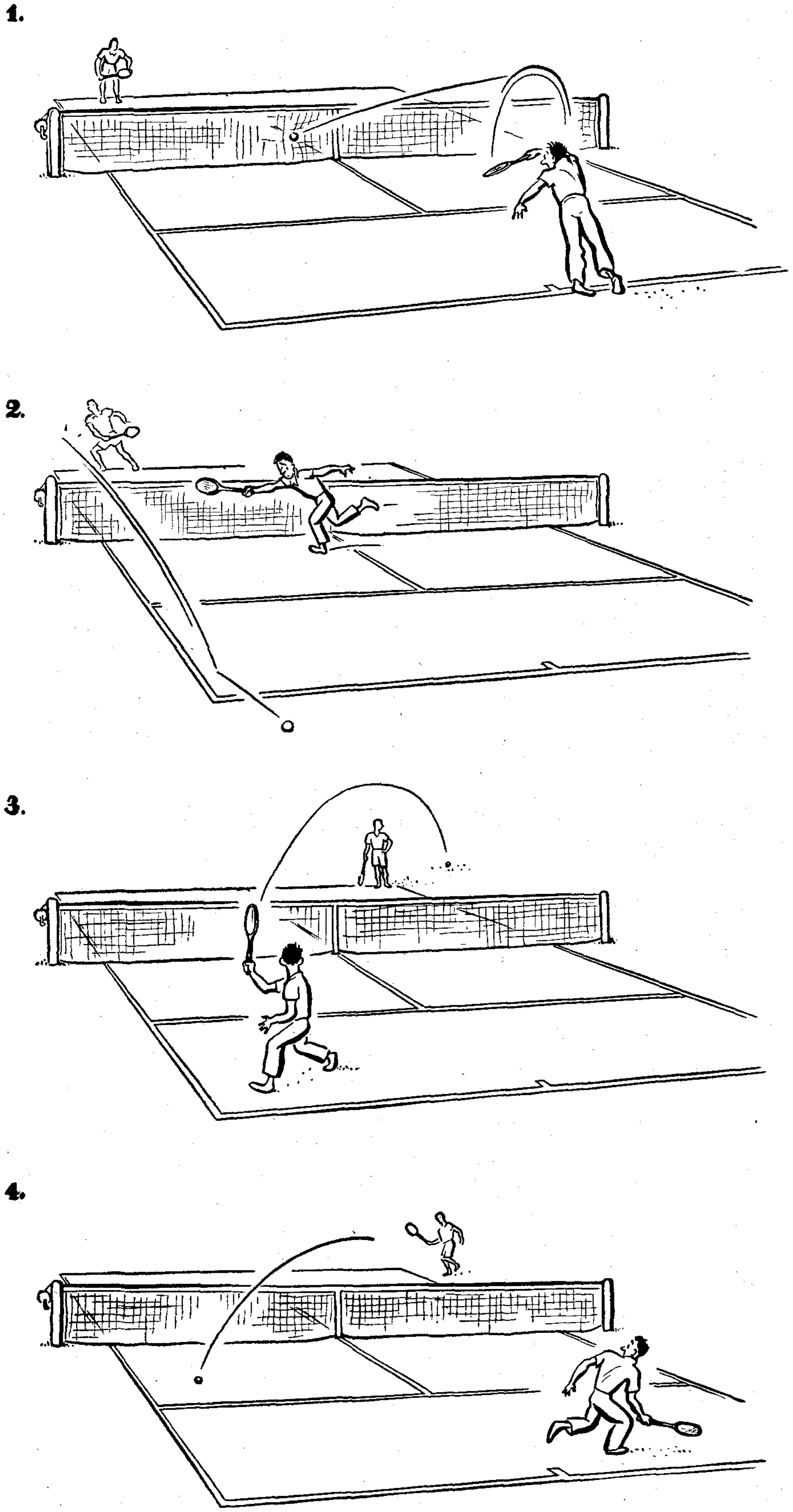
Clark's worried expression arises from his constant state of indecision over what makes people laugh. By now, he has learned a whole catalogue of rules, but the job, he has concluded, will never be finished. In a way, the study is comparable to Mark Twain's grapple with the Mississippi; the river keeps shifting slightly and requires different kinds of treatment under changing conditions. When Clark gets a laugh in the wrong place, he quizzes the cast between acts. "What was it?" he will cry. "What made them laugh?" The answer may have some dim connection with current affairs or with the weather. If, for example, rain is falling when the audience arrives, he expects fairly normal reactions all evening. If a shower develops during the show, however, the house acquires a kind of croupy tension, subject to odd quiets and hideous, unexpected cackles. The women may be trying to remember if they closed the windows, and the men may be wondering where they left the lawnmower.

Clark favors removing all obstacles to unrestrained laughter. At the dress rehearsal of his present show, the rather elderly Victor Herbert musical "Sweethearts," he put the book—and, by extension, every musical-comedy book—in its place by stepping to the footlights and remarking confidentially, "Never was a thin plot so complicated." The company, relieved of a mounting concern over clarity, relaxed. The line was retained, and the subsequent audiences have realized, along with the star, that the play is by no means the thing. It is probably fortunate that Herbert did not live to see the revival of "Sweethearts." Clark's treatment of this mushy old tunebag is one of the most rewarding cases on record of dramatic *lèse-majesté*. At the start, Clark generally plans to play any role just about as the author conceived it, but his mind keeps wandering outside the script. He has a lightning-quick eye for improvements, not only in plays he is doing himself but in those that he sees or reads. Not long ago, reading Shakespeare, he fell to musing about the sprightly effect of having Lady Macbeth walk over a Coney Island skirt blower, and he couldn't help wondering if the witches should be equipped with trombones.

In "Sweethearts," as in all of Clark's shows, he displays enough of his traditional stage business to satisfy the Bobby Clark cultists and then branches out, paying occasional attention to the story. He wears his painted-on glasses, which have been his chief identifying symbol for thirty-five years, in all the scenes, and for his initial appearance, early in the first act, he wears his most familiar ensemble—an absurdly short covert-cloth topcoat, a pork-pie hat, a lighted cigar, and the cane. Clark's first entrances are always pretty much alike. In "Sweethearts," he sprints on from backstage, brandishing his cane and crouching low, and easily routs a rather formidable group of swordsmen, then he rushes to the footlights and spits his cigar in the general direction of the audience. He catches it, replaces it in his mouth, and spits it out several more times. As a rule, he misses it once, then, with his cane, takes several vicious cuts at the nearby members of the cast, usually women, who, at least in his mind, may be trying to steal it. Clark is not entirely joking when he warns these people away from his cigar. He has a distinguished economical streak, and he plans to finish the cigar after the show. When the scene is over, he gives it to the dresser he has employed for eighteen years, a colored man named Tom Brown, who carefully puts it out, scrapes off the vaseline Clark has rubbed on to make it spit smoothly, and wraps it in Kleenex. The cigars the comedian smokes cost him a dime apiece, and he remembers the lean years of his itinerant youth, when a dime meant a meal or a night's lodging.

Clark's addiction to the cane is a carry-over from his circus days, during which he practiced juggling on the side. Canes are usually the hallmark of former jugglers. W. C. Fields once said he felt uncomfortable onstage without a cane; he liked to carry one behind him, in an upthrust position and, in a scene of leave-taking, erroneously place his hat on it. The ensuing confused search, often involving getting down on the floor and feeling under tables and beds, was his favorite bit of business. Fundamentally, Fields' cane, frock coat, elongated hat, daintily turned-back gloves, and exhausted carnation were a burlesque on upper-class pomp, whereas Clark uses the cane as a combination weapon, golf club, and drum major's baton. To round off a funny line, he will twirl the cane, then let it slip through his fingers and catch it by the tip, and the next second he may rush gallantly across the stage to lift a dropped handkerchief into the wings with a neat mashie shot. He is periodically threatening to smack some female member of the cast with his cane, holding the curved handle uppermost. For a reason that he thinks will always remain indefinable, a menacing attitude with the pointed end is not funny, while brandishing the curved handle aloft will invariably provoke laughter. Clark's sudden defensive furies, with their implication of violence, always dissolve into a beaming, victorious smile, since he is never attacked, and the audience somehow feels that it was all in fun and that the girl could really lick him if she tried. The persecution complex is an affectation of many comedians. Jimmy Durante's funniest songs are recitals of vague bullying, injury, and assorted indignities. His hearers are led to believe that an indeterminate number of knaves have been making things extremely tough for him lately. Wearing a look of terrible outrage, he explains matters, becoming increasingly livid as the garbled tale unfolds, his mouth screwed up, his brows drawn together, and his eyes reduced to angry little black beads. Then, like Clark, he gains a sudden ascendancy over his enemies and brings the song to a triumphant and carefree close.

Clark's comedy is unique because his manner always suggests that despite mankind's faults and presumptions it is easy to have a wonderful time. He plainly finds life a continuous frolic. In "Sweethearts," he is on the stage better than sixty per cent of the time, occupied with such typically Victor Herbert adventures as heaving laundry onto a rooftop clothesline, doing headstands on a Zilanian love seat, kicking his inamorata's train, gargling lasciviously at the soubrettes, and producing frightening noises with a bugle. He reduces a scene of elegant court life to absurdity by mincing around with a lace handkerchief dangling over his nose, and he puts on a monk's costume that is crowned by a wig so tangled, greasy, and generally revolting that it might have been designed for Pap Finn. Clark expends a prodigious amount of labor to achieve his frolicsome stage manner. He will toil for days over a trivial bit of business. After two or three rehearsals, his scripts are covered with odd autobiographical notations, scrawled in the margins, on the back, at the top and bottom, and between the lines. "At this point, I take my snuffbox," he wrote on his script for "The Would-Be Gentleman," in which he appeared just before "Sweethearts," "and throw it in the pocket of the lackey on the other side of the stage. This can be done. I have been practicing." The comedian had been arriving at the theatre early and pelting the forbearing Brown with snuffboxes in an effort to perfect his aim and settle on a handy throwing size. Several years ago, as Bob Acres in "The Rivals," he had a characteristic whim to use a whip as a prop in one scene. Another member of the cast, while delivering a line one evening, accidentally dropped a book, which bounced in a



peculiar way. The audience laughed, and Clark promptly unfurled his whip and belabored the book soundly, increasing the laughter. During the remaining five months of the play, he spent much of his time trying to make the book bounce again. The straight man obligingly continued to drop it, while Clark stood ready with the whip. For reasons of its own, the book decided to lie low. Clark tried other books, searching for literature with more elasticity, but nothing much happened. He even had a rubber book made, but it bounced too high. “Why don't you give it up, Bobby?” someone in the cast would ask him. “Go ahead and whip the book anyhow.” “We'll whip it when it bounces,” Clark would reply savagely, and try a copy of “Robinson Crusoe” from a new angle.

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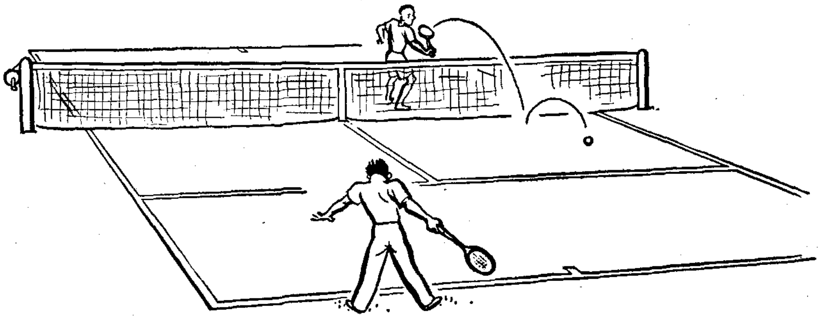

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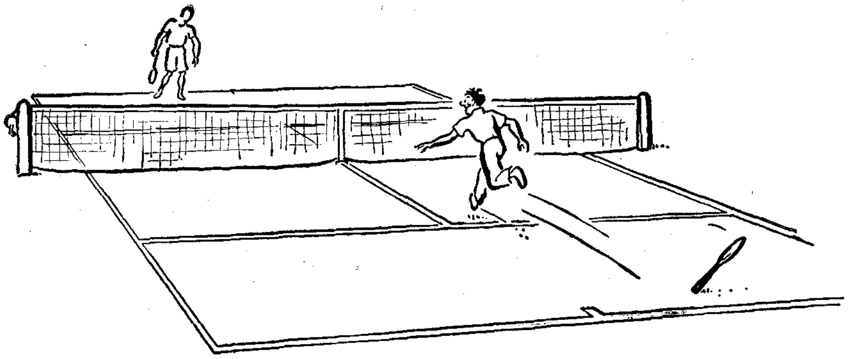

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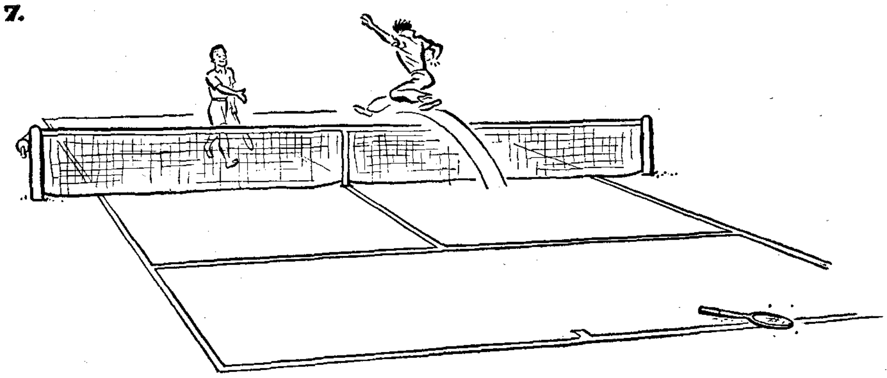

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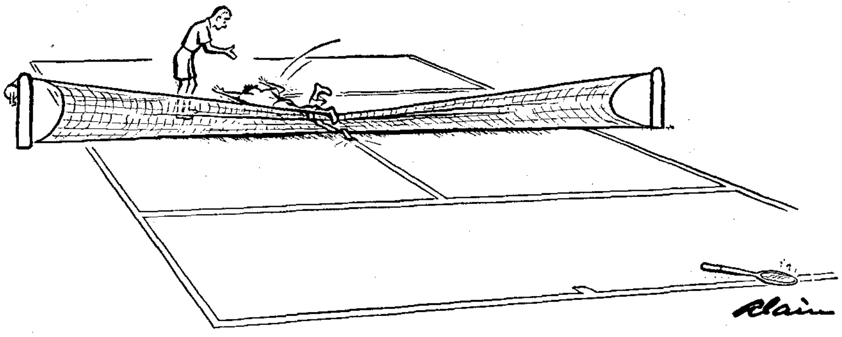


EVA LE GALLIENNE, who directed “The Rivals,” very early gave up trying to direct Clark. The comedian arrived for his first rehearsal on a dead run, several days late, having been detained in another show. He was carrying his new part, which he had recopied, in triple-space, and annotated with a few tentative suggestions about handsprings, headstands, whips, and odd clothing. To get into the spirit of things, he began to dash back and forth across the stage, crying his lines en route and surveying the establishment for comic business opportunities. Looking worried, he jotted down his findings on the triple-spaced script. During the opening scene, one of the actors read from a book an uncommonly long passage on love. For the first few minutes, Clark listened patiently, with a minimum of hitching at his trousers and kicking at imaginary objects on the floor; then his face took on an expression of stupefied incredulity. This persisted to the end of the speech, when he inquired of Miss Le Gallienne, “What am I supposed to do while *that* goes on?” “It's customary to stand still,” she replied respectfully, “but it's up to you.” Several times during the first rehearsal he asked Miss Le Gallienne's opinion on lines and business. At length she said, “I've never worked with anybody like you, Mr. Clark. I think you'd do a better job by yourself. I'll just try to keep the other actors out of your way.” Thus unbound, the comedian began to lay out his part like a one-man medicine show. He took particular pains with the passage on love. “By the time the show opened,” says Haila Stoddard, who played Lydia Languish in this production of “The Rivals,” “it had developed into a Clark masterpiece.” While the other actor read the speech, with commendable feeling, Clark clambered over furniture, inspected and deplored pictures, conducted fictitious conversations, accompanied by leers, winks, and threatening looks, with other actors, and had an all-around, relaxing good time.

Clark's best scene in “The Rivals” was built up out of a situation intrinsically barren. The business of the play provided that Clark sit down, in a rage, and write a letter, at O'Trigger's instigation. He sat at a desk with numerous drawers, on a high-backed Restoration chair. Starting with one quill in the inkstand, he kept adding others during rehearsals. On opening night, he was more than bountifully equipped. As Clark began to write the letter, his rage mounted. His first quill seemingly didn't work, and he sent it flying across the stage. Successive quills didn't work either, and he sent them flying, too. "At one point," Miss Stoddard recalled recently, "the air was literally clogged with flying quills." Clark *finally* took the stand that the imperfect quills could be laid to O'Trigger, and began to growl at him. Throwing back his head, he ran through half a dozen growls indigenous to the barnyard and then through several indigenous to himself. "I counted eleven prolonged growls," Miss Stoddard says, "all of them different." Clark then buckled down to his work. He wrote a word, threw sand on it, banged three or four drawers, and climbed up the back of his chair. Leaning over it, he tried another word, hastily covered it with sand, and kicked the drawers he had previously overlooked. He finished the letter while forming a kind of bridge, his feet hooked over the chair, his body in midair, and his elbows and chin on the desk. The cast had seen only a skeleton of the act before the opening, and enjoyed it as much as the audience. Each performance, the entire company of "The Rivals" assembled in the wings to watch Clark do his letter-writing scene. "All of us realized," one of the principals said afterward, "that it was the kind of theatre you see once or twice in a lifetime."

Clark plays to the cast, for the most part. Naturally, because of the footlights, he is unable to see the people out in front and can only listen for their laughter; hence he uses his colleagues as his major audience. Directors have been known to deplore this practice. There is never any surefire method of telling what he will do next, and even during performances, actors are sometimes tripped up by comic surprises. Quite often, in a Clark show, the cast begins to identify itself with the audience, and things get out of hand. A singer in "Mexican Hayride," a musical in which Clark appeared a couple of years ago, once said, "I feel kind of guilty, as though I had sneaked in under the tent or something." A lively, appreciative cast stimulates Clark to a state of near lunacy. After ad-libbing a line or unexpectedly kicking over a table, he will pause while his associates knock off to laugh. If the reception is satisfactory, he will beam, nod slightly, then sprint around the stage, happily improvising, wrecking the set, further demoralizing the players, and aging the producer. In "The Rivals," during the duel scene, in which O'Trigger coaches Clark, it was not uncommon for O'Trigger, after stepping off his five paces, to wheel and find that Clark had left the stage entirely. About all the stranded duellist could do was mentally flip a coin, go to one wing, and call, "Mr. Acres! Oh, Mr. Acres!" As a rule, after a few repetitions of this agonized bray, Clark would poke his head out from the opposite wing, looking at once surprised and annoyed, as though he had been interrupted while taking a bath.

CHORUS

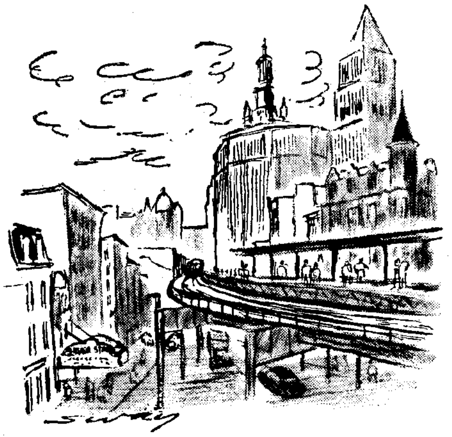
They were singing "Old MacDonald" in the school bus
With a peep peep here and a peep peep there, after
Margie Littenach had been delivered to the right mailbox
And the gears had gnashed their teeth uphill to the Cliff House,
Where the driver, shifting gears, honked at the counter girls,
And the tourists turned from the panorama all smiles
To remember school days, long curls, hooky, and how
The view had always stretched for miles and miles
Where the gentle cumulus puffed small in gentle weather,
Putting a cotton-fluff roof on the green world leaning downhill
To the blue level field of sea, and all together
(With an oink oink here and a moo moo there) the children
Were singing "Old MacDonald" in the school bus

When a cough came from the compound-interest problem,
And a sneeze from the third chapter of the Civics book,
Where the county had no money for inspection in the first place and
Momentum had no brakes but (with a honk honk here
And a honk honk there) went sidewise over tire screech,
Downturning in round air away from panorama where
Even the tourists could tell sea didn't measure each
Stone falling, or button, or bolt, or Caroline Helmhold,
Or anywhere its multitudinous self incarnadine but only swallowed
What books, belts, lunch pails, pity spilled
Over the tourist far edge of the world, and "Old MacDonald."

—John Ciardi

• •

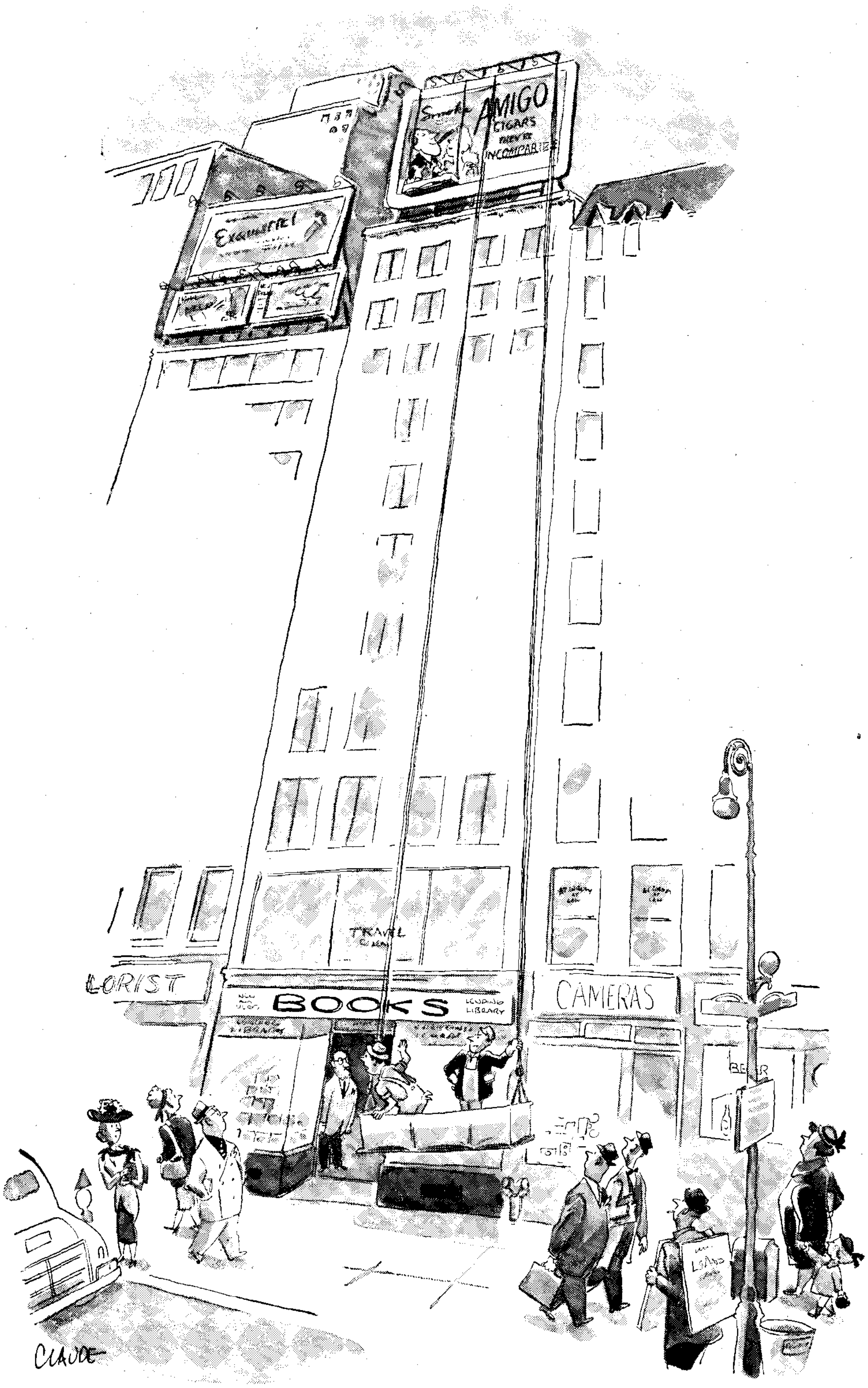
Clark's comedy is predominantly visual. He has the reputation among show people of being able to extract the utmost comic effect from a line, but he is essentially a pantomimist. One good prop, he feels, is worth a thousand words. In his opinion, dialogue should consist in the main of whatever comments he may choose to make on what he has just done physically. His devotion to props amounts to an obsession. Offstage, he picks up practically every grotesque portable object he can get away with and not be arrested. His progress down a street is eccentric in the extreme. He steps along briskly, like a man who knows where he is going, but he is given to sudden dartings back and forth. He will leap to the gutter like a frightened mare, peer down briefly, perhaps bend over and pocket a discarded faucet, look around furtively, then move on a few yards, where he may climb onto a scaffold after a handful of shavings.



These lateral expeditions are sometimes due to Clark's long-standing curiosity about second-hand cigars. A powerful smoker, he has known periods when a cigar only slightly charred on one end was a welcome sight. He acquired the habit of inspecting any stray cigars that came within view. Today, if he spots one in exceptionally good shape, he may give it a speculative nudge with his cane, but he never picks it up. The fact is, Clark has not shot a snipe, as the phrase goes, since the early nineteen-hundreds.

When, in his youth, Clark was with Ringling Brothers, he accumulated sixteen pieces of luggage, full of things like stovepipe joints, false teeth, buggy whips, ladders, corsets, embalming fluid, mustard plasters, and fire tongs. Word finally reached Al Ringling that getting Clark's stuff on and off the trains was almost as much trouble as loading the elephants. He looked the boy up and said, "Son, if you don't throw some of this junk away, we'll have to cut our itinerary." Clark replied that he had kept adding luggage because he had noticed that the show was being billed as "Bigger and Better." For some reason, Mr. Ringling was unconvinced by this logic, and Clark promised to scale down. Before the next jump, he abandoned a small carpetbag containing a worn-out French horn and a fox-hunting coat with one lapel missing.

Clark collects props indiscriminately, but he is fiercely particular about how each of them is used. To his way of thinking, treating props casually is as contemptible as beating a horse. At one point in "The Would-Be Gentleman," the script required him to toss a gold coin across the stage. Michael Todd, the producer of the show, who has the routine regard for money, noticed that the stage floor was somewhat chinky, and he provided a fifty-cent piece. Clark stopped a rehearsal to insist upon authenticity. "Bring out a ten-dollar gold piece," he said. "A child would spot the deception in this hollow ring." "As a matter of fact," Todd says, "a committee of experts from the Mint couldn't have distinguished between the two sounds, and, as far as that goes, neither could Bobby. He just wanted things perfect." Clark is a great believer in dust. Dust, he feels, often adds the soupçon of absurdity that transforms the amusing into the hilarious. Whacking a dowager with a board is funny, he thinks, but it is much funnier if a whiff of dust is raised at the point of contact. The comedian once labored for three weeks, growing increasingly worried, to achieve the exact pitch of dustiness he wanted in his jacket. He first tried small, specially made cloth sacks filled with flour and pinned under his lapels and in his pockets, but this method was unreliable. When he slapped himself, a sack was likely to spring a leak and emit a milky plume, like skywriting. Next, he spent a week or so emptying the tea out of tea bags and putting flour in them. These didn't work out very well, either. They were too porous, and emitted a cloud of such proportions that it was difficult to locate Clark and the other actors in his vicinity for a considerable period. Eventually, he found some light rubber bulbs in a magic shop, and these proved satisfactory.



"Pardon me. We wonder if we might glance at a dictionary for a moment."

• •

One of his friends feels that the final proof of Clark's reverence for props may be found in his preparation for a scene in "Mexican Hayride." In this scene he was to enact the part of a Mexican woman selling *tortillas*. Reflecting on all the possibilities of the colorful peasant garb, the comedian quickly foresaw that his costume would need a set of outsized teeth. His first impulse was to acquire this equipment cheaply in a novelty shop, but after a struggle his perfectionism triumphed. He went to a dentist, had a fitting, picked the fangs up a few days later, and paid a bill of considerable magnitude out of his own pocket. "I have grave doubts," said the friend, "whether Bobby would have made any such outlay for a real dental emergency."

Clark is strongly disposed to measure things. Reporting onstage for rehearsals of a new play, he usually arrives with several valises full of assorted traps and refuse, unpacks, then fishes a tape measure out of his pocket and begins to take soundings. Sometimes on all fours, sometimes lying on his back, and occasionally high up in the stage rigging, he ascertains the distance between windows, the length of sofas, the height of stairs, and the exact position of a cuspidor, and once in a while he will add in the dimensions of the members of the company, to be on the safe side. There is a definite purpose to these investigations; Clark may be finding out if he has enough room to crack a whip or swing a cat. He does each measuring job thoroughly, his face a rare study in pessimism—puckered lines between his brows, a concerned look in his eyes, and his mouth fixed in a soundless, worried whistle.

The comedian's demand for flawless mechanics extends to his own dressing room. Early in the course of rehearsals, he dismantles the room's lighting system and installs a substitute arrangement, principally involving tomato cans. He saws the cans in two, places light bulbs in the halves, and sticks them around the room in places that suit him. "I've looked them over," one of his directors has said, "and I don't think they're as good as the original lights. But they make Bobby happy, and that's the main thing." Clark will give his best professional attention to props for even an informal, non-professional occasion. As "The Rivals" settled down to its run, Miss Stoddard made a practice of serving afternoon tea on matinée days. Clark unfailingly turned up, to everyone's surprise, since he had seemed preoccupied and aloof offstage, and later the stagehands began to attend. After a few weeks, the stagehands shyly asked Miss Stoddard if they could serve tea on one matinée day, and she consented. The table was beautifully arranged with a lace cover, a splendid tea set, and bowls of fruit and cakes. Clark was among the first arrivals. His expression was one of thoughtful interest as the guests bit into wax apples, crockery pears, and rubber cookies. Although Clark never officially accepted credit, he was generally considered to have been the host. Critics agree that his fine discrimination with funny properties is largely instinctive. He will instantly choose from a group of hats the only one that will look funny in a particular scene. Another cane twirler, Charlie Chaplin, also displayed, in his pre-evangelical period, this priceless theatrical gift. Clark has always admired Chaplin's selection of a wood-burning range as an object to drop out of a second-story window onto a persecutor's head. The preposterousness of a range falling on a man's head and inconveniencing him only briefly stimulates the most humorless imagination. Another Chaplin prop that Clark respects was the boiled boot off which the movie comedian and a companion dined in a snowbound Alaskan shack. The fastidious attention with which Chaplin turned and tested the boot in the pot, and the delicacy with which he later removed the nails, as though they were the bones of a fish, have been mentioned by many comedians as the work of a virtuoso with properties.

CLARK attributes his own dexterity with props, and much of his speed, to various activities of his childhood. His beginnings were not aggressively humble, nor were they conducive to developing a comic spirit. He was born, Robert Edwin Clark, in 1888, in the rectory of the First Episcopal Church in Springfield, Ohio. His paternal grandfather, Ezra Clark, with whom the family was living, was the sexton. His father, who died when the boy was six, was a Pullman conductor and, as far as Clark can remember, never cracked a smile. Two or three early influences shaped the youngster's destiny. For one thing, his grandfather was preoccupied almost entirely with the winning of Masonic degrees. After an exhausting career, he had arrived, in the afternoon of his life, at a Masonic eminence believed to be unparalleled in Ohio. Draped in his robes and sprinkled with miscellaneous fraternal insignia, he was acknowledged to be quite a sight. Clark's admiration for the full-blown Ezra was limitless; he resolved that someday, God willing, he would find a costume to top his grandfather's. Thus far, he has been unsuccessful, but he keeps trying. Like other Springfield youths, he went to grammar school, and after school he delivered papers, worked in a machine shop, and sang in a boys' choir. Clark, who had a good voice, sat in the front row of the choir; frequently he got a beaming nod of approval from the choirmaster, who doubtless had no premonition that the child would one day be piping, for the Broadway congregations, "I'm Robert the Roué, from Reading, P-a."

Clark bought a bugle with his first savings and won an appointment to the Sons of Veterans Drum & Bugle Corps. His father was a veteran only of occasional skirmishes with coach passengers who had sneaked into the Pullman, but the boy had extraordinary lung power and was made a sort of honorary son of a veteran. He used to practice the bugle along his paper route, generally giving a couple of rusty toots after he had flung a paper up on a porch. Clark was small for his age; he had to sprint along his route to finish in time for supper. He developed the habit of running in those years, and he is still at it; in addition to moving at furious speed on the stage, he often runs on the street, and he gives the impression that he is about to break out of starting blocks even while seated at a table. To save further time and avoid dog bites on the way, he became a finished performer at the long-distance throwing of folded papers. His hands were filled with papers, bugles, machine tools, and choir books as he dashed through his high-velocity youth; later on, it was easy for him to substitute the canes, cigars, whips, and snuffboxes. Clark changed grammar schools in the fourth grade and at the new one met a boy, four years older, named Paul McCul-

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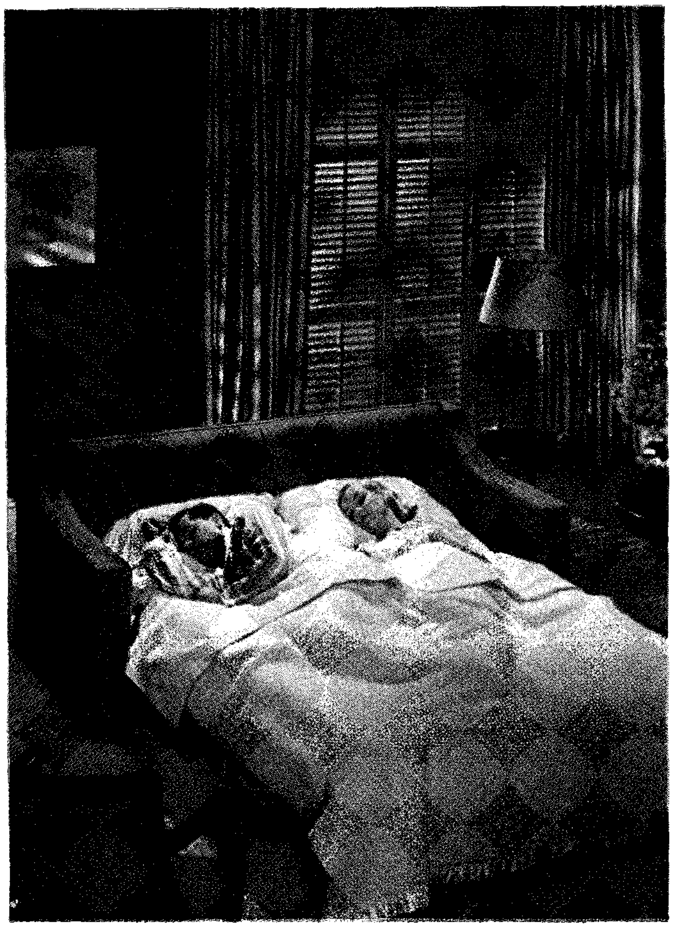

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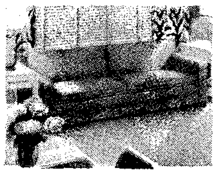

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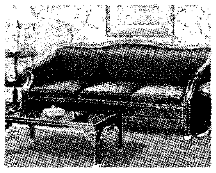

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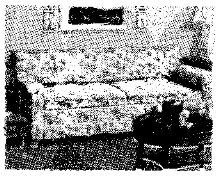
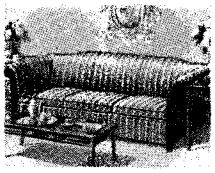


Lawson



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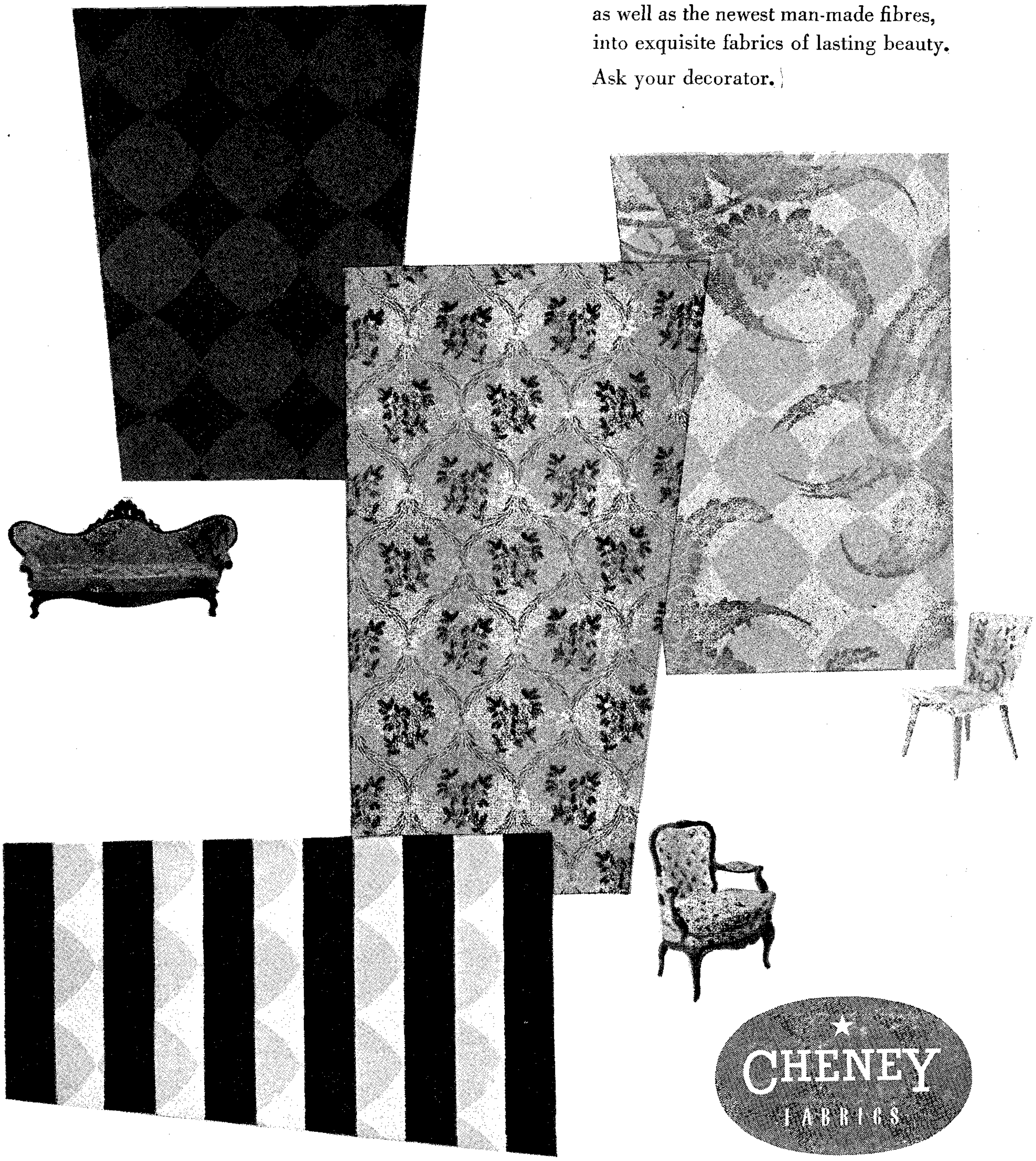
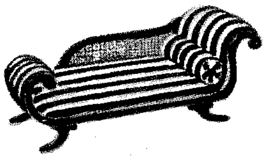


CHENEY
FABRICS



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"THE MEDIUM"
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lough, who also owned a bugle but was really dedicated to tumbling. They became friends. Through McCullough, Clark started to attend tumbling classes at the local Y.M.C.A. They tumbled there in the afternoon and in McCullough's back yard at night and on Saturdays and Sundays. It was soon evident that they were going to be pretty good. Clark recalls that McCullough said, late one Sunday, "I'll tell you what. Let's become partners. Maybe we can go into show business or something." Clark agreed, and they decided to crowd in another hour's practice. A distinguished vaudeville team had just been formed, and one of the world's great comedians was on his way.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(*This is the first of a series of three articles.*)

•

LOVE SONG IN B FLAT

In an effort to induce his long-frigid bull alligators to mate, Curator of Reptiles Robert Snedigar, of Chicago's Brookfield Zoo, stooped to trickery. He invited four French horn players to play a few B-flat notes which, he said, sound just like the male alligator's mating burp. Results: none.—*Time*.

Within his natural habitat,
The alligator bull expresses
His bullishness by burping at
The passing alligatoresses.

When weary of aquatic sports,
He crawls upon a log or hummock
And utters odd, orchestral snorts
From somewhere in his six-foot
stomach.

His B-flat burping on the horn
Is commonly pronounced terrific,
As witness little 'gators born
Of mothers ardent and prolific.

Thus life among the Everglades
Is entertainingly informal,
With brash, impromptu serenades
That keep the saurian birth rate normal.

But alligator bulls in zoos
Are neither gay nor philharmonic.
They merely lie around and snooze;
Their love is public, hence platonic.

—H. J. GOTTLIEB

•

The directors also decided to name the new grade school building to be built on Viola Ave. this fall the Hoover School in honor of this country's only living president.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

These Republicans go too far.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
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ST. JAMES Thea., W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
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—GIBBS, The New Yorker
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FRANK FAY in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48TH ST. Thea., E. of B'y. N. Y. City. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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JOE E. BROWN in
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THE THEATRE

ONE UP, ONE DOWN

TRYING to run down a rumor that there is some peculiar tradition of the stage which demands that the opening show of each new season shall be an almost unforgivable insult to the intelligence of the customers, I have just been back over the evidence for the past five years as submitted in this department—an egocentric project, if ever I saw one. Even excluding occasional vagrant midsummer enterprises, like the recent, dreadful exhumation of "Rip Van Winkle" at the City Center, which really are just expressions of a sort of hot-weather delirium, I find that the initial ventures of the season have presented a bloodcurdling picture indeed.

On August 31, 1942, the miserable entry was something called "I Killed the Count." Such, apparently, was my indignation with it that the record supplies neither the name of the author nor even any rational summary of what the damn thing was about. "The dullest exhibition you can imagine," I wrote, and trailed off feebly into a list of the doomed actors in it.

On September 1, 1943, "The Snark Was a Boojum" came to town. The notes on this are more or less incoherent: "A confused, vulgar, and tiresome little piece . . . never before, probably, has an audience been so relentlessly pelted with sad, moist old jokes or so cruelly bludgeoned with innuendo . . . to the bewilderment of an audience which clearly had no idea what the hell was up and to the disgust of my colleagues, who once again found themselves confronted with the old problem of writing a whole column about nothing."

The candidate on August 21, 1944, was "Song of Norway," and here the pattern was almost broken. I liked the music, which was derived from Grieg; some dances, staged by George Balanchine; and the rather pretty Scandinavian scenery, designed by Lemuel Ayers. The book, however, seems to have been the inevitable September disaster. "Everything was all right," the review said, "as long as nobody talked."

Another musical mishap turned up on September 6, 1945. " 'Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston,' " I wrote, "is typical of all the big, foolish operettas that sidle hopefully into town around this time of year. It seems incredible that anybody accustomed to wearing shoes could sit through the pre-adolescent humors of Leonard Levinson's book and the complex vulgarities of Robert Sour's lyrics without some dim feeling of being beaten over the head with a bundle of old radio scripts."

Last year, on September 5th, an operetta was again the first offering to reach Broadway. Richard Tauber, it appears, was "imbedded in an almost incredibly childish operetta called 'Yours Is My Heart.' . . . Fred Keating turns up, now and then, at his old tricks with vanishing canary birds. I vanished without his assistance at the end of the second act."

Last Wednesday, to bring this melancholy calendar up to date, "The Magic Touch" opened at the International. It was falsely described as a comedy, there being no humor in it more complex than the spectacle of a dignified matron sitting down in a chair full of pins; it was acted with a good deal more enthusiasm than discretion; and it was in every sense a perfect successor to the casualties of all those other falls. Since, barring some autumnal madness of your own, there seems no reason to believe you will ever be exposed to it personally, I will not burden you with the names of the performers, the details of the plot, which are far from clear to me anyway, or quoted proof of the really staggering illiteracy of the script. It is enough to say that the losing streak has not been broken. The season of 1947-48 has opened; the night of September 3rd is history. I wouldn't give it a second thought.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

When Dusty Boggess, pronounced "Bogus" by the Dodgers, called Hermanski out on a close play in the third, the Brooklyn players throwed a series of towels out of the dugout to demonstrate their displeasure with Dusty's orbs.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Now, widdout the accent, please.

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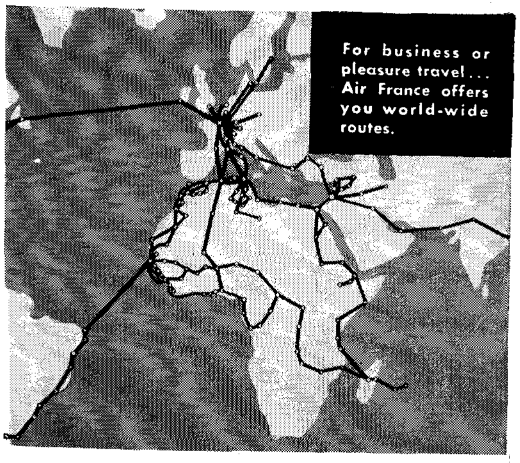

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

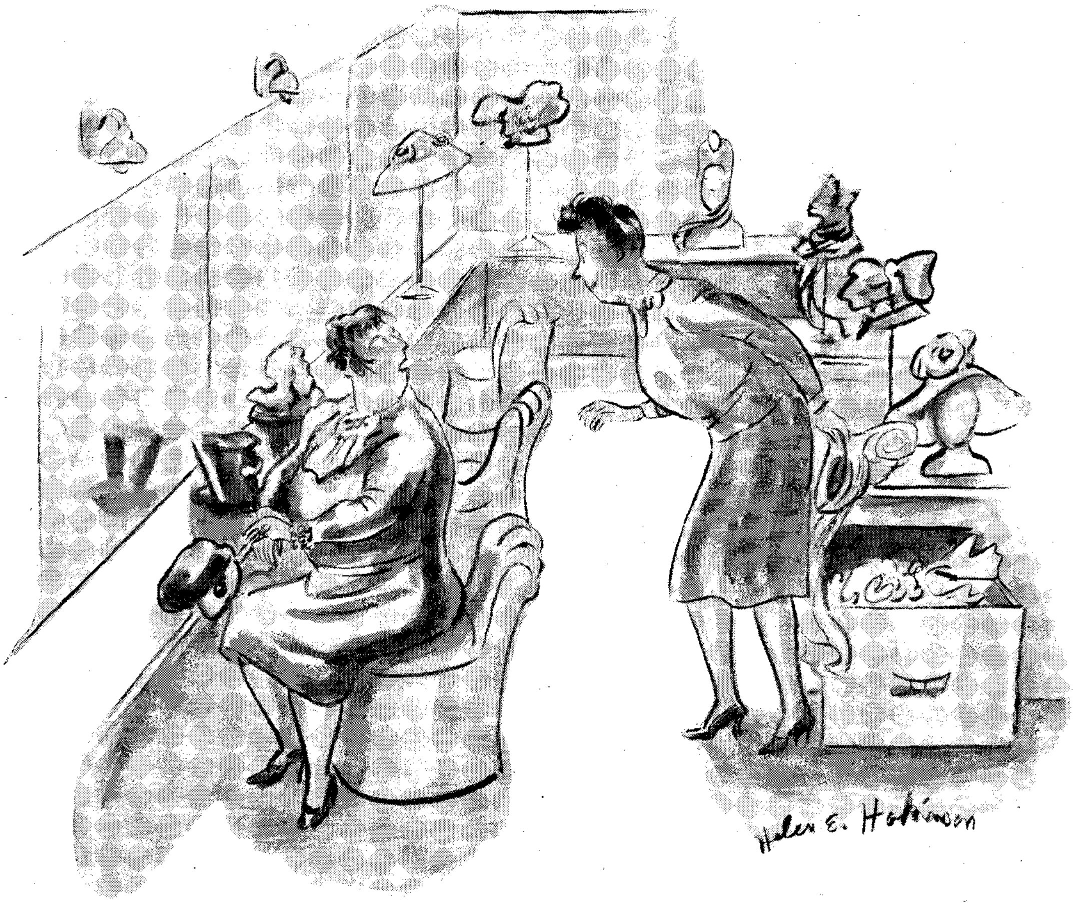
PARIS, AUGUST 15

THERE'S no use beefing about the bush, as some of the natives here say when they think they are using the New York vernacular; the big French dressmakers just don't love us in August, 1947, as they did in, say, May, 1924, when the designers' devotion to the Americans was at its peak. Paris *couture* is now tense, watchful, and haunted by more than a faint doubt that the day will ever return when three thousand foreign buyers, all bearing suitcases stuffed with money, can be counted on to arrive in town at once. In many cases, though, the industry's distress is caused not so much by the fact that only two hundred buyers turned up this month for the winter-fashion openings as by the fixed and artificial ratio between the dollar and the inflated franc, which snowballs the price of some of the big-name designers' models up to around fifteen hundred dollars apiece. (In the old days, a price of three hundred dollars caused a lot of nervous clucking.) The buyers from the States are finding that even black-market francs (their rates of exchange, incidentally, frequently appear in the daily press) are not much help in hammering down the high cost of Paris styles.

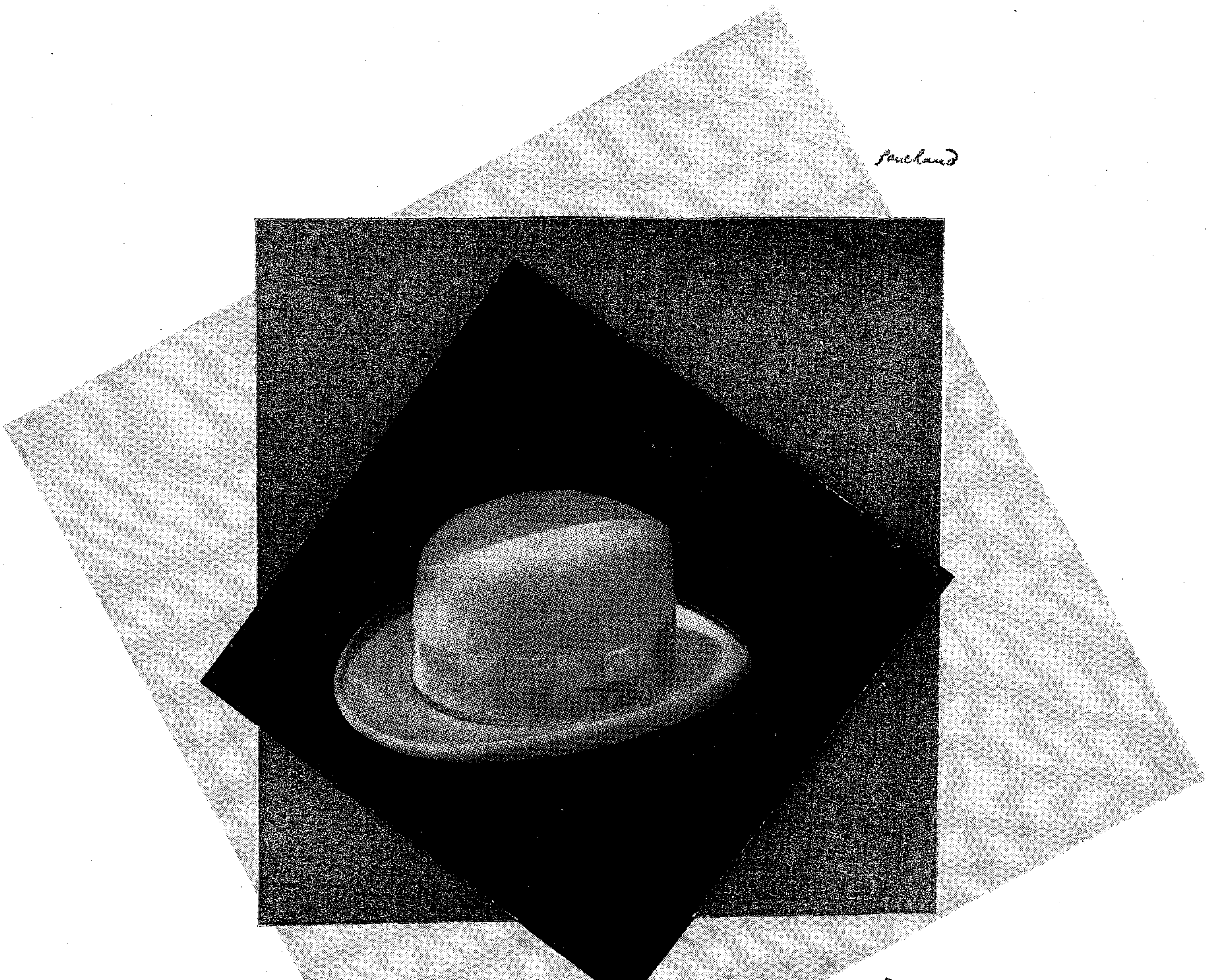
It is no great secret that during the thirties a good many of the American trade representatives were looked upon as (and acted like) minor brigands. *Haute couture* was then, however, a business that had not only a turnover of about a billion and a quarter uninflated francs but an employee list of about sixty thousand craftsmen, and a foreigner who pirated designs was simply shrugged off, since there were any number of new designs, and designers, that could be instantly trotted out. Today, such unconcern could be disastrous; the loss of a single design to a pirate might, because of the costly hours of work the dress represents and the difficulty of substituting a new one, make the difference between a going concern and one that is gone.

At the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne, the coöperative group that more or less runs this industry, one of the major ones of France, any direct question about statistics is met with a shyness bordering on terror. Officials of the organization are reluctant to disclose the financial status of the trade by giving figures that might permit comparison with prewar conditions. However, some of the heads of the larger dressmaking firms will admit that formerly as much as thirty per cent of their income depended on a worldwide export market, in which the United States was so far in the lead as to warrant special showings for the New York wholesalers—productions requiring considerable ingenuity, persistence, and overtime pay, since the industry is built almost entirely around talented workers who find it hard to meet specific deadlines. Nowadays, of course, rising wages have added to the difficulties of putting on such shows, and a further complication is that the workers are not convinced that wages are keeping pace with the living costs. A token strike in one of the large houses a few days before the first of this year's fall openings threatened to spread throughout the industry, which would have left the Americans with nothing to look at except some fabrics.

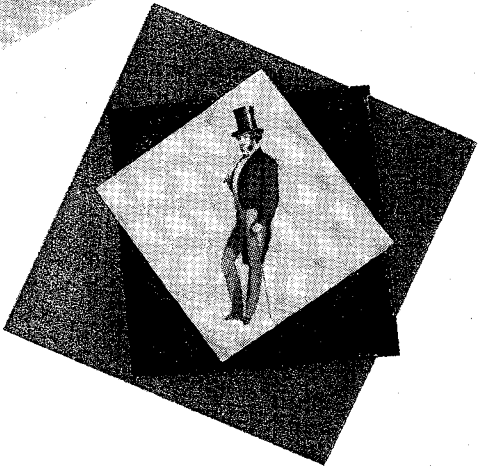
Since there is not much hope of increased production, mainly because of the coal shortage, a change of heart has taken place in a good many quarters, and special showings have given way to casual displays that are convenient only for individual, non-professional customers who have no manufacturing schedules to comply with. The openings, usually concentrated in about two weeks in August, are spread out this year well into the middle of September to avoid the extra costs of having to stage shows under the pressure of time. For this reason, practically every American buyer will have left Paris before the examples



"My husband has very definite ideas. He doesn't want me to look like a mushroom or a rabbit."

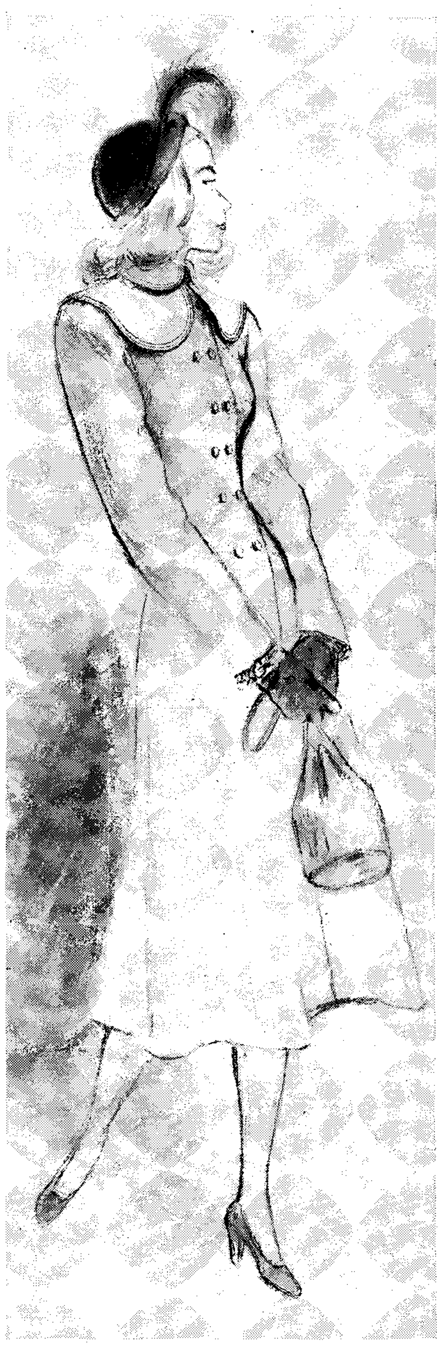


Mr. Disney's custom is limited to those few men in each community who want a finer hat . . .
and to whom price is secondary



Mr. Disney, *Hatmaker since* 1885

© 1947 DISNEY, INC., 358 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



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DE PINNA

FIFTH AVENUE at 52nd ST., N. Y. 19

of some of the up-and-coming talent, as well as a few of the old standbys, are on view.

Which French designers now unknown in America will have their moment of splendor this season can only be a guess. These days, money in the bank is more likely to pull a dressmaking firm through a slow season than the ability to turn out a silhouette of towering importance. One designer, not unknown, who seems to be fairly sure to make a go of things is Christian Dior. He is said to be backed by Marcel Boussac, the turf man, who is so wealthy that his name has come to mean cash in current slang. "*J'ai pas de boussac*" is a common complaint in the cafés.

THERE are now a hundred and sixteen *maisons dérogées* on the Chambre Syndicale's official list, which was started during the Occupation, of firms legally authorized to purchase special allotments of raw materials (thread, cloth, hooks, and trimmings), but the Paris press puts at forty the number that can be considered *grandes maisons*. The four largest houses, in terms of personnel and production, are well known to shoppers at home—Lanvin, Maggy Rouff, Lelong, and Patou. Next in size are such establishments as Piguet, Molyneux, Jacques Heim, Balenciaga, Bruyère, Schiaparelli, and Marcel Rochas. Whether some of the newer houses, among them Pierre Balmain, Dior, and Jacques Fath, will take their place on the list of big-money names depends, according to many of the French, on their stamina; one can hardly expect a people who think that a three-hundred-year-old cathedral is unfinished to accept readily a firm that has been going for only a few years. In size, the house of Grès is quite out of the running, but the reputation of Mme. Grès, who formerly designed under the label of Alix, is enormous. Mlle. Alix, as she is called in the ateliers, is the only remaining representative of the famous French designers who have held forth on the Rue de la Paix. (Paquin, on the same street, is mostly patronized by Britons, and for that reason is often spoken of as an English firm, and Worth has moved to the Matignon district.)

For anyone who has been away from France for as long as ten years (meaning me), it is mildly disturbing to discover that the door of 50 Avenue Montaigne, once the salon of Vionnet the Great, now bears the brass placard of a radio company. Mme. Vionnet, who is thought by many to have retreated to the country, away from the uproar of the dressmaking business, is actually living, more or less quietly, in the Passy section of Paris. She frequently attends openings of her protégés who have successfully launched out on their own—Mad Carpentier, Charles Montaigne, and Marcelle Chaumont. There have been no Chanel dresses for some years—just a shop for belts and gadgets. Chanel herself is *really* living quietly—at the Ritz, across the street from her old stand. Other names known at home but now missing from the Paris scene are Mainbocher, presently of New York; Mme. Rosevienne Singer, of the house of Rosevienne, who disappeared in a German prison camp; Dilkusha; Augustabernard; Marjorie Dunton, whose Faubourg St. Honoré place was a training ground for young American designers and who is now in radio work; and Louiseboulanger.

Three of the town's most original designers—Baroness Acurtus, the picturesque and volatile Mme. Landau, and the young Baroness de Rivals, who are the whole works at the houses of Ardanse, Hélène Yrande, and Kostio de War, respectively—have nestled down comfortably among a brood of wealthy and clothes-loving private clients, and probably will not show a stitch to professional buyers. Jean Sfarti, however, who turned out some good coats and suits when he was the designer for several top-rank houses, has set up shop in his apartment on the Rue Mourillo and is going in almost entirely for making patterns and *toiles* for fashion tradesmen, and Jacques Heim is designing his *jeune-fille* clothes—which will be launched throughout the States this fall

THEATRE TICKETS

—specifically for manufacture in New York.

As for the presently uncelebrated people on their way up, it is undoubtedly wrong to assume that every French firm that sends out engraved cards for an opening is nurturing a genius. On the other hand, it is not unlikely that a genius or two will crop up in the next couple of years, or even this season. Fashion in France has always been looked on as an art that demands some form of worship, and it will quite probably continue to get new devotees. —B. M.

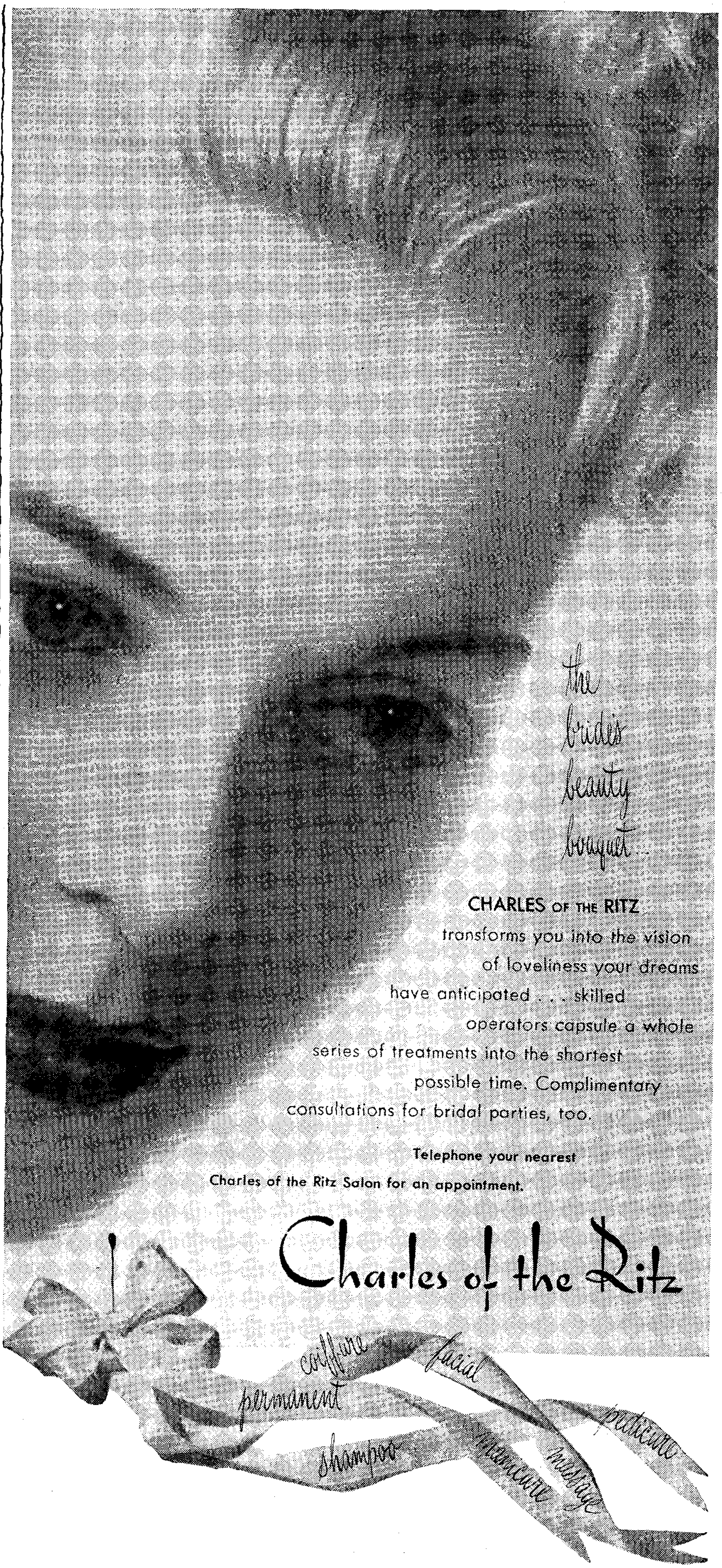
•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat & Chronicle*]

STATE OF NEW YORK—SUPREME COURT,
MONROE COUNTY.
THE CITY OF ROCHESTER,
Plaintiff, vs.

James A. O'Connor; Helen Twohey; Teresa O'Brien; Stephen O'Brien; Ruth Donlon O'Connor; Catherine B. O'Connor, Marie C. O'Connor; Mary Ellen O'Connor, infants over the age of 14 years; Josephine Ann O'Connor and James William O'Connor, infants under the age of 14 years; "Robert" Glynn or Glen or Glenn, the name "Robert" being fictitious, his true name being unknown to plaintiff and "Sally" Glynn or Glen or Glenn, the name "Sally" being fictitious, the true name being unknown to plaintiff, meaning thereby to designate the heirs at law, next of kin, distributees of Mortimer, Morty or Murty J. Glynn, Glenn or Glen, dec'd; of Mary A. Glenn, dec'd; of Nancy or Anna or Ann Glynn O'Connor, dec'd; of Patrick Glynn, dec'd; of John D. Glynn, dec'd; of Hannah Glynn Callinan or Calinan or Callan, dec'd; of Mary Glynn Neylan, dec'd; of Delia Glynn O'Connor, dec'd; of Gerald O'Connor, dec'd; of Bartholomew Glynn, also known as Batty Glynn, if living, and "Susie" Glynn, his wife, if any, or if he is dead, "Susie" Glynn, his widow, if any, the name "Susie" being fictitious, her true name being unknown to plaintiff; Ellen Callan, if unmarried, Mary Glynn, if unmarried, Ann or Anne or Anna Glynn, if unmarried, and if each of them are married then Ellen Callan "Roe"; Mary Glynn "Doe" and Ann or Anne or Anna "Rose," the names "Roe," "Doe," and "Rose" being fictitious, their true married names being unknown to plaintiff and "James Roe" her husband, if any, "John Doe," her husband, if any and "Samuel Rose," her husband, if any, the widower of Ellen Callan "Roe," of Mary Glynn "Doe" and of Ann or Anne or Anna "Rose," the names "James Roe," "John Doe" and "Samuel Rose," being fictitious, the true names being unknown to plaintiff; James Glynn, if living and "Martha" Glynn, his wife, if any, the name "Martha" being fictitious, her true name being unknown to plaintiff, or if he be dead, "Martha" Glynn, his widow, if any; all of whom if living and if dead, unknown, meaning thereby to designate the executors, administrators, trustees and



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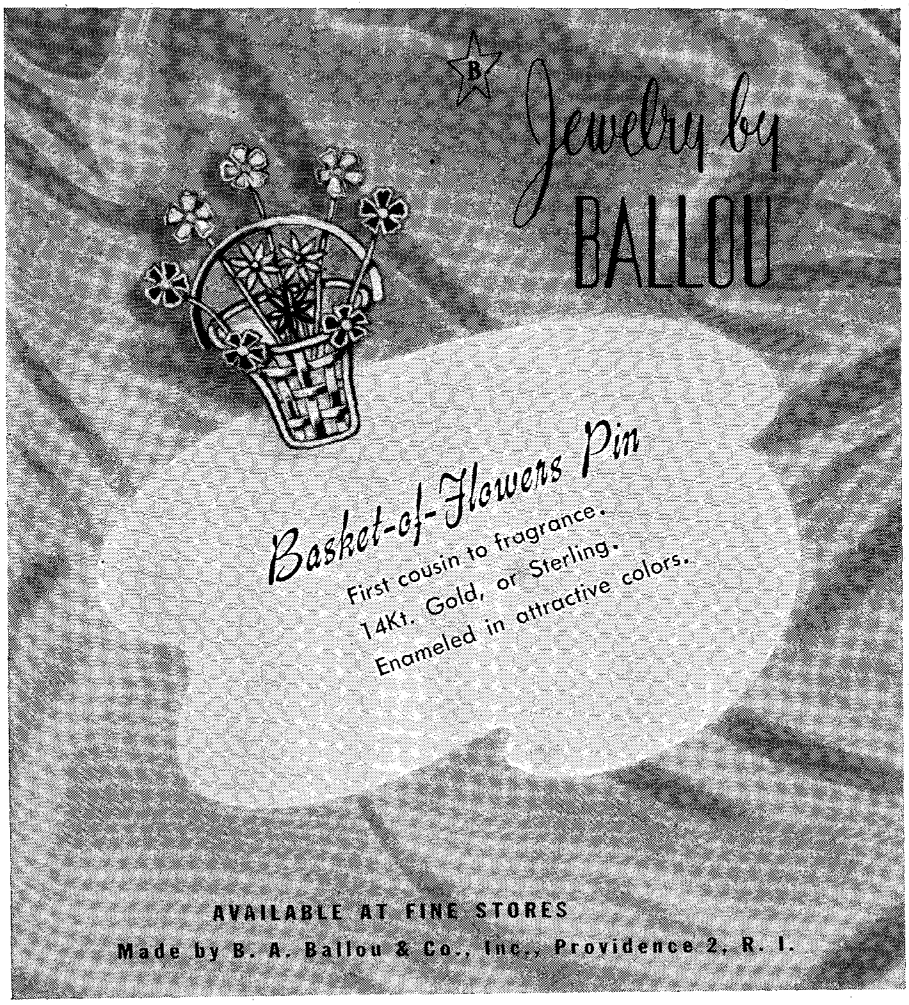
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all other personal representatives, heirs at law, next of kin, devisees, distributees, legatees, guardians, commitees, assignees or other creditors and the wives, widows, husbands, widowers of said heirs at law, next of kin, devisees, distributees, if any, thereby intending to include and designate all persons who have or claim to have any title and interest whatsoever in the premises known and briefly described as lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 10 and 11 of the S. C. Jones Tract, Rochester, New York, to wit: as to lots 1, 2 & 7 by deed to Murty Glenn recorded in Monroe County Clerk's Office in Liber 152 of Deeds at page 88; as to lots 3 & 4 by deed to Morty Glenn and recorded in Monroe County Clerk's Office in Liber 209 of Deeds page 280; as to lot 6 by deed to Morty Glenn recorded in Monroe County Clerk's Office in Liber 169 of Deeds page 489; as to lot 10 by deed to Murty Glenn and recorded in Monroe County Clerk's Office in Liber 139 of Deeds page 390; as to lot 11 to Murty Glenn and recorded in Monroe County Clerk's Office in Liber 142 of Deeds page 47; all of whom claiming under the said Mortimer or Murty or Morty Glynn, Glenn or Glen; under said Mary A. Glenn, under said Nancy Glynn O'Connor; under Hannah Glynn, Callinan or Calinan or Callan; under Mary Glynn Neylan; Delia Glynn O'Connor; Bartholomew Glynn or Batty Glynn and "Susie" Glynn, his wife; under Ellen Callan "Roe" and "James Roe"; Mary Glynn "Doe" and "John Doe"; Anna or Ann or Anne Glynn "Rose" and "Samuel Rose"; James Glynn and "Martha" Glynn and Teresa O'Brien and Stephen O'Brien, all of whom and whose places of residence are unknown to plaintiff and others; County of Monroe; Clarence A. Smith as Manager and Director of Finance of the County of Monroe; People of the State of New York and the Rochester Poster Advertising Company, Inc., Defendants.

ACTION No. 4423
SUMMONS

To the above named defendants:

You are hereby summoned to answer the Complaint in this action, and to serve a copy of your answer, or if the complaint is not served with the summons to serve a notice of appearance on the plaintiff's attorney within twenty days after the service of this summons exclusive of the day of service. In case of your failure to appear or answer, judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

WILLIAM H. EMERSON,
Corporation Counsel,
Plaintiff's Attorney,
No. 46 City Hall,
Rochester, (4), N. Y.

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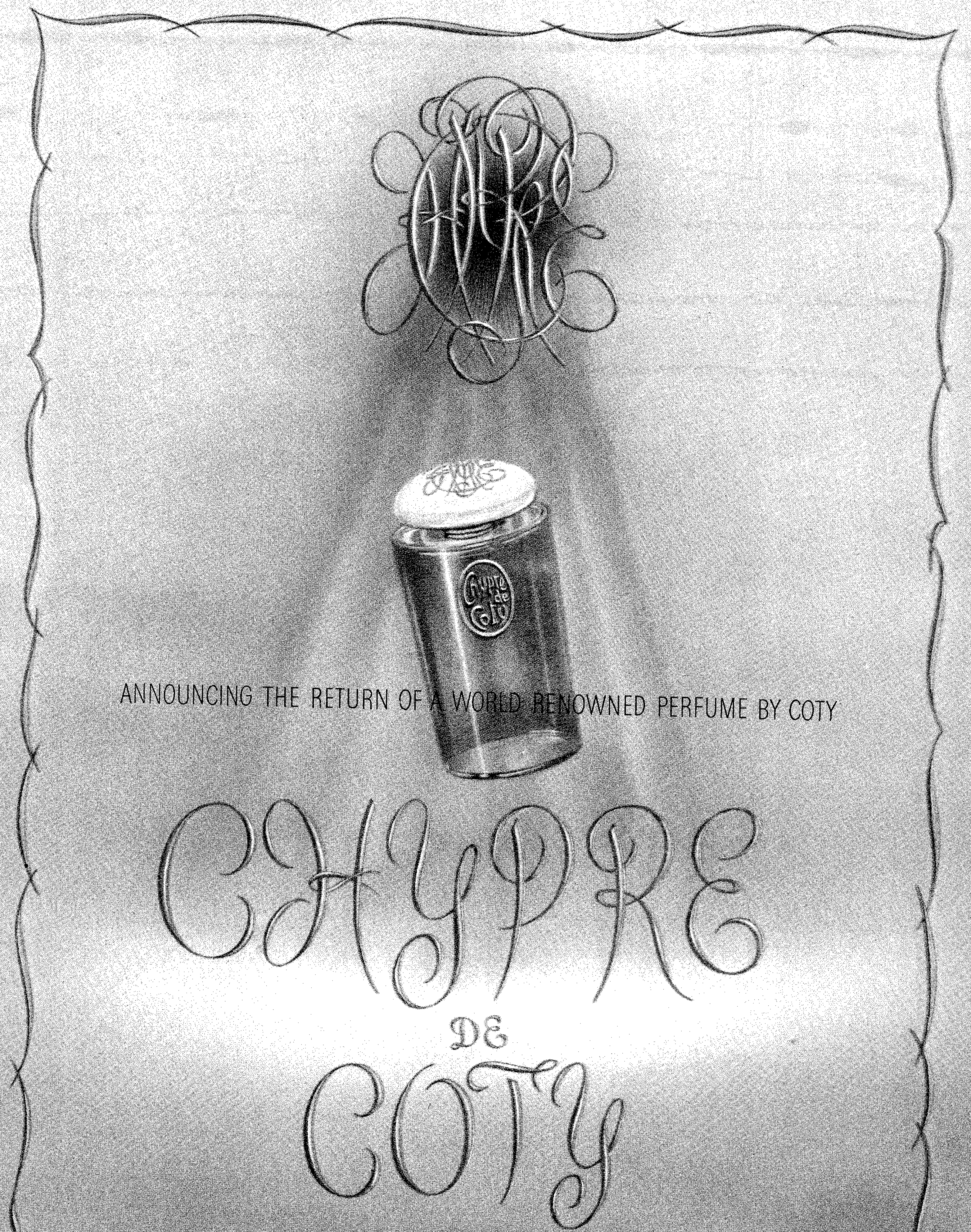
THE FEMALE TONGUE IS DEADLIER

Frugal Husband and Prodigal Wife
May live a life of storm and strife,
But theirs is a home of peace and quiet
Compared to the never-ending riot
When the combination in a house
Is Prodigal Husband and Frugal Spouse.

—ELEANOR GRAHAM VANCE


ANNOUNCING THE RETURN OF A WORLD RENOWNED PERFUME BY COTY
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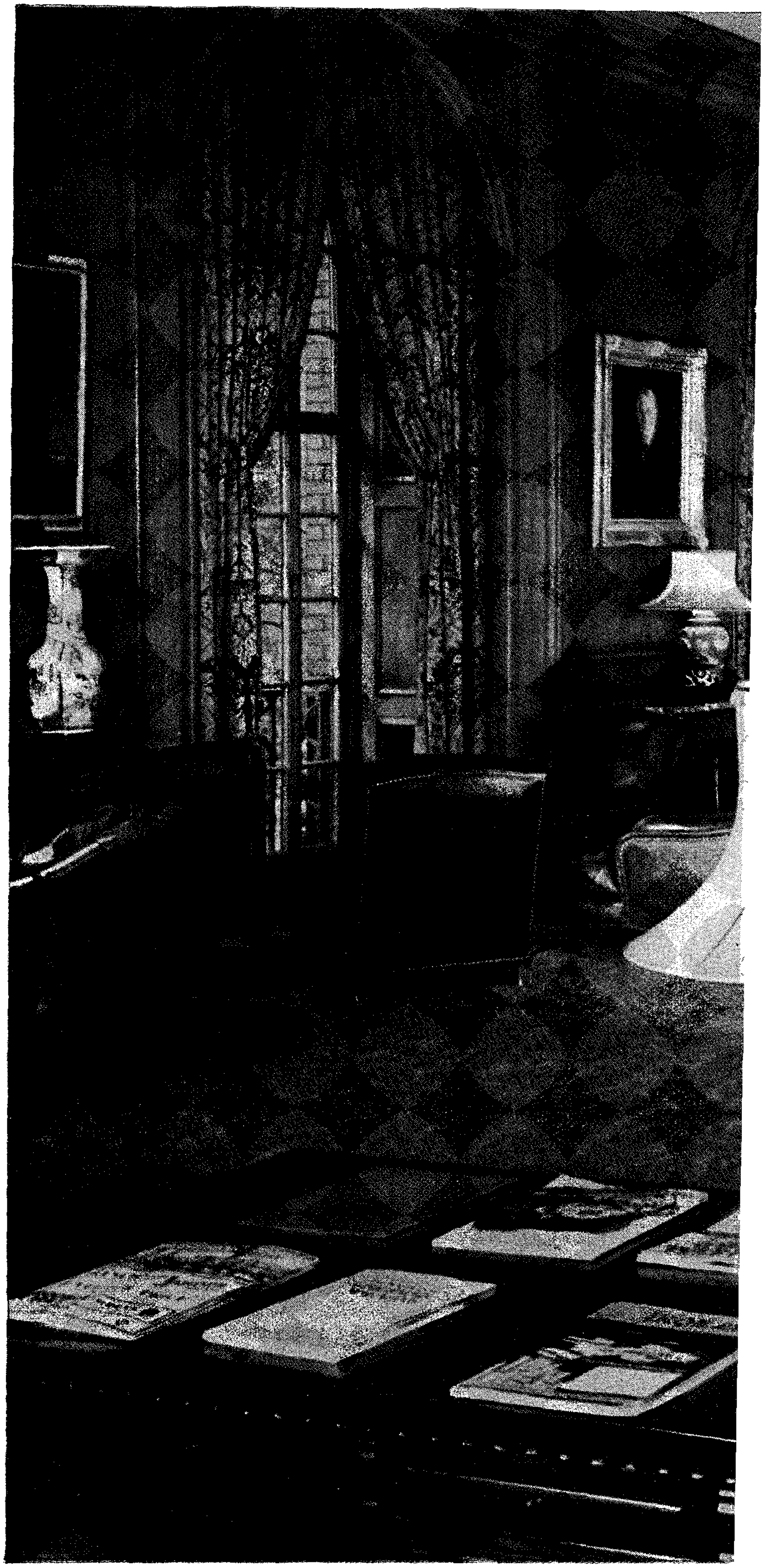
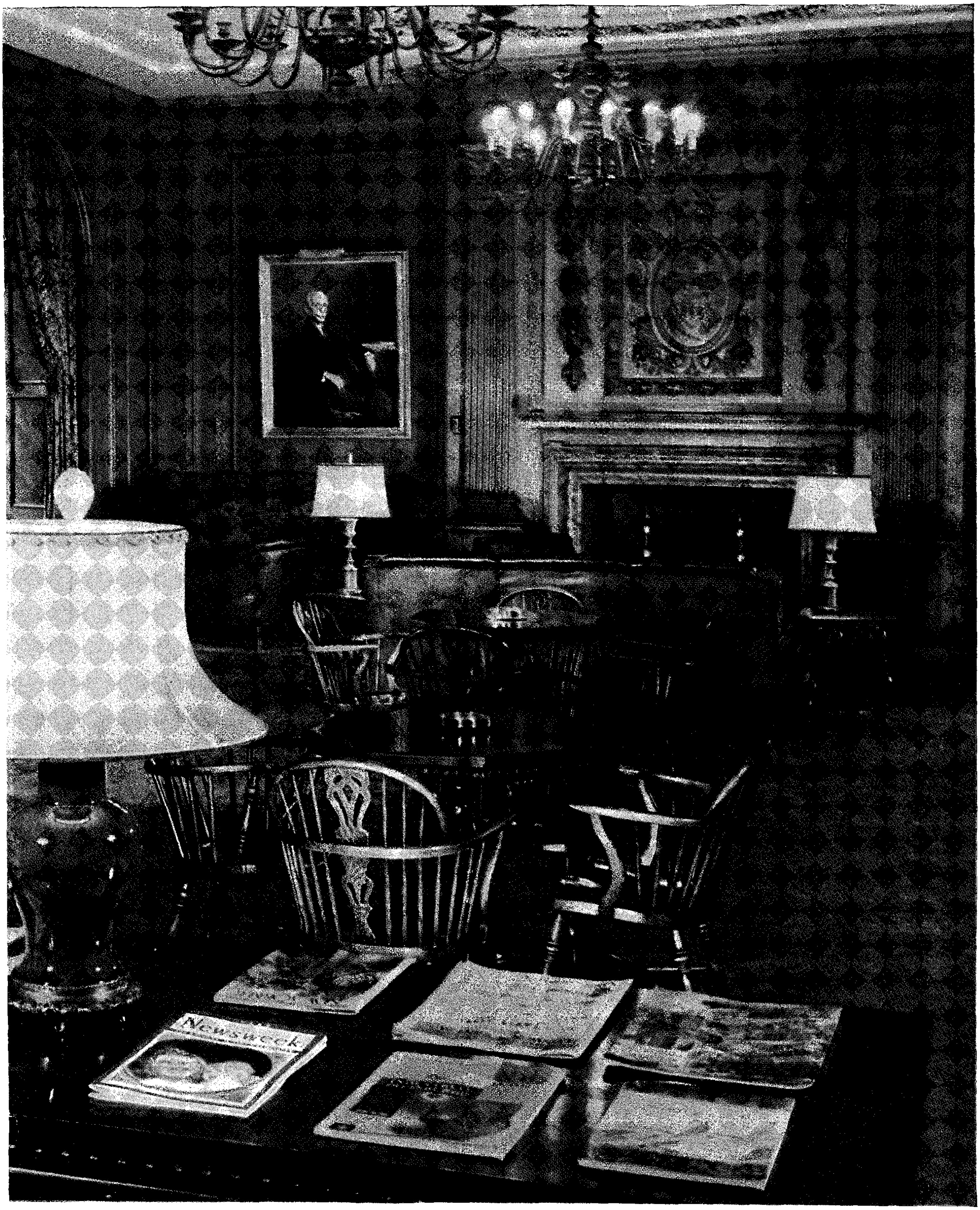
COTY

Wherever people of means
and influence congregate
Newsweek *is in the picture*





THE GARDEN LOUNGE OF PITTSBURGH'S DUQUESNE CLUB,
SHOWING THE ANDREW MELLON PORTRAIT. PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY

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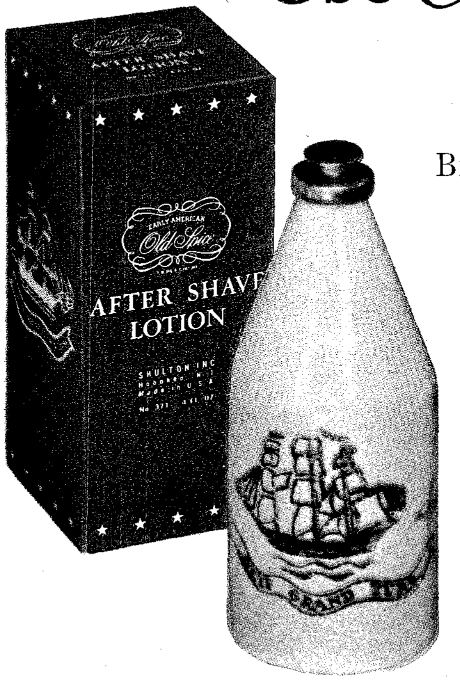
HAPPY SHAVING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Old Spice
AFTER SHAVE
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After-Shaving Lotion	**1.00**
Double Size	**1.75**
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Prices plus tax	
Shaving Soap in Mug	**1.00**
Lather Shaving Cream	**.60**
Brushless Shaving Cream	**.60**

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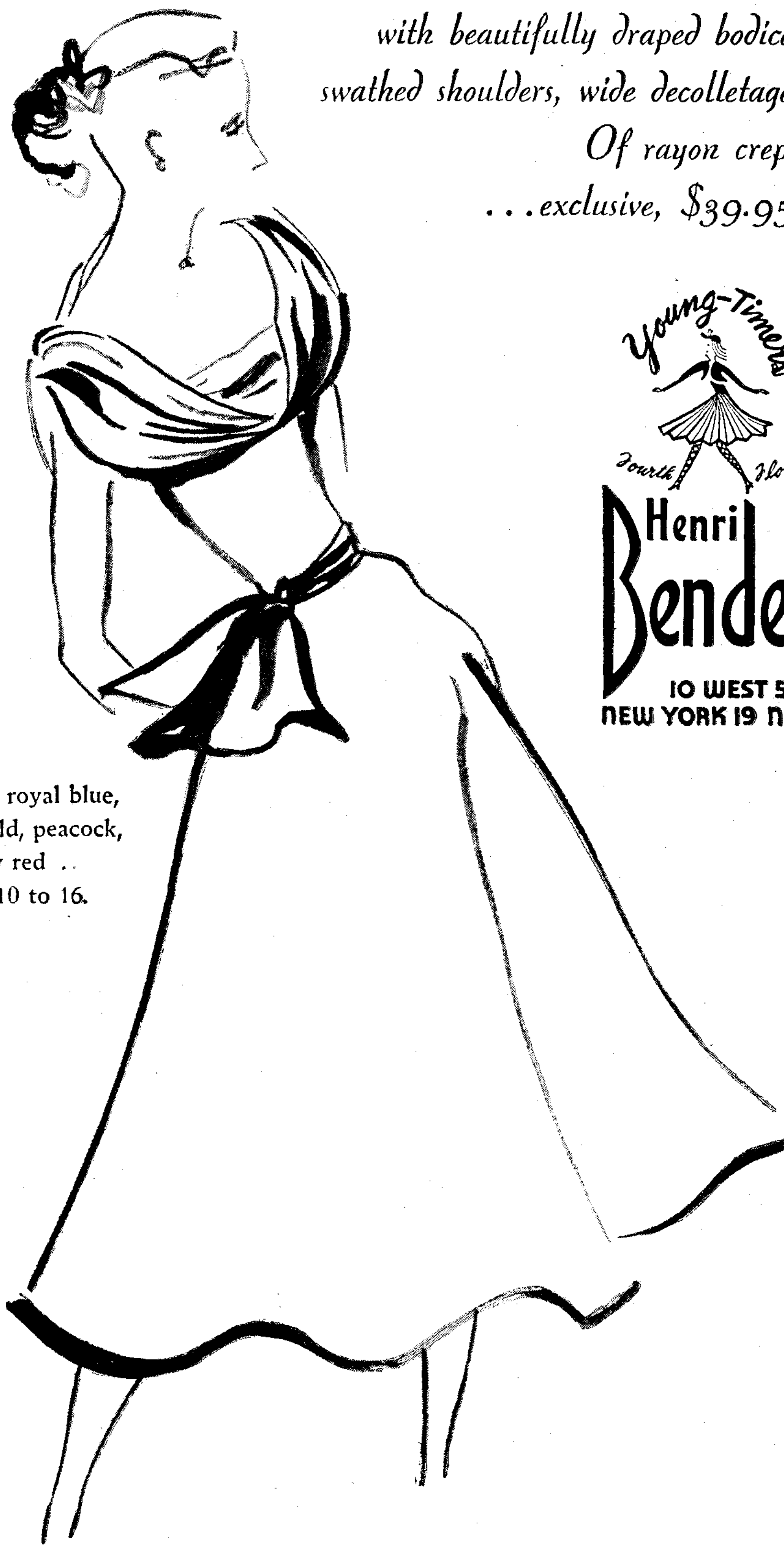
THE RACE TRACK

Stymie Blues

THE honors for the first week of autumn racing on Long Island unquestionably went to Stymie, who won the Aqueduct Handicap, on Labor Day. He carried a hundred and thirty-two pounds (more than ever before), gave twenty-six to as nimble a runner as Count Speed and nearly as many to most of the others, and seemed hopelessly behind for half a mile, but he ran over everything in the stretch and won by a neck from Gallorette and Elpis, who finished second and third. One of the most noteworthy things about his performance was that the distance—a mile and a sixteenth—was almost too short for him to put in his best licks. Even so, I'd say that the spectators at Aqueduct that Monday (there were 53,254 of them) saw Stymie at his best. He won $20,050, which moved his world's-record earnings up a notch to $742,210.

Now that Colonel Martingale has organized a Million for Stymie Club, there's bound to be a fuss about the fact that Stymie was not asked to join Assault and Armed in the hundred-thousand-dollar, winner-take-all match announced first for Washington Park and now tentatively set for Belmont a week from Saturday. Hirsch Jacobs, who handles Stymie, says it's a conspiracy to keep his horse from continuing to be the world's greatest money-winner. Jacobs has something to worry about on that score, for Armed ran his earnings to $641,600 last week by winning the Washington Park Handicap in Chicago, and Assault, who has been idle for nearly two months, has won $623,370. It is, however, no more than fair to say that Jacobs didn't seem put out over not being invited to run Stymie at Washington Park when the race was first scheduled; he told someone at Saratoga that long trips on trains always upset his horse. Jacobs would like to see Stymie in a three-horse match race because, as he said not long ago, "Stymie can beat horses but he can't beat a horse." Stymie wouldn't have a chance against Armed alone, because Armed can turn on a burst of speed at any point, while Stymie is—comparatively, of course—a plodder. Stymie wouldn't fare much better in a match with As-



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sault, who begins slowly but can sprint at the end. Obviously, Stymie's best opportunity would be in a three-cornered match in which Armed and Assault would—if their riders were foolish—try to race each other dizzy right from the start, for then he'd beat them both. By the way, when Robert Kleberg, who owns Assault, asked Belmont Park to take over the race, because Washington Park would be closed by the time his colt was ready to run, he suggested that no change be made in the original conditions, one of which was that it would be a two-horse race. Kleberg, in case you didn't know, is better than a green hand himself. He plans and runs quarter-horse races in Texas. Incidentally, I've heard a bit of obscure gossip to the effect that the Armed-Assault match won't come off at all.

THE rest of the racing at Aqueduct can be dealt with briefly. My suspicion that Phalanx isn't as good a colt as he was in the spring didn't, I'm sorry to say, diminish during the running of the Discovery Handicap, on Saturday. He came in third, after another of those belated rushes that are beginning to bore horseplayers to death. Cosmic Bomb, the winner, was pretty poorly handled but managed to beat Double Jay by a nose. After Newsweekly took the Babylon Handicap, earlier in the afternoon, Alfred Vanderbilt, his owner, remarked that it was the first stakes race any of his horses had won on a New York track since 1941. Some stables have all the bad luck.

I CAN'T honestly give Saratoga a high mark for much of its racing this year, but the Argentine horses did well enough there. Rico Monte won the Whitney Stakes and the Saratoga Handicap; Talon, the Saratoga Cup and the Merchants & Citizens Handicap (the latter in a dead heat with Loyal Legion); Pujante, the American Legion Handicap; and Miss Grillo, the Diana Handicap. All were saddled by Horatio Luro, which ought to be some sort of record. —AUDAX MINOR

•

HEADQUARTERS SPECIAL TROOPS
EIGHTH ARMY
APO 343

So much of Par 6, SO 172, this Hq, dtd 2 August 1947, pertaining to Pvt Shot with two arrows, Norman, RA17200934, 7th Base Post Office, APO 503, to Hq 25th Inf Div, APO 25, is revoked.—*U. S. Army Special Order dated August 5, 1947.*

Thank God.

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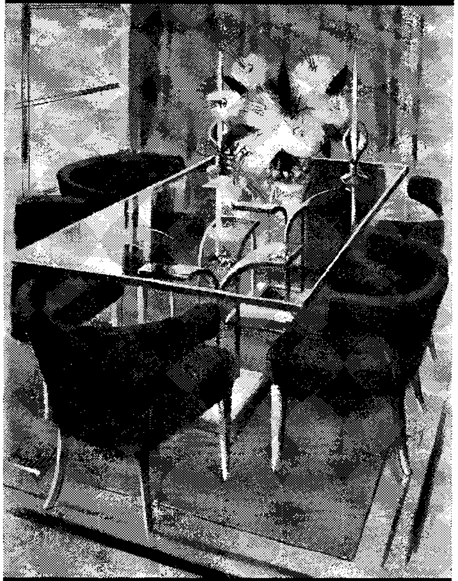

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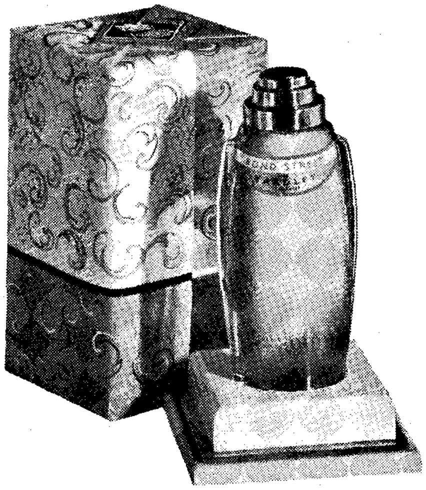

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

THE PIQUANCIES AND PLEASANTRIES OF TRADE

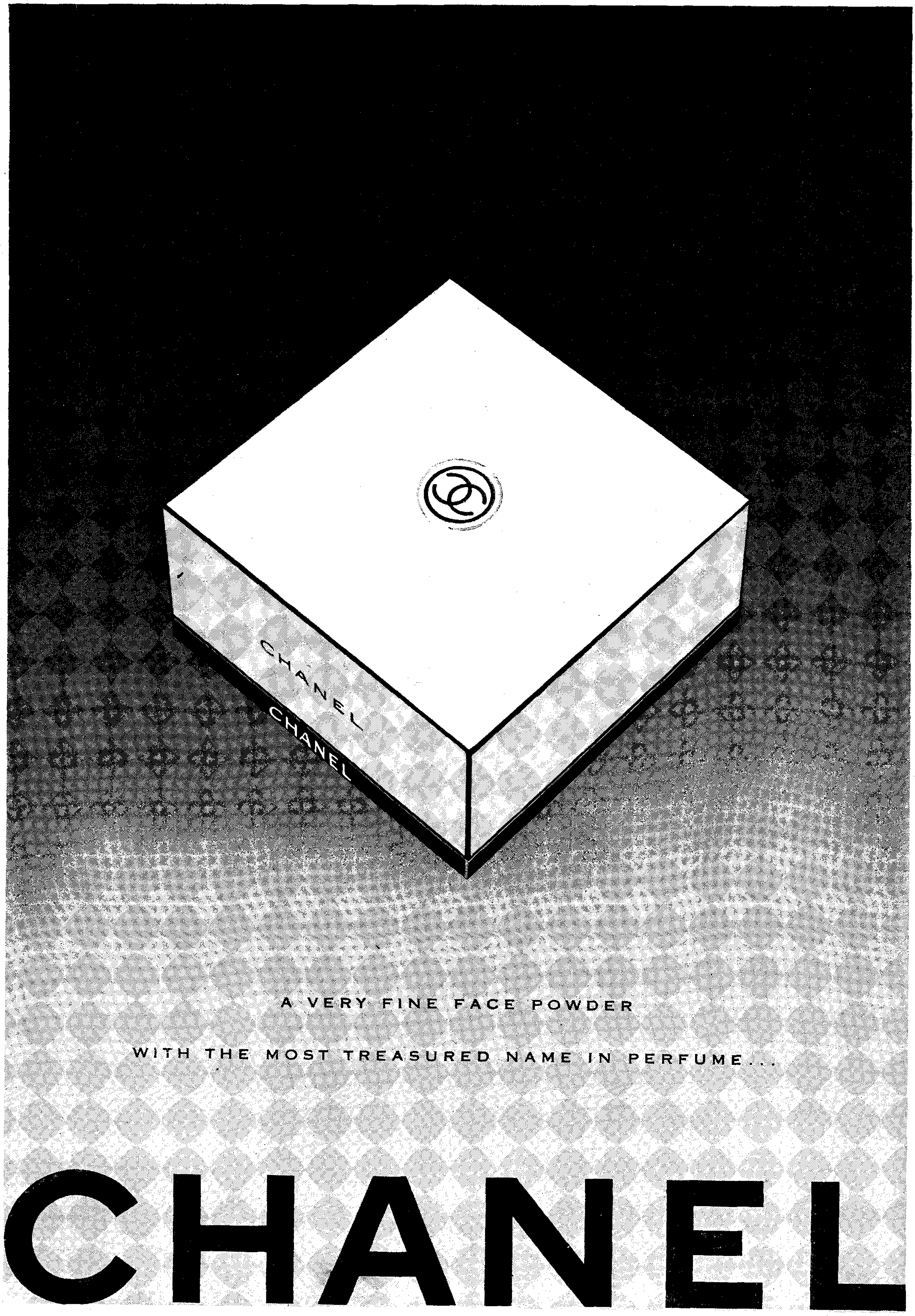
IT is not often that a layman is in a position to perform a scholarly service for a professor. An opportunity to do just that presented itself to me not long ago while I was reading a recent issue of the *Political Science Quarterly*, an organ edited for the Academy of Political Science by the political-science faculty of Columbia University. The particular article that made me realize how helpful I could be to the academic world was entitled "A Plan for the Study of Business Thinking," by Thomas C. Cochran, of New York University. I gathered from it that Dr. Cochran and a number of his colleagues are in a quandary—one which, I hope to show, they can get out of more easily than he appears to think. Their problem, it seems, is making a study of "the historical image" of businessmen in the face of what Cochran claims is a dearth of source material. Practical men of affairs, he writes, though generally accorded higher contemporary importance by Americans than priests, philosophers, teachers, and artists, have left so sparse a record of their policies and beliefs ("They went quietly, often secretly, about their tasks") that the social importance of their thinking has largely escaped historians. Dr. Cochran's tone, as he ponders the difficulties under which historians must operate in this specific field, verges on the despairing:

> American historians are beginning to realize that the central weakness in our historical synthesis is ignorance of the motivation and philosophies of these men of action, an ignorance extending not only to the intellectual nature of businessmen's activities but to any understanding of the psychology of the business leader as a special social type. These nineteenth-century entrepreneurs . . . were conditioned differently than professional men of learning, expounders of religion, or aristocratic country gentlemen. . . . We are now confronted by the question: Has the record of business thinking been forever lost through generations of neglect? Can we now discover the concepts, attitudes, and motives of those men of action who shaped America to suit the needs of expanding industrialism? Can we recover the hard core of American intellectual development that has been buried beneath the self-justification of politicians, the exhortations of journalists, the system-building of philosophers, and the imaginings of literary men?

Dr. Cochran's answers to this triple question would appear to be: very nearly, perhaps, and possibly. Near the beginning of his paper, he states, "The remainder of this article is devoted to a plan to salvage some of this lost nucleus of our cultural history. A plan is necessary because the nature of the remains from which our material must be salvaged presents special difficulties. . . . [The businessman's] philosophies and attitudes must be recovered mainly in small bits, from thousands of letters and business memoranda. By methods different from those normally used by historians, the scholar himself must synthesize many isolated sentences and paragraphs into coherent systems of thought." A synthesis of this sort, Dr. Cochran maintains, would properly illuminate such matters as "general business concepts regarding expansion, innovation, relations with competitors and customers, and reaction to external changes . . . relations with labor [and] the attitude of the executive as a private individual toward general problems of society: his ideas regarding education, religion, philanthropy, racial problems, politics, and social philosophies." According to Dr. Cochran, a limited amount of salvage operations in the field of business attitudes, in some cases involving the coding of recovered data on punch cards, is being carried on at Columbia, Harvard, Yale, and New York University, and by the Committee on Research in Economic History of the Social Science Research Council, a New York organization financed by the Rockefeller, Carnegie, and Russell Sage Foundations. He advocates that these activities be supplemented by the work of a number of history scholars, so that "it will be possible to observe Social Darwinism in practical operation."

Well, the remainder of *this* article will be devoted to the thesis that the psychology of the American business leader, at least up to 1864, is by no means the mystery Dr. Cochran believes it to be; that the hard core of which he speaks has been admirably preserved; and that things are in much better shape than the *Political Science Quarterly* would lead one to suppose. I base this optimistic stand on what I have found in a two-volume work, published by Appleton in 1864, entitled, rather neatly, "Cyclopaedia of Commercial

SIGLO
TRAJES ELEGANTES
Alain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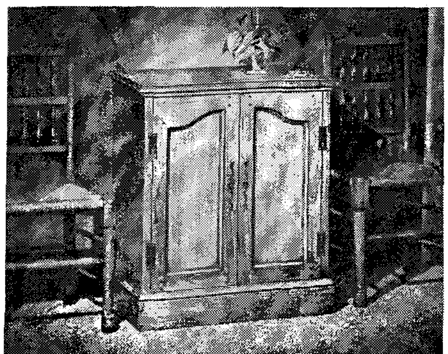

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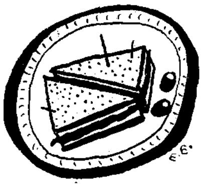

Very well. Turning to the "Cyclopaedia," we find, for example, under what I shall call "General Business Concepts Regarding Expansion":

> Simple in all his tastes and habits, well regulated in all his affections and desires, free from vanity, ostentation, and pride, [Pierre Lorillard, the New York tobacco man] had no extravagant longings, either to urge him on in the eager pursuit of wealth, or to make him squander, in prodigality, the fruits of iniquity and fraud. Instead, therefore, of unduly extending his business . . . instead of running out into wild and visionary schemes, which are usually so tempting to the cupidity of businessmen, and staking the laborious acquisitions of a life upon the chances of a day, Mr. Lorillard was contented to follow the prudent methods of better times, to avoid unnecessary anxiety for the future, to keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that was right in regard to his neighbor.
>
> Owing to some peculiar experiences of a private nature, Mr. [John] McDonogh [*a New Orleans merchant*] eventually became secluded and morose, though prosecuting his acquisition of property with augmented vigor, his peculiar passion being that of accumulating countless acres of waste and suburban land. All his views regarded the distant future. The present value and productiveness of land were but little regarded by him. His only recreation and pleasure were in estimating the value of his swamp and waste land fifty, a hundred, and even a thousand years to come. This passion at last gained such an ascendancy over him, that he seemed to court and luxuriate in waste and desolation. He would buy cultivated places, and let them go to ruin. He would build on his lots in the city miserable shanties and rookeries, which would absolutely taint the neighborhood, and thus enable him to buy out his neighbors at low rates. . . . Stocks, merchandise, and other personal securities were eschewed by him. The wonder is, how, with a comparatively small revenue, his property not being productive, and his favorite policy being to render his lands wild and unsuited for cultivation, he was able to go on every year expanding the area of his vast possessions.

Two interesting concepts are offered in the foregoing quotations: Don't expand, and expand to beat the band. This contradiction should be meat for the wide-awake synthesist. There are even a few contrapuntal subconcepts—prudence versus prodigality, economic contentment versus ravening cupidity, regard for one's neighbors versus indifference toward them, satisfaction with the present versus preoccupation with the future. Let us resolve a couple of these conflicting subconcepts—the ones about neighbors—to show how easy the job should be for Dr. Cochran and his associates. Suppose that Mr. McDonogh has extended his operations to the Bronx, where he has encircled the old Lorillard tobacco factory. Mr. Lorillard catches him erecting a miserable shanty, and the following colloquy ensues:

LORILLARD: What you doing there, my friend?

MCDONOGH (*morosely*): Putting up a rookery.

LORILLARD: Are you doing the right thing in regard to your neighbor, old man?

MCDONOGH: Faugh! I luxuriate in waste and desolation. My idea is to taint the neighborhood.

LORILLARD: Well, in that case, 'tain't the neighborhood for me.

MCDONOGH: You bet I will!

LORILLARD: Eh? (*This conversa-*

tion goes on for some time, until Lorillard sells his factory to McDonogh at a low price and goes home and curls up on the sofa with a cigar.)

Another passage on McDonogh, who keeps cropping up in the "Cyclopaedia," further eases Dr. Cochran's burden by revealing something about the attitude of the nineteenth-century American entrepreneur toward racial problems:

> Commencing at the upper end of the city [New Orleans], he stole gradually around through the swamps, purchasing large belts of land, until at last, a few years before his death, meeting one of his old friends in the street, he slapped him on the shoulder, and with his face full of enthusiasm and joy, exclaimed, "Congratulate me, my friend; I have achieved *the greatest victory of my life.* I have drawn my lines around the city, and now entirely embrace it in my arms—all for the glory of God and the good of my race."

Mr. McDonogh was presumably of Irish, or partly Irish, extraction. Everyone knows that the Irish problem, formerly a thorny one in this country, has in recent years happily subsided; McDonogh's pioneering was undoubtedly a factor in this. McDonogh was also a pioneer in attacking the Negro problem. According to the "Cyclopaedia," his will "emancipates his old servants, ten in number. . . . The rest of his slaves he provides shall be sent to Liberia. Certain of them are to be sent after serving those who shall succeed to his estate for fifteen years. The slaves to be sent to Liberia are to be supplied with ploughs, hoes, spades, axes, clothing, garden seeds, etc.; also with letters of recommendation to the colonists, and with a copy for each of the Holy Gospel of the Old and New Testament." McDonogh died in 1850, not long before the Civil War carried his reforms a step or two further.

UNDER what I'll call "Relations with Competitors and Customers," the "Cyclopaedia" has this to offer:

> Mr. [Jacob] Little [a Wall Street man] commenced the business of exchange and specie broker . . . and has shown the rare quality of being as faithful to his creditors as to himself. . . . He was made to wrestle with fortune, and to fall with a laughing face. Hundreds of satellites revolve about him, set when he sets, and rise when he rises. If fate should compel him to a period of inaction, his condition would be most miserable.

Relations cozy.

The passage on Mr. Little also provides one answer to Dr. Cochran's reaction-to-external-changes question (fall with a laughing face), and this attitude of the businessman is given confirmation in a passage on Jacob Barker,

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Bérard

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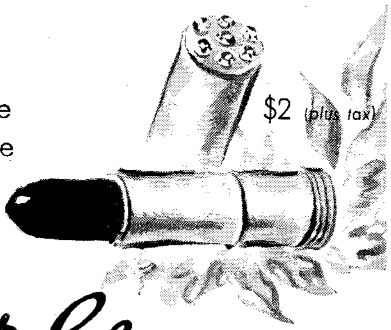
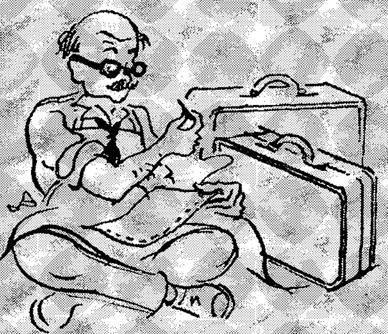
Marie Earle





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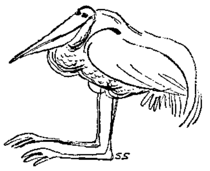
a New Orleans contemporary of McDonogh's:

> Sitting at his wedding dinner, August 27th, 1801 . . . with Mr. Henry Dewees, for whom he had heavily endorsed, news was brought him of the ruin of them both; he passed the letter over to Mr. Dewees, drank wine with him, and took no further notice of the matter.

No further notice of the matter! What a reaction to the sudden barbs of fortune! And yet I must confess a certain disappointment, since the "Cyclopaedia" doesn't follow things through; Mr. Dewees' reaction (except for that glass of wine) goes unreported. Did he match urbanity with urbanity, or did he grab a piece of wedding cake and make for the next boat to Cuba, there to while away the disgraced years defying extradition and playing *chemin de fer*? But possibly the boys on the Committee on Research in Economic History of the Social Science Research Council have the answer to this question, at least, in their files.



And now for "Relations with Labor," "Ideas Regarding Philanthropy," and "Attitude Toward Religion," in that order:

> The Hon. Erastus Corning, President of the New York Central Railway . . . has the misfortune to be lame. He was one day hobbling over the railroad track at Albany, when an Irishman who was placed to guard the track, sang out, with marked Celtic accent, "Will ye leave the track?" Mr. Corning smiled inwardly and stumbled on, when the Irishman again cried, "Begone, ye stumbling high-binder, or the 11.30 Express will be forninst ye, and Mr. Corning will have to pay for ye the full price of a well man with two legs. Begone! sare!" This was too much for "Old Central;" he yielded the track for the 11.30 Express, and sent a reward and commendation to the faithful watchman, who had never once suspected the name or position of that "stumbling high-binder."

> In his benefactions, Mr. [James] Lenox [the New York merchant] is said to exercise close discrimination, and in this way has for years refused personal applications. . . . He has been in the habit of considering written applications, and of selecting such as seemed worthy of his patronage.

> Mr. [Judah] Touro [a New Englander who settled in New Orleans] could not bear a disputatious, nor even a very earnest, discussion. On one occasion, his friend, Dr. Clapp, became involved in a very warm discussion on a theological question with some clergymen of the city. Mr. Touro was greatly annoyed at the warfare of words and logic thus carried on, and begged Dr. Clapp to desist from a controversy which was so unpleasant to him.

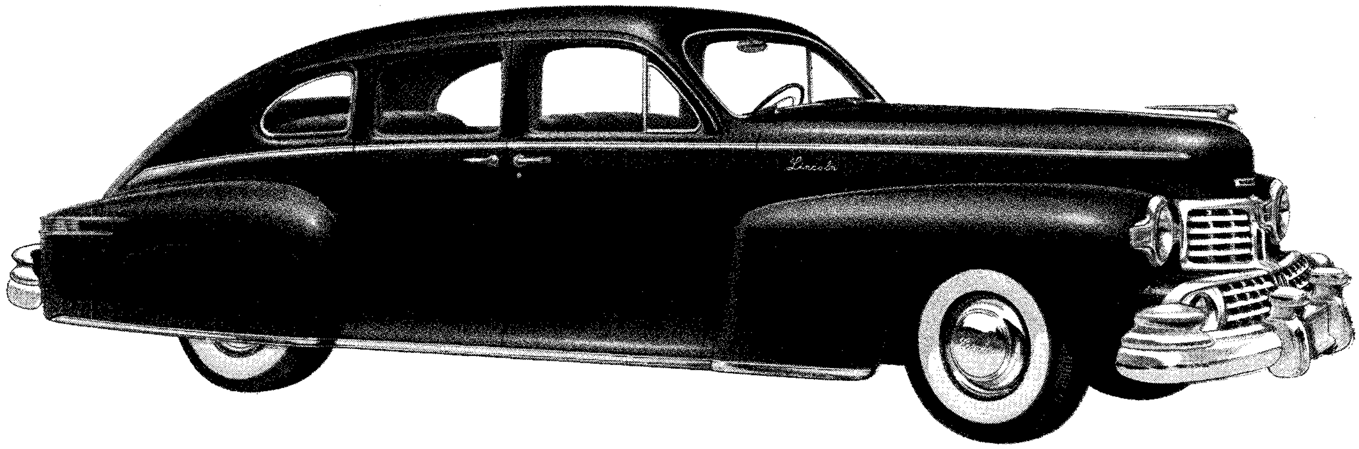
Mr. Corning's labor policy speaks for itself: If an employee saves your life, smile inwardly and give him a tip—a capital precedent for Mr. Robert R. Young, who, with a celerity familiar to readers of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*, is evolving into the "Old Central" of our day. Mr. Lenox's ideas on philanthropy are likewise clear—nothing for the old classmate (Lenox was a Columbia man) who comes around hat in hand, indulgent consideration for the organized charity that has bought your name in a list of prospects theoretically good for a five-thousand-dollar touch. Mr. Touro's attitude toward religion, as evidenced in the above pleasantry of trade, is only part of the picture. More of it, however, comes into focus in a paragraph appearing in a chapter entitled, not altogether relevantly, "Anecdotes of Merchants, Bankers, Traders, and Millionaires, in Their Domestic Relations":

> Some poor wandering Orientals, professing to be agents to collect funds for the relief of the persecuted Christians in Jerusalem, had applied in vain to several rich men in New Orleans. At last, a gentleman, of rather a jocular turn of mind, suggested, as a joke, that the poor Christians, who desired to raise funds to build up their church in Jerusalem, should seek the aid of Mr. Touro (who, though a most wealthy and benevolent merchant, was *a strict Jew*), in behalf of their object. The missionaries acted upon the suggestion, and soon returned to thank the gentleman who had directed them to so "liberal a Christian." Mr. Touro had subscribed two hundred dollars to their cause!

Le trompeur trompé! Obviously, Touro's tiff with Clapp was the product of a passing peppery mood. Indeed, we learn elsewhere in the "Cyclopaedia" that he once gave Clapp, a "prominent Universalist divine," the lifetime use of a church and left him three thousand dollars in his will. This shows that professors of business thought had better read every one of the nearly three thousand illustrative anecdotes and incidents in this volume, and not try to get by with a between-seminars browse.

MANY another illustrative anecdote, or incident, bears on religion, labor, or philanthropy, and there is equally useful material to be found under, as Dr. Cochran might call it, "Attitude of the Executive Toward Education, Politics, Social Philosophies, Innovation, and General Problems of Society." My time is my own, so I won't go into these, except to exhume one fragment on John Jacob Astor that, in a sense, sums them all up: " 'Keep quiet—keep cool,' was the constant and familiar admonition from his lips." Instead, I shall call Dr. Cochran's atten-

IN ALL THAT MARKS A LEADER . . .



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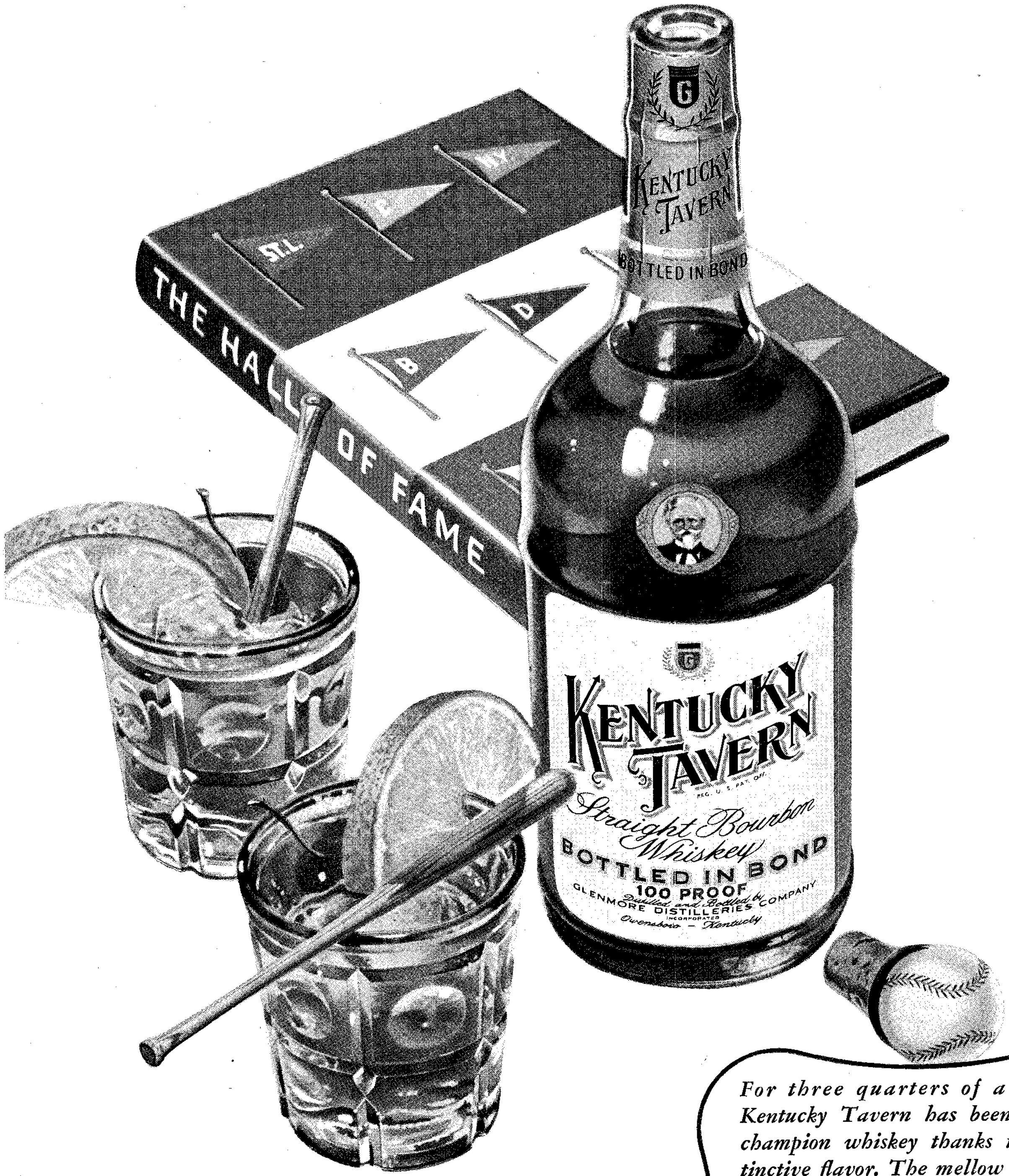
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THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

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tion to several piquancies revealing the attitudes of nineteenth-century American business toward some matters that he has apparently overlooked. (All the headings under which they are classified are mine.) The hero of the first of these is the protean Mr. Touro; Jonathan Goodhue, New York merchant, is the hero of the next one:

> ATTITUDE TOWARD OWN BUSINESS
>
> Mr. Touro's hard experience of the discomforts attending voyages by sea... could not eradicate from him that natural passion of a New Englander—as he was—to own ships. He had consequently invested largely of his means in this business, and owned some of the largest and best built ships that came into the port of New Orleans. It was rather an amusing peculiarity of his, that though he took great pleasure and pride in walking along the wharves and surveying the grand and symmetrical proportions of his noble ships, he could never be persuaded to go aboard and admire their interior.
>
> ATTITUDE TOWARD PARADES
>
> Immediately after [his death], a letter was found, written by Mr. Goodhue to his family, in which... he says: "In reference to the closing scene in this world, I wish to express my desire that there be no parade connected with the funeral performances."

Attitudes queasy.

Another extra-*Political Science Quarterly* piquancy has to do with Peter Cooper, owner of the old Peter Cooper house, at 9 Lexington Avenue:

> ATTITUDE TOWARD GLUE
>
> The successful glue-maker [Peter Cooper] has always in a measure "stuck to his glue," and now not merely sits in the palace due to his opulence and high position as a merchant, but is besides an intellectual noble of the first class.

Attitude easy.

A fourth extra-*P. S. Q.* piquancy:

> ATTITUDE TOWARD EXERCISE
>
> In 1833 or 1834, the health of Mr. [Peletiah] Perit [a New York merchant] declined, and he conceived the idea that it was necessary to take more active exercise, and in order to ensure that daily, he purchased a piece of property on the North river, lying between Burnham's and the Orphan Asylum. It may have cost him perhaps ten thousand dollars. He sold it about two years ago, and it is now supposed to be worth half a million dollars. This is a comment on persevering mercantile life.

It is also a comment on the advantages of taking walks over squash tennis, or even over squash racquets.

For a final nineteenth-century American piquancy, I dredge up a description of Stephen Girard, the Philadelphia banker:

> ATTITUDE TOWARD CHEESE
>
> As [a customer] entered his counting room, he found Girard at dinner, making

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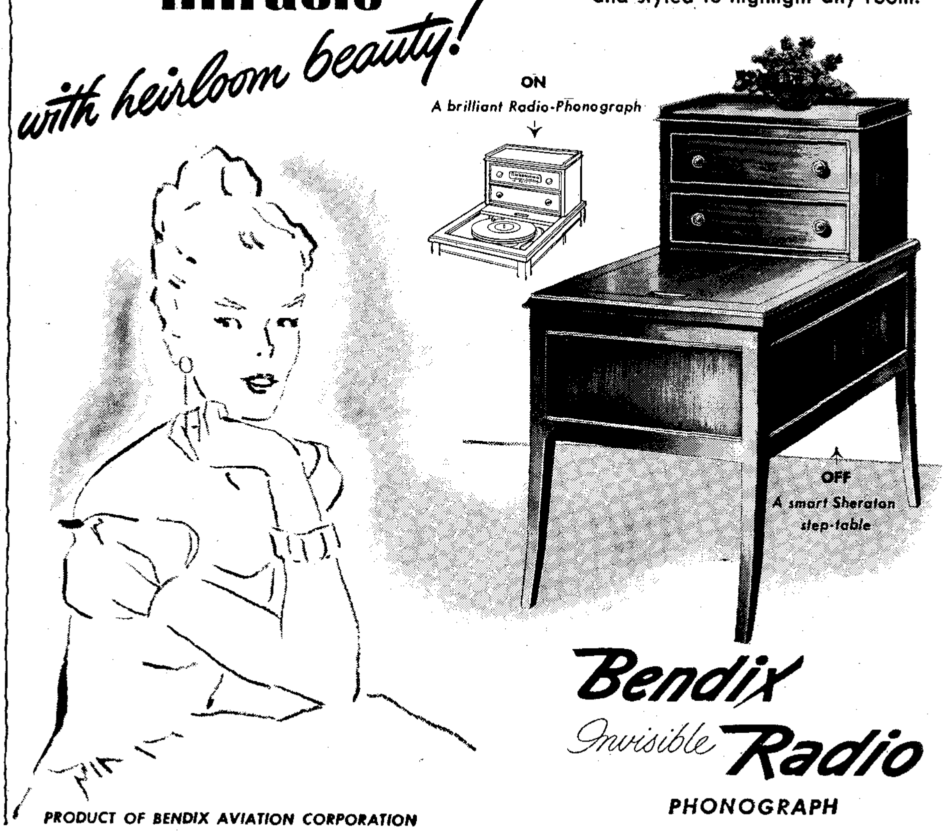

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> his repast upon biscuit and cheese, from a small pine table, the drawer of which, as the merchant entered, Girard opened, and with a broad, off-hand sweep of his right arm, brushed in the fragments of his simple meal—thus consulting not only the economy of money but the economy of time. It is not supposed but that the "fragments" were made to serve a prudent purpose at another time.

Attitude not as offhand as it looks.

But what shall our attitude be toward Dr. Cochran? "Quietly, often secretly, about their tasks"? "Methods different from those normally used by historians"? What could be more overt than Lorillard's prudence, McDonogh's mania for swamps, Little's laughing tumbles, Touro's occasional annoyance and yet underlying sympathy with men of the cloth, Cooper's devotion to glue, Girard's to cheese? And what historical-research method more orthodox than recourse to a cyclopaedia?

Nowhere in his article does Dr. Cochran express any interest in the history of foreign business thought. This is an unfortunate omission, for surely our nineteenth-century entrepreneurs owe much to the example of their European and Far Eastern contemporaries and predecessors. Historically, the Biddles and Girards and Vanderbilts are part of the *omnium gatherum* that includes Barings and Couttses and Fuggers. I therefore recommend that Dr. Cochran and his associates include foreign business in their researches in order to give their study perspective. There, as in the domestic frame of reference, they will discover that Mr. Kirkland's "Piquancies and Pleasantries" are quite rewarding. "Relations with Customers," for example, are clearly depicted in a story about Henry Engelbert Haase, a Bremen banker, "trustee of various funds, administrator of many estates, and guardian of a large number of orphan children," who

> ... in his annual statement of the different trust funds he had in charge ... warmly solicited the inspection of the books, and often pretended that the value of the property had increased by advantageous purchase and sale of stocks, and frequently offered to show the overseers the certificates in various closets and oaken chests; but it was naturally deemed a gross imputation on such a wealthy trustee and sternly particular accountant, as well as a downright waste of time, to accept the offer. But at last ... an explosion took place, and his defalcations, squandered in luxury and "charity," were found to be immense. His house fell, and "great was the fall of it."

"Relations with Labor in Europe" are interestingly portrayed in one of several passages on Meyer Anselm Rothschild, "a man of fair character, and in easy circumstances":

> Nothing seemed too gigantic for his grasp—nothing too minute for his notice. His mind was as capable of contracting a loan for tens of millions, as of calculating the lowest possible amount on which a clerk could exist. Like too many great merchants and bankers, whose profits are counted by thousands and millions, he paid his assistants the smallest amount for which he could procure them.

The "Cyclopaedia" is, however, at its best on business attitudes abroad when it is dealing with more esoteric matters. To go into several of these matters:

Attitude Toward Horses

> Jacques Coeur was the great French merchant and financier of the middle ages.... Popular tradition asserts that so great was the profusion of the precious metals possessed by him, that his horses were *shod with silver*.
>
> Nobody who sees Mr. Tattersall presiding in his rostrum during the sale of horses, can resist the conviction that Nature intended him for an auctioneer of those noble animals. In the rostrum, he is obviously in his proper business sphere. He enters on his vocation with heart and soul, each succeeding day. He has no idea of happiness beyond the auction yard.

Attitudes devoted. (Synthesists may compare with Cooper's toward glue, Girard's toward cheese.) The rostrum, it is plain, is Tattersall's nostrum.

Attitude Toward the Rainy Day

> James Morrison, who well deserved the title given him of a "modern Croesus," was until his death one of the extremely rich men of London.... Though managing his vast funds himself up to the time of his death ... with all the sagacity of earlier days, he became haunted with the idea that he should come to want. He finally commenced doing day labor on a farm held by one of his tenants, for which labor he was regularly paid twelve shillings a week, and this he continued up to the time of his last illness. For eighteen months before his death he was an habitual applicant for relief to the parish, assembling twice a week with the town paupers, and receiving with each one of them his two shillings and quartern loaf.... The probate duty on Mr. Morrison's will exceeded five hundred thousand dollars.

Attitude respectful.

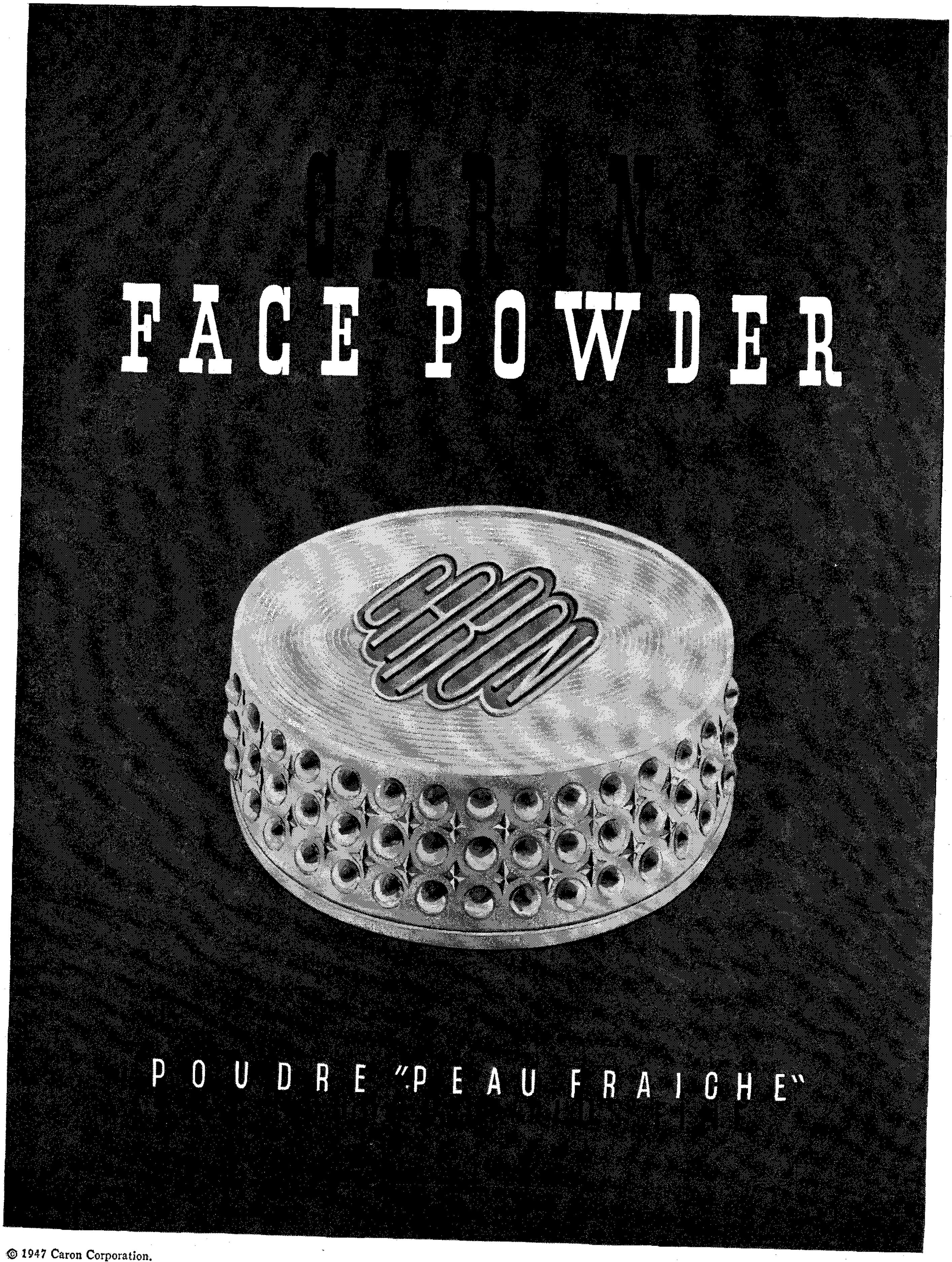
Attitude Toward the Ladies

> Sampson Gideon, the great Jew banker, as he was commonly called—and the rival and enemy of Rothschild—was the financial support of the illustrious Sir Robert Walpole, the oracle and leader in all monetary matters, and his name was as familiar in the last century as those of Goldschmid and Rothschild.... "Never grant a life annuity to an old woman," he [Gideon] would say; "they wither, but they never die."

Attitude disrespectful—precursor of McDonogh's toward neighbors.

Attitude Toward One and All

> The munificence of the Goldschmids [Abraham and Benjamin] was constant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and widespread.... On one day, the grandeur of an entertainment given by them to royalty was recorded in the papers, and on the next a few words related a visit of mercy on their part to a condemned cell.

Attitude catholic—*cf.* Touro.

ATTITUDE TOWARD PINS

Important results often follow from the most trifling incidents. A remarkable instance of this kind is that afforded in the history of [Jacques] Laffitte, one of the most memorable among the names of French bankers, and which was the foundation of the colossal fortune he afterward accumulated, and of the scarcely less than imperial position which he at one time held in the councils of the realm.

When he came to Paris, in 1798, the extent of his ambition was to find a situation in a banking house; and to attain this object, he called on M. Perregeaux, the rich Swiss banker... and... modestly stated the object of his visit. "It is impossible for me to admit you into my establishment, at least for the present," replied the banker.... With a disappointed heart, the young aspirant for employment left the office; and while, with a dejected air, he traversed the stately courtyard, he stooped to pick up a pin which lay in his path, and which he carefully stuck in the lapel of his coat. Little did he think that this trivial action was to decide his future fate and open up so famous a destiny to him; but so it was. From the windows of his cabinet, M. Perregeaux had observed the movement of the young man. The Swiss banker was one of those keen observers and quick interpreters of human actions, who estimate the value of circumstances apparently trifling in themselves, and which would pass unnoticed by the majority of mankind. He was delighted with the conduct of the young stranger. In this simple action, he saw the revelations of a character. It was a guarantee of a love of order and economy, a certain pledge of the qualities in especial which should be possessed by a good financier.... In the evening of the same day, M. Laffitte received the following note from M. Perregeaux:

"A place is made for you in my office, which you may take possession of tomorrow morning."

The anticipations of the banker were not disappointed. The young Laffitte possessed every desirable quality.... From a simple clerk, he soon rose to be cashier, then partner, then head of the first banking house in Paris; and afterwards, in rapid succession, a Deputy, and President of the Council of Ministers—the highest point to which a citizen could aspire.... He died in May, 1844, and was buried with great magnificence in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

Attitude misleading. I know this attitude is misleading because I tested it out. I was, as it happened, out of a job when, some years ago, I ran across this passage in the "Cyclopaedia," and scarcely had I finished the account of M. Laffitte's career than I rushed down to J. P. Morgan & Company and obtained an interview with Mr. Thomas

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W. Lamont, chairman of the board. I asked him for a clerkship, which he politely refused. I at once picked up a pin I had surreptitiously dropped on the floor as I entered and stuck it in my lapel. "Please return that pin," Mr. Lamont said, rather testily. I didn't get the job and I lost my pin. I mention the incident only as a warning to Dr. Cochran and his fellow-historians. Kirkland's "Cyclopaedia," incidentally, provides, in a piquancy, or pleasantry, entitled "Herodotus a Merchant," what may be the best explanation of Dr. Cochran's belief that the record of business attitudes has suffered generations of neglect:

> The opinion—equally ingenious and probable—is advanced by Malte Brun, that the great father of history and geography, Herodotus, was a merchant. "At least," says he, "this supposition affords the most natural solution of his long voyages and numerous connections with nations by no means friendly to the Greeks." His silence respecting commerce is presumed to have arisen from the same motives which induced the Carthaginians to throw every voyager into the sea who approached Sardinia, lest the sources of their commerce and riches should be discovered.

Dr. Cochran, I sometimes suspect, is, like Herodotus, a practical man of affairs on the side (possibly the secret president of a medium-sized railroad), and his dejected treatise on the fancied difficulties of business research is, in that case, simply an act of professorial sabotage, an academic throwing into the sea of other scholars. He may be merely raising a smoke screen behind which his railroad can go on housing its employees in miserable shanties and rookeries that taint the neighborhood. Since I have no way of being sure, however, I have decided to give Dr. Cochran the benefit of the doubt and make available to him and his colleagues my somewhat impressive findings. —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

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jay Thorpe
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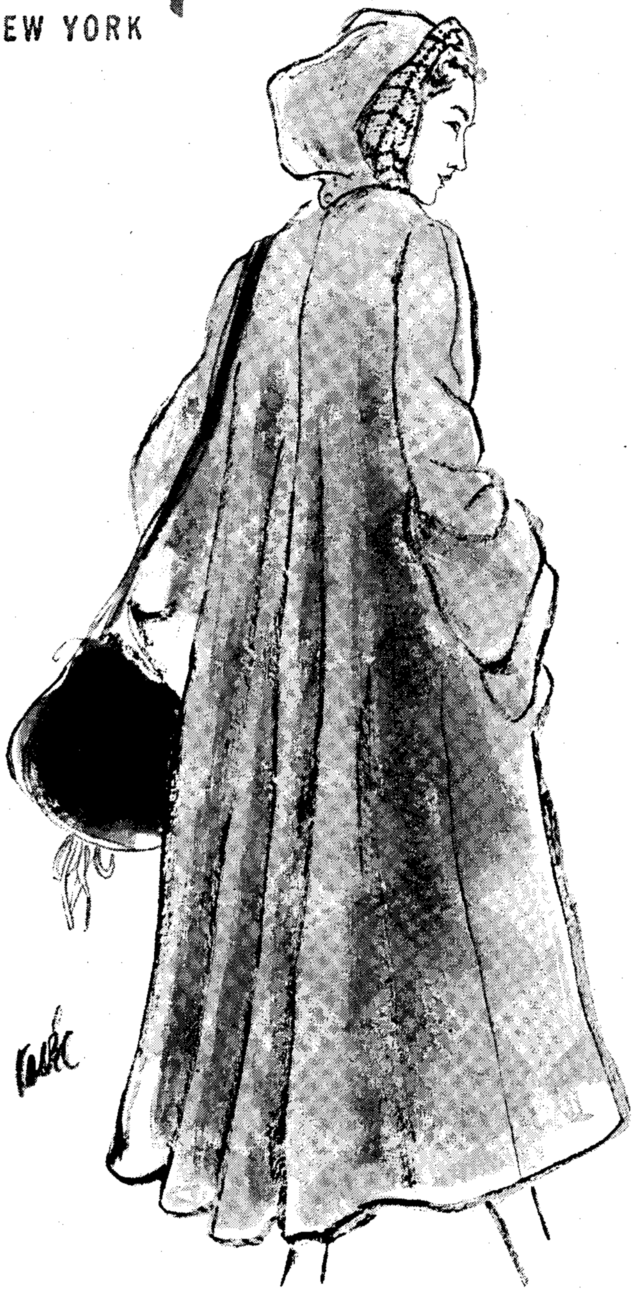

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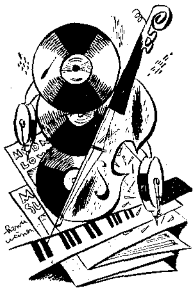
MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records



THERE'S a new crop of albums that present the various styles of singing of Lena Horne (Black & White 75), Billie Holiday (Columbia 135), Lucienne Boyer (Columbia 694), Marlene Dietrich (Vox VSP-304), and Ernestine Washington (Disc 712). The most unusual of these is the Dietrich set, which consists of transcriptions of six recordings made in Europe by Polydor around 1930, just before Hollywood imported the leggy cabaret entertainer. She sings in German, to the accompaniment of a jazz orchestra led by Peter Kreuder and featuring his piano playing. The recordings have a fuzzy sound, and for that reason the German words will, I imagine, give even a powerful linguist a hard time. This may make my enthusiasm for the collection a little difficult to understand unless you are fascinated, as I am, by the hoarse disillusionment in Miss Dietrich's voice when she raises it, with apparent effort, in song. What I welcomed most of all in this set was the opportunity to listen to her in her original musical surroundings. The songs, particularly two called "Peter" and "Jonny," are characteristic of the grotesquely maudlin but often provocative popular music that flourished in Germany in the twenties and still shows up occasionally—for instance, in many of the present-day songs of Kurt Weill. I found "Peter" and "Jonny" the outstanding entries, but "Mein Blondes Baby," "Allein . . . in Einer Grossen Stadt," "Wo Ist der Mann?," and "Ja, So Bin Ich," which fill out the collection, are engaging, too, and are expressively sung. The accompaniments are quite good.

Lucienne Boyer, the French nightclub singer, has a thin, almost evanescent soprano, which does not, on the evidence of this album, record too well. Moreover, her accompaniment here is pedestrian. Her singing does have, however, a tender and appealing quality, and you may find her versions of new and old French tunes—"Beaucoup," "Un Amour Comme le Notre," "Parle-Moi d'Autre Chose," "J'ai Laissé Mon Cœur," "Si Petite," "Sans Toi," "Dans la Fumée," and the standard "Parlez-Moi d'Amour"—more interesting than I did.

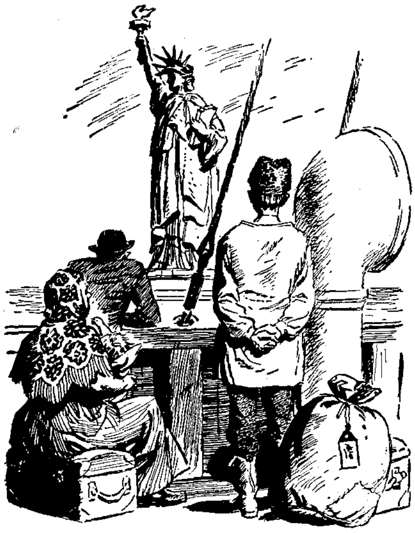
The Billie Holiday collection is the seventeenth in Columbia's series of reissues of hot jazz. It follows the progressively stylized voice of a once-rousing blues singer from 1936 to 1942, with a couple of years unaccounted for. I am not among those who find Miss Holiday's every utterance an agonizing delight, and as a result I was not overly fond of the things she does to "Summertime," "I Can't Get Started," and "I Cover the Waterfront." On the other hand, I was all for her strong and straightforward delivery of "Billie's Blues," done in 1936, and the sturdy way she demolishes a trite and awful ballad, "A Sailboat in the Moonlight," in an example dated 1937. "He's Funny That Way," "When a Woman Loves a Man," and "Until the Real Thing Comes Along" are the other pieces—typical Holiday performances, persuasively sung. Familiar jazz musicians heard in the various ensembles behind Miss Holiday include pianists Teddy Wilson, Claude Thornhill, and Joe Bushkin, clarinettists Artie Shaw and Edmund Hall, drummers Cozy Cole and J. C. Heard, and trumpeters Buck Clayton and Bunny Berigan.

Columbia has simultaneously released a new single record (No. 37586) by Billie Holiday and her orchestra, an ever-changing outfit. On one side is a fair version of "Am I Blue?" and on the other a better performance of something called "Long Gone Blues."

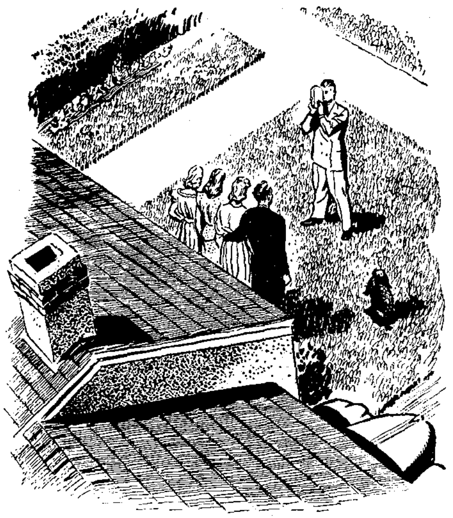
Lena Horne has a more conventional voice than any of the above-mentioned singers. It is pleasant and almost thoroughly ladylike, but slight hints of humor and rowdiness give it an unexpected spark. The best things in Miss H.'s album, it seems to me, are Gershwin's "My Man's Gone Now," from "Porgy and Bess;" "Beale Street Blues;" "Hesitation Blues;" and the spirituals "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child" and "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen." There are, besides, a song called "It's a Rainy Day" and a tiresomely elaborate two-sided production of "Frankie and Johnny."

Ernestine Washington is an uncompromising shout singer who, according to the notes on her album cover, demonstrates her art both in night clubs and in her husband's church in New Jersey. Hymns and spirituals seem to be her specialty, and her ululant soprano is heard in four selections, backed up by Bunk Johnson's band, a perfect choice. This is old-time jazz, crude and vigor-

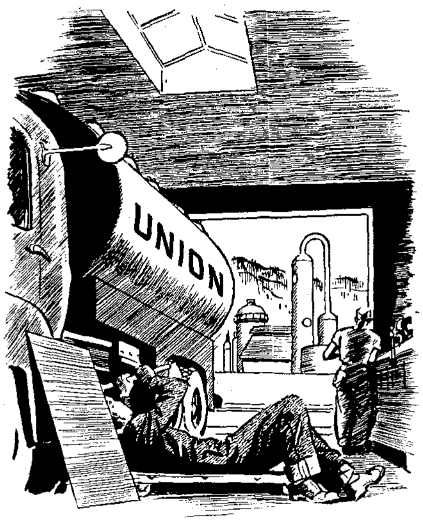
The story of John Czarniecki



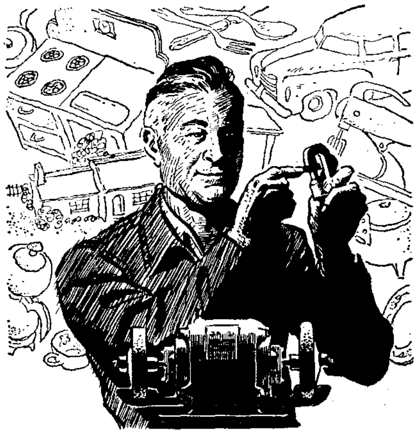
1. In 1902, at the age of 15, John Czarniecki immigrated to the United States from Poland. In 1911 he came west to Seattle and went to work as a teamster for Union Oil Company. Today, 36 years later, he is still working for Union Oil as a maintenance mechanic for the Seattle truck fleet.



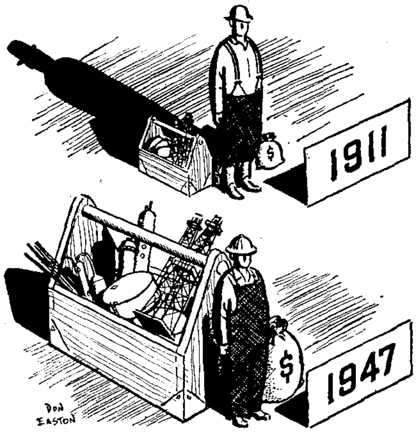
2. During that 36 years Mr. and Mrs. Czarniecki have raised a son and three daughters—two of whom are still living. The son, a graduate mechanical engineer from the University of Washington, is supervisor of production at a motor factory in Seattle. The two daughters are married. The Czarnieckis own a new 5-room home in Seattle and drive a 1940 Nash.



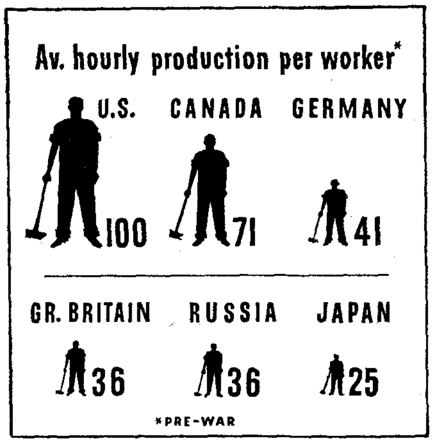
3. John Czarniecki gave us permission to tell his story in order to drive home one fact. He didn't become president of Union Oil Company. (In fact, the job he holds today is comparable to the one he held in 1911.) Neither did he go into business for himself. He simply went to work.



4. But our American economic system offered him greater opportunity for *productive* work than he could have found anywhere else in the world. Work by itself means nothing. Only work that *produces* something—which a man can exchange for the things he needs—is of any value. Consequently, the more a man can *produce* with an hour's work, the higher his standard of living.



5. During the 36 years that John Czarniecki worked for Union Oil, his capacity to *produce* increased steadily. For during that time, the Company increased the tools-per-employee threefold. Consequently, production-per-employee went up. And, as a result, John Czarniecki has more than tripled his take-home pay. He makes 7 times as much per hour today as he did in 1911 and he works less than half as many hours—40 instead of 84.



6. In other words, we all can't be presidents and we all can't go into business for ourselves. But the American economic system is still just as *important to all* of us. For each man's standard of living depends directly on what he can produce. And our American system has so encouraged the introduction of new tools and new techniques that, year after year, the average American has been able to produce more and more and thereby continue to improve his standard of living.

UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA
INCORPORATED IN CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 17, 1890

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles 14, California.

AMERICA'S FIFTH FREEDOM IS FREE ENTERPRISE ous, probably of limited appeal but authentic. "The Lord Will Make a Way Somehow," "Does Jesus Care?," "God's Amazing Grace," and "Where Could I Go but to the Lord?" are the titles of the Washington sermons.

JAMES P. JOHNSON'S "A-Flat Dream" is so good that it dims most of the seven other items in a new collection (Columbia album C-130) of boogie-woogie performances, some old and some new. "Hastings Street," played by Charlie Spand, and "Honky Tonk Train Blues," by Meade Lux Lewis, were first issued in 1929 under the Paramount label and are the oldest specimens. Others, made in subsequent years, are "Little Joe from Chicago," played by Mary Lou Williams; "Boogie Woogie," by Pete Johnson; "Bear Trap Blues," by Jimmie Yancey; "Dupree Shake Dance," sung and played by Champion Jack Dupree; and "K.K. Boogie," played by Kenny Kersey and Henry (Red) Allen's orchestra. The last pair sounded to me like the runners-up in the set.

A FEW good single records have come along in the past few weeks, to my surprise and pleasure, and I'll spend no more time in getting to them:

ROCKIN' CHAIR and JACK-ARMSTRONG BLUES—Louis Armstrong and his All Stars, featuring Jack Teagarden. A richly ingenious vocal duet by Armstrong and Teagarden makes "Rockin' Chair" one of the best things ever. In the blues number, the pair do more playing than singing, and that's a fine performance, too. Bobby Hackett, trumpet; Peanuts Hucko, clarinet; Ernie Caceres, sax and clarinet; Al Casey, guitar; Al Hall, bass; J. Dough (who sounds suspiciously like Johnnie Guarnieri), piano; and Cozy Cole, drums, complete the band. (*Victor 20-2348*)

OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL and EARLY AUTUMN—Claude Thornhill and his orchestra. Both sides are superbly arranged. A weak vocal mars the first number slightly, and the orchestra and excellent singing of Fran Warren make the second song sound better than it really is. Both are extremely enjoyable. (*Columbia 37593*)

SELECTION OF HEBREW THEMES—Ambrose and his orchestra. A London favorite of long standing offers an excellent medley, which covers two sides and is played in strict fox-trot time. (*English Decca F-5285*) —D. W.

•

Dr. Gamble thinks that perhaps college presidents should issue citations to graduates who produce two or more children. Better still, he would like to see the graduates themselves get together in a college yell: "Our Aim Is a Greater Quantity of Children of Quality." slad-g, etaoi shrdl cmfw vbgkqjj
—*Boston Sunday Herald.*

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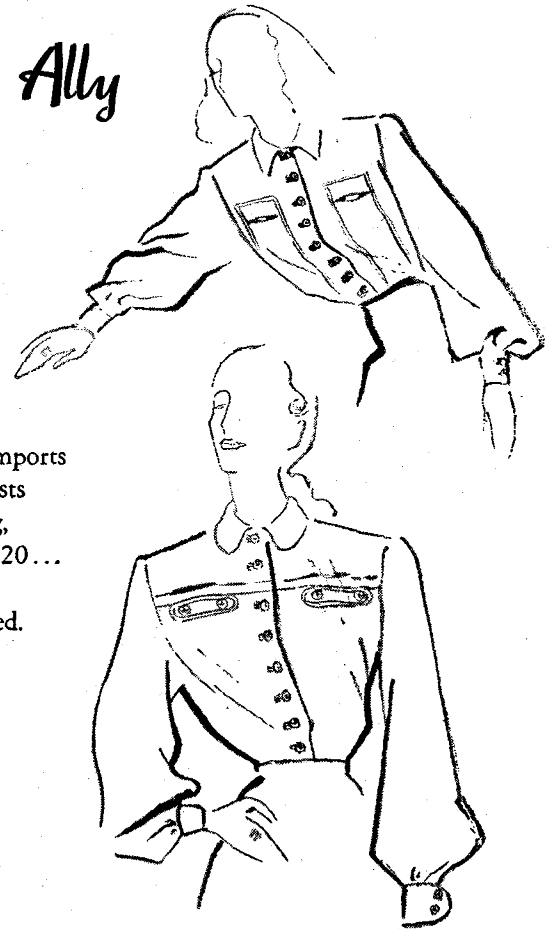

Blouses, main floor

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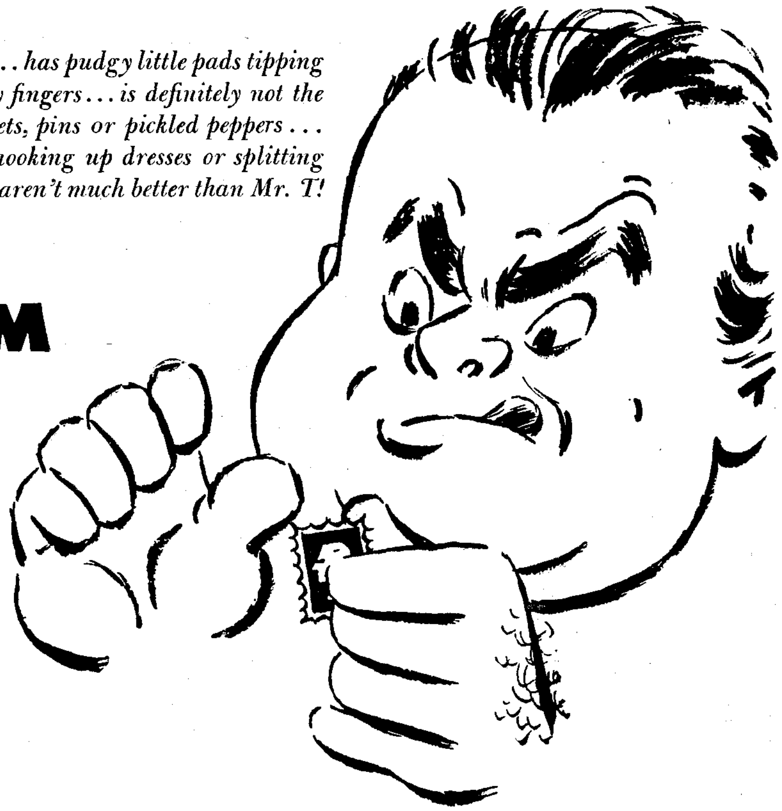

Miss D... *has dandy hands for making shadow pictures, long fingers like animated calipers... facile at knots, tying trout flies, embroidering* petit point, *sticking pins and stamps... without ever nicking her nail polish! ... And most women aren't as good as Miss D!*

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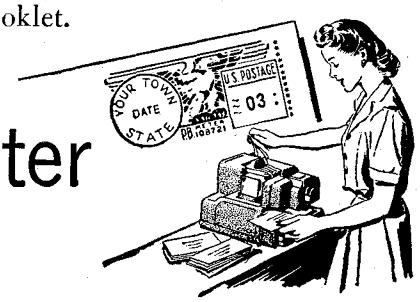

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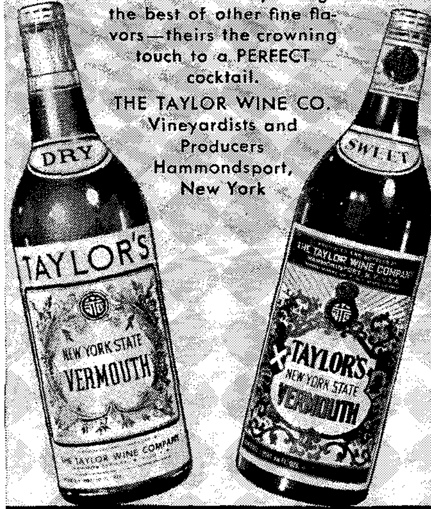

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BANÓG

TWO young men stepped from the shade of the hillside and stood on the highway, gazing at the valley that lay below them. They were Hindus, dressed in the current English fashion, in khaki trousers and bush jackets, with khaki helmets on their heads. For several minutes they leaned panting on their bamboo canes; they had come some distance and the journey had for the most part been uphill. Now they must descend the steep path, which zigzagged between oaks and flowering shrubs, to the village of Banóg. To Ajit's tired eyes, the village seemed very far away, microscopic, unattainable, but to Nirmal, the younger of the two, it appeared like a design seen from an airplane. It fascinated him. How far was it, actually, he asked. "A mile? Two miles? Three?"

"Ten," said Ajit morosely, and lifting the water bottle that he carried slung over his shoulder, he sought ravenously for the final, lukewarm drop. There was none. "Damn," he said, almost in tears.

"Poor fellow," murmured Nirmal. "You should have taken a drink when I did, at the last stream." He took his binoculars from their leather case and trained them on the valley. A yellow butterfly gave place to vermilion pomegranate flowers; then he saw the village, spread out—or so it seemed to him through the glasses—within shouting distance. Smoky doorways opened on mud-plastered courtyards and on circular threshing floors, where white bullocks were treading out the grain. A man appeared in one of the courtyards, carrying an axe across his shoulder, then a woman in a swinging blue skirt, a brass pot balanced on her head, followed by a perambulating dot, for whom she presently paused and reached down a maternal hand.

Nirmal shifted his glasses, counting the grass-thatched roofs, three children, and four goats, and a something so small it might have been a mouse scratching itself on a doorstep. He saw buffaloes wallowing in a pool beside a tiny water mill, an old woman sorting faggots, and two men laboring up the hillside with milk cans slung in rope nets upon their backs. He fancied he could hear the men's voices, even the words they spoke. Their lives, their privacies, seemed revealed to him, an omniscient speck perched on the dusty road far above them. Not their present occupations only, but their past and even their future unrolled before his eyes, and he began at once to compose their history, from the day when some forgotten Adam—or *Admi*—discovered this glade, and built his hut of clay and cane, and sat all night in a tree guarding his flock, filling the darkness with impotent shouts to drive away the leopard and the bear. Adam's children had diverted water from the river and made troughs to feed the first rough terrace and the tidy acres that followed. Moss and maidenhair fern coated the ancient retaining walls, bare feet and bony hoofs had polished the gray stones that crossed the stream; trees, rocks, and earth all had acquired, in time, the peculiar, unmistakable script of human life.

Nothing was too large or too small for Nirmal's attention, and he went on to explore, in his mind's eye, the invisible details of the scene laid out below him—the shadow play of pomegranate leaves on the village floor, the colored thread braided in a woman's hair, and the silver charm hung around a boy's brown throat. He peered through murky doorways, visualizing the lairs within, seeing the rope bedstead in one corner, the polished cook pots in another, the great winnowing basket hung on a nail, and the dynastic shoes—one pair, man-size, to a family, worn by each member as occasion demanded. I can even see the smallpox scars on that man's face, thought Nirmal, and the gold ring in the nose of that little girl. I can see the circular shapes of cattle dung and the sapphire flies dancing above them. I can see into the minds of those men and women, minds as simple and as ordered as their dreams.

Ajit spoke suddenly. "Well, *what* do you say—are they worth it?"

Nirmal lowered the binoculars and returned them to their case. "Are who worth what?"

Ajit shrugged impatiently, but his lips felt too dry to repeat his question. Fear of contaminated water had prevented his drinking from springs on the way, and he had stood grimly aside while his friend plunged into the icy pools and drank like a dog. When Nirmal urged him to do likewise, Ajit had turned away, silent and sullen, as he did

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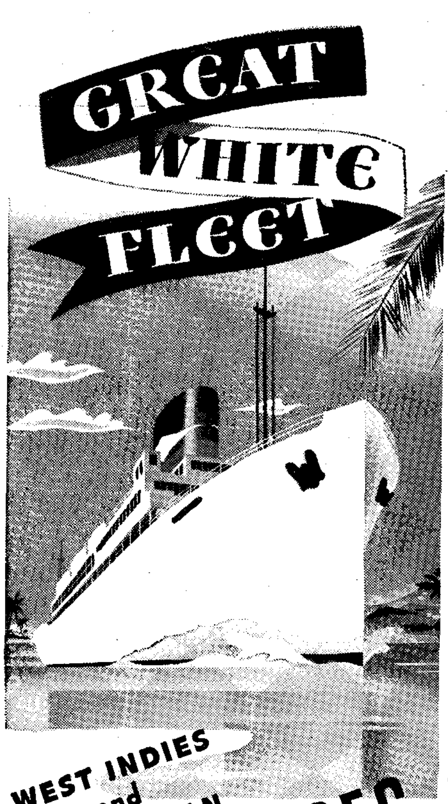

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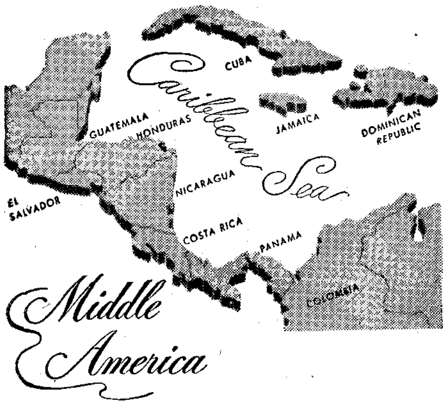

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now. Nirmal laid his hand on Ajit's shoulder. "Don't be angry, Ajit. It is just that the journey has been too much for you."

To Ajit, in his present mood, this was sheer insult. "Too much for me? Why, I'm twice as strong as you are, you—you *dreamer!*" The word, quite unpremeditated, exploded damply between them and they eyed each other in astonishment.

Then Nirmal laughed. "You're right, as usual. Not only are you stronger than I but you are wiser. My brain requires time in order to understand the whole meaning of things, and even then I am never sure. Now shall I answer your question, Ajit?"

"You talk too much," Ajit replied wearily.

"But you asked me whether I thought the people of Banóg were worth the trouble we have taken on their account. Well, I say that they *are* worth it."

"Then let us hope that the Development Board will think so, too," Ajit said querulously. "I trust that the Development Board, no less than those *junglies* down there in the valley, will appreciate the hardships we have had to endure for their sakes. Two hundred miles by train, in the dust and heat! God knows how many miles in that filthy bus, twenty miles on foot! And all in order to obtain the signatures of people who cannot even read and write. We'll be lucky if they allow us to take their fingerprints instead." He stared angrily at Nirmal. "Personally, I would have dispensed with their permission. I would merely have sent them word that a dam was to be erected and their valley flooded to form a reservoir, and that they must evacuate on a given date or suffer the consequences."

Nirmal wanted to laugh but thought better of it. "Come," he said gently. "We still have a mile or two to go, but it's all downhill now."

"A mile! Five miles, you mean—ten—fifteen!"

"A mile, I promise you. It cannot be more than a mile. This light is most deceptive."

"And you?" murmured Ajit with a grudging smile. "If you are not deceptive, what are you?"

"One of the worst-paid dreamers on the Regional Development Board, just as you are its worst-paid cynic."

THEY started down the path between raspberry bushes and scrub oaks, stumbling and slipping, and startling the magpies and the minivets. Nirmal enjoyed physical exertion as he did the taste of wine or water, the color of sunset, and the vagaries of friends. Silence on irreconcilable matters left time for speculation; there were moments when he wondered rather uneasily whether he was not, after all, the thing that Ajit accused him of being—a dreamer. Ajit loved to study reports and to write long comments on the margins. He read newspapers and listened to speeches with a frowning yet secretly submissive respect, and never questioned authority. But how does it happen that I can detect these things in my friend? wondered Nirmal. The question disturbed him enough to make him stop abruptly on the steep path, which brought Ajit with a rush upon his shoulders.

"Good Lord, Nirmal! Why don't you look where you're going?"

"I was thinking."

"What about, this time?"

"You won't like it if I tell you."

"You are so conceited, Nirmal. You always imagine that people care one way or another about what you may have to say."

"Do I? But I've never imagined that the Development Board cared! Think of all the reports I've submitted—they are not even read."

"Then why not write them in verse?" mocked Ajit. "Or in the form of those disgusting *kabeers* that you are forever composing for festivals?"

"Disgusting?" Nirmal stopped again, and again Ajit bumped into him. "What is there disgusting about my songs? The trouble with you, Ajit, is that you see only the literal aspect of things. That comes of reading too many newspapers and studying too many reports."

"Go on!" Ajit glared at him. "I at least do my work. I do not sit for hours gazing at flies copulating on the wall. I do not make rhymes on the margins of my reports or count stanzas when I should be computing totals."

"How does it happen that you and I are friends?" asked Nirmal. "There's no doubt that we are friends, but *why*, when we are so different?"

"Oh, my God!" muttered Ajit, stumbling down the path after him. "I am thankful that I am not head of the Department and do not have to answer your questions and read your reports and—"

"I am thankful that you are thankful," Nirmal interrupted, laughing. He snatched a leaf in passing and put the stem between his teeth. He thought, Ajit will be all right when he has had a drink and has rested. He is always bad-tempered when he is hungry or thirsty, or when he needs a woman, or when he has been hauled over the coals by the boss.

Ajit walked on with a sort of blind concentration, hating the law of gravity, which threatened him at every step. The thirst that had haunted him all day had become a torment, and the recollection of his friend's frolicking in cool streams and drinking with noisy enjoyment along the way filled him now with a venomous dislike. Old, carefully concealed thoughts rose in his mind. Silently, he questioned Nirmal's honesty, his loyalty, his morals. He toyed with the idea of sending an anonymous letter to the head of the Department, suggesting that Nirmal's private life might be investigated. He entertained visions of his friend's dying of cholera or typhoid. That would rid me forever of his troublesome presence, he thought.

Nirmal's exultant shout dispelled his feverish thoughts. "Ajit!"

They came to a standstill, side by side. Nirmal flung his arms wide. "Look, Ajit, look!"

Below them, the hillside fell in terraces to the river, and the village clustered on its bank. The yellowing grain stood harsh in the sun, and under that weight of light only the river moved, cool among its blue-gray stones.

"Isn't it beautiful, Ajit? Have you ever seen such a place?"

"Frequently, and so have you. Villages like Banóg have been the subject of extensive reports from the research department of the Development Board: 'Architecture primitive, agriculture and irrigation methods ditto, illiteracy one hundred per cent, prevalent diseases glaucoma, dysentery, hookworm . . .' "

"But, Ajit, we cannot destroy it!"

"Don't talk like a fool, Nirmal."

"Listen to me. Do you ever stop to ask yourself this question: Who are we that we should presume to alter other people's lives?"

"I am Ajit, you are Nirmal."

The animation died in Nirmal's face. He turned away, and they continued their descent without speaking. Their path ended at the brink of the stream, where buffaloes were drinking, and a boy rose from under a tree and salaamed. Ajit addressed him curtly. "We have come on business of the government," he said. "We are tired and thirsty; also, we require a place in which to spend the night. Go and tell your people, and tell them also that we shall pay."

The boy gave him a timid glance, then, murmuring that he would go and

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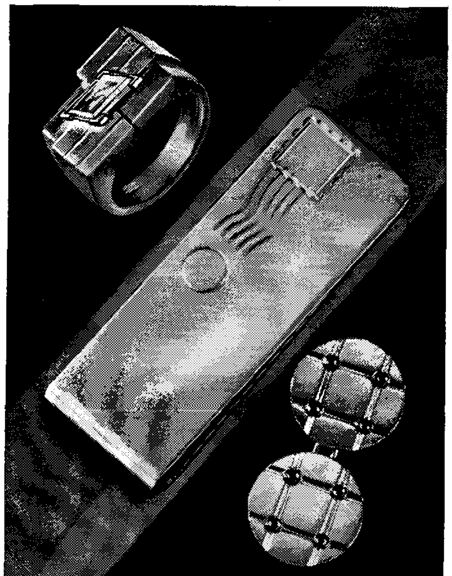

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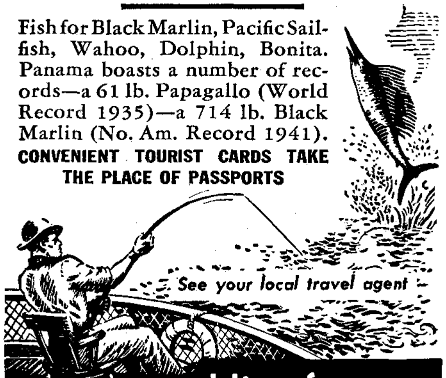
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fetch his father, he ran up a narrow path toward the nearest hut. The young men heard his shrill voice announcing their arrival, and presently the villagers began to appear from doorways and fields nearby. They approached shyly, curiosity and friendliness in their gaze, and for Nirmal the scene was a fulfillment of everything he had glimpsed from the mountaintop. He felt a childish sense of wonder, a childish hesitation to exchange the realm of dream for so faithful a reality.

A hut, bare except for two crude bedsteads, was placed at their disposal by its owner, women were sent to boil water and cook *chapatties*, and the young men stretched themselves thankfully on their beds and stared at the thatched ceiling, through which they could see particles of sky. Ajit seemed feverish, and he groaned with thirst, but Nirmal lay silently pondering. To live always as one of them, to renounce one's familiar city life and live a simplified existence, stripped down to the bare essentials—what would that be like? He brooded on the thought, embellishing it till he found himself completely in love with it.

Later, when Ajit had satisfied his thirst and they had eaten the food that the women brought them, he returned to his bed and lay down, saying to Nirmal, "We'll talk to them in the morning. I haven't the energy now."

Nirmal removed his boots and went and sat in the door of the hut. People had returned to their tasks, to finish them before darkness fell. Figures moved on the slopes, children and women appeared carrying boughs of young green oak leaves to feed their goats. Nirmal thought how in Delhi now the sun would still be high and heat pressing like an iron weight on the city. But here the valley was already in shadow, and the shade had created a separate climate, a separate world. The mountains darkened into massive walls guarding the village. Nirmal waited for the sound of the drum, and presently he heard it, familiar and rhythmic as his own pulse. He watched as light shrank toward the highest peak and was plucked away, and a nocturnal influence changed the voice of everything around him. The drum ceased, and the soft bubble of a water pipe reached him across the darkness, drawing his gaze to the figure of a man seated on the step of a dimly lighted doorway, half of his body within the house and the other half without. So we are, all of us, thought Nirmal, half at home and half astray, half free and half chained, half contented and half yearning. He sat motionless, his head resting against the doorpost. Beyond him, in the dark room, Ajit slept so soundly that he seemed not to breathe. Nirmal's thoughts wandered; he reflected on the condition of the people of his country, an inchoate, restless mass of which he felt he knew so little. But as he reflected, the confusion cleared, his country's voice became coherent. For a second he held a vision in his mind and for a second he believed he understood its meaning. Then, with a sigh, he slid sidewise across the doorstep and fell asleep.

NIRMAL opened his eyes to the blazing sun and found that someone passing by had seen him lying there in the night and had covered him with a blanket. Ajit slept on, the strain of yesterday's journey still visible on his face, the morning light lying in bars across his body. Nirmal longed for a bath. He undressed and wound a red scarf round his loins, then made his way down the terraced slope to the river. The village was awake, but no one noticed him as he ran barefooted into the stream. It rose over his loins, his belly. He ducked and swam the length of a green pool and back, and emerged at the spot where he had gone in, a copper-colored figure that caught the eyes of the women who were just starting out to muzzle their white bulls before the day's threshing. The women paused on the upper terrace; the string muzzles hanging from their hands. Their men appeared, and then their children, and all stood staring intently at the figure below them.

His host of the night before now approached and hailed Nirmal. "Maharaj, did you sleep well?"

Nirmal replied that he had never slept better, and added, laughing, "My friend still sleeps. We are city folk, and your mountain air and mountain hospitality are hard to resist. May the Lord Ganesha bless you!"

The people continued to stare. The red scarf was brilliant against his body, the sun beat on his round, brown, smiling face and on his wet black hair. The women drew their headcloths across their faces, leaving only their eyes free to gaze, but a spokesman walked down the slope and bowed low before Nirmal. "Maharaj, yesterday you told us that you had brought a message from the government. We wait to hear it."

Nirmal hesitated. He would far rather have let Ajit do the talking, but to keep these people waiting seemed a poor return for their simple kindness. The entire population was gathered here—perhaps thirty in all. They formed a semicircle on the terrace just above him, some standing, others squatting on their heels in the immemorial attitude of patience. Nirmal began his story, explaining that he and Ajit were emissaries from the government in Delhi come to tell the people of Banóg about their government's scheme for the development and improvement of this valley and the surrounding regions. Of course they had heard of the great changes that were taking place in their country. Already great things were afoot and the dreams of her leaders were about to be realized. Plans had been drawn for the building of a dam that would transform this valley into a reservoir for water, and this would produce *bijli*, the power that would enable the poorest man to enjoy heat and light. They would be moved, and modern methods of irrigation would so enrich the soil that they would be free forever of the brutal toil in which they now spent their days. Later, roads would be built, linking village to village and town to town; houses would rise, temples, hospitals, shops, places of amusement, parks, gardens, fountains. The whole land would be transfigured, life would be worth living, and people would at last discover the happiness hitherto denied them.

While he was speaking, Nirmal's eyes had filled with visions. The pitiable huddle of mud-walled huts, the ragged inhabitants, the starved-looking cattle and coughing children gave place to a radiant vision, the birth of one kind of reality from another. The villagers listened in silence. They had never seen a city or any of the wonders that Nirmal described, but on the fabulous edifice that his words built for them they built another, their personal version of an existence such as their favorite deity, Ganesha, might have brought them in answer to their prayers.

When Nirmal finished his little speech, the village spokesman inquired humbly what provision the government would make for them during the period of transition. Would there be compensation for the loss of property? Would there be food and shelter for themselves, their families, and their cattle until the time when they could claim the new land?

Nirmal assured them that every man, woman, child, and goat would be under the direct protection of the government. He asked them merely to put their names, or their thumbprints, on the official form that he had brought. Other villages had already signed this form, but the government was extremely

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conscientious, and before going any further with its plans it had sent him, Nirmal, and his friend Ajit to obtain the consent of every landowner in the vicinity. All that remained was for them to retire quietly and discuss the matter among themselves. When they had made up their minds, they must come to his hut, where he and his friend would be waiting to hear their decision.

The sun was high now, burning into the valley, leaching color from the oak leaves and the pomegranate flowers. It glittered on the white bullocks that waited by the threshing floors and on the silver anklets of the women as they began to move away, talking in undertones, turning often to glance at the young man who walked slowly after them, the water from their river still shining in his hair.

Nirmal returned to the hut to find Ajit standing beside the door.

"Wah!" said Ajit, and began to laugh. "I heard you. I will go so far as to say that I have never heard anything quite like you, Nirmal, my friend! I take back all I may have said against the arts of poetry and song. I see now that they are sometimes useful!" Ajit's voice was jubilant. He seemed completely recovered from the rigors of the day before.

"Listen, Ajit. These people need our help. Think what we can do for them! We can do everything!" Nirmal made an extravagant gesture of his arms. "We can give them leisure, Ajit! We can give them beauty!"

Ajit looked at him mockingly. "You mean we can give them the opportunity to become dreamers. Is that what you mean?"

"Perhaps that is what I mean. I'm not sure. How does one know?" Nirmal hesitated, then walked past Ajit into the hut. "How does one know?" he repeated.

But Ajit was in high spirits. "They'll give their consent, all right," he said. "I must say I never expected it to be so easy. You remember I told you what a time I had trying to persuade the villagers of Gomri two months ago. Such *junglies!*" He leaned against the doorpost and watched his friend dress. "Do you know what, Nirmal? As I watched you standing there by the river in your red *lungi*, your face upturned to the crowd, the idea occurred to me that they suspected you of being a god. Yes, I do believe that they felt in their hearts, if not in their heads, that you might be a handsome manifestation of Ganesha, come to Banóg to bring it your blessing in the form of an irrigation scheme devised by the Development Board at Delhi!" He laughed. "Listen, Nirmal. They're coming. Listen to the drum." He looked out the door. "My God, they're bringing garlands for us!"

BY noon, the two young men had started their return journey up the mountain. The entire population of Banóg, trailed by the village dogs and even by the goats, escorted them to the foot of the hill. Parents led their children forward to make obeisance and to take dust from the feet of Nirmal, and as he and Ajit climbed the path down which they had come the day before, the sound of the village drum and reed pipe pursued them, with the dwindling sound of cattle bells and faint cries of farewell.

Ajit walked with a spring in his step and kept stopping to slap Nirmal on the shoulder and to exclaim, in English, "What a miracle! What fun! It was as simple as falling off a log. Every one of them wanted to put his thumbprint on that form—even the children! You know what, Nirmal? I believe that this will mean promotion for both of us!"

Nirmal said nothing. He was thinking, why does Ajit like to show off his English even when we are alone? The thought had crossed his mind often enough in the past, but today it irritated him. He replied coldly in Hindustani, "I am not good at conversation while going uphill."

They regained the road above the path and paused to rest and smoke cigarettes. The village lay far below them. Dust from the plains had swept upward for miles, and hung in a dun-colored haze upon the mountain. Nirmal watched the small figures of the villagers going about their day's work. He fancied he could hear their voices, but he no longer wondered what passed in their minds.

"My uncle, Pua Lal, from Bombay, will be especially happy about this," said Ajit in a confiding voice. "You know, he expects to get the contract for the cement that is to be used in building the dam. He made a great deal of money during the war, and he is anxious to find some good investments in this part of the country. He is very friendly with our politicians and has donated large sums toward their political expenses. I think he will get the contract, all right." He smoked contentedly, appraising the hills. "Think, Nirmal! Perhaps the next time you and I set eyes on this place it will be transformed. It will be utterly unrecognizable."

He finished his cigarette and turned

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briskly away. "Come on, Nirmal. I can't wait to get back to that Rest House. A hot bath, iced drinks, fresh clothes!" He started up the road, whistling, but Nirmal hesitated, the cigarette dead between his fingers. Below him, the valley seemed to fill with gloom. What had he done? He didn't know. How could he know? How could anyone know?

Suddenly, with a propitiatory gesture, he removed the garland of pomegranate flowers from his neck and hung it on a dry branch that grew beside the path. Then he turned and fled up the road after his friend.

—CHRISTINE WESTON

•

TURNING POINT

This lingering of summer
is proof of summer's flight,
though nothing moves but the shadow,
nothing moves but light.

Level and long and lovely,
and day by day more brief,
timeless, very quiet,
the light enfolds the leaf,

lies like a glaze upon it,
with each day less of light—
an unperceived withdrawal
to autumn as to night.

Oh, see it—golden water
at the turn of the tide—
cover the town, submerge it,
golden and glorified,

engulfed without concealment
in light poured down like rain,
flooded with light, and flaming
with light at every pane.

Seeing this lost Atlantis
new-found, the known made strange,
a man is half persuaded
of time divorced from change,

and half forgets the promise
of time and change—to show
the land this light transfigures
transformed again by snow.

—CONSTANCE CARRIER

•

Balzac the lover, who changed his women more frequently than he changed his shirt.—*"Balzac," by Stefan Zweig, page 133.*

George Sand... changed her lovers more frequently than her handkerchiefs.—*Ibid., page 257.*

Anybody want to change the figure of speech?

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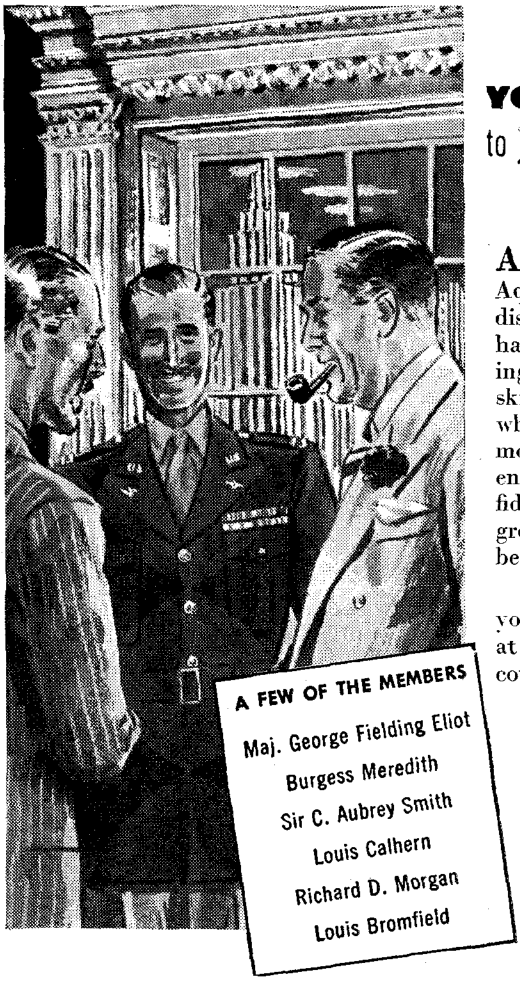

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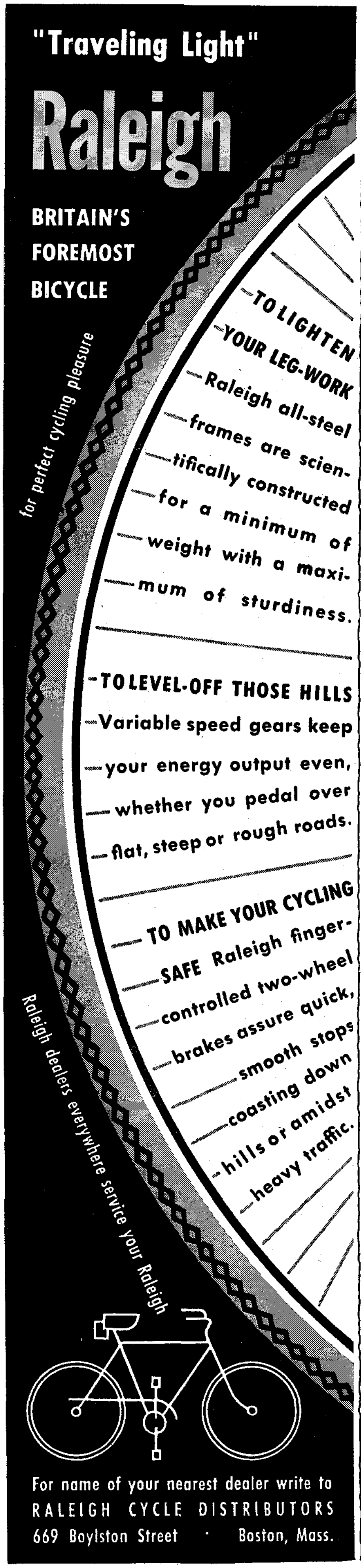

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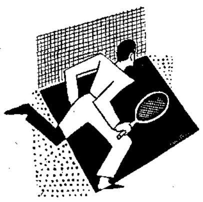

THE Davis Cup Committee owes a vote of thanks to Roy Cowling, non-playing captain of the Australian team, for a timely and adroit bit of diplomacy during the recent Cup matches, which, as you doubtless know, ended last week in a 4–1 victory for the United States. There were grounds for a vicious controversy over the stationing of a masseur on the sidelines to rub out the cramps in Ted Schroeder's right arm between games in his match with John Bromwich. The presence of an extra man on the turf is clearly forbidden by the Davis Cup rules, but Cowling amiably brushed aside a suggestion that he ask the officials to cancel Schroeder's victory and credit the contest to Bromwich. Cowling said that this was an absurd idea, and added something about bygones being bygones. Those were his final words on the subject. Any less gracious behavior by Cowling could easily have led to an unpleasant spraining of international good will.

I haven't yet read what the Australian papers had to say about the matches, but I doubt very much that they duplicated Cowling's spirit of altruism. Australians take their losses as hard as we do, and my guess is that it will be some time before they let any bygones remain bygones. A couple of the other items that may make it difficult for the Australian Commonwealth to accept the outcome of the Cup matches without rancor were Jack Kramer's somewhat debatable status as an amateur, and Schroeder's frequent changes of footwear during his two singles matches. About a month ago, Kramer let it be known that he would turn professional after winning this year's National Singles Championship, a victory he can't very well avoid unless he breaks both legs before Sunday. The U. S. Lawn Tennis Association took no official notice of Kramer's plans—a curious lack of attention, since earlier this year it suspended Pauline Betz, the Women's Amateur Champion, and Sarah Palfrey Cooke for inquiring into the possible benefits of a professional tour. The members of the Australian team made no cracks about that, nor did they protest when Schroeder received permission from the umpire to wear spiked shoes on the slippery stadium turf, although their own footgear was spikeless. It's a reasonable bet that without spikes Schroeder would have lost to Dinny Pails, whom he downed in a spectacular five-set, seventy-one-game match, the longest challenge-round singles in Davis Cup history. Toward the end of the second set, Schroeder took off his rubber-soled sneakers; a few minutes later he removed his socks; in the fifth, and deciding, set, with Pails leading, 4–3, he got tired of playing barefoot and called for his spikes. Schroeder pulled out the set, 10–8.

There isn't much to say about Kramer's singles game, except that it's just about perfect. He has all the strokes, an extraordinary sense of anticipation, enormous speed, and more stamina than he has ever needed. It took him only twenty-three games to beat Pails, and twenty-five to dispose of Bromwich. The one person I can imagine giving him much of a game today is Bobby Riggs, whom he will presumably meet in the final of next year's World Professional Championship. For all his greatness, Kramer is weak in doubles. Playing with Schroeder against Bromwich and Colin Long, he was constantly caught out of position, mostly because he rushed the net even when it was obvious that the Australians would lob, thereby forcing Schroeder to cover the entire back of the court. This confused strategy, along with Bromwich's fine volleying and Long's powerful service, gained the Australians their only victory. They're already saying they'll do better next year, and I think they're right.

—P. W. W., JR.

•

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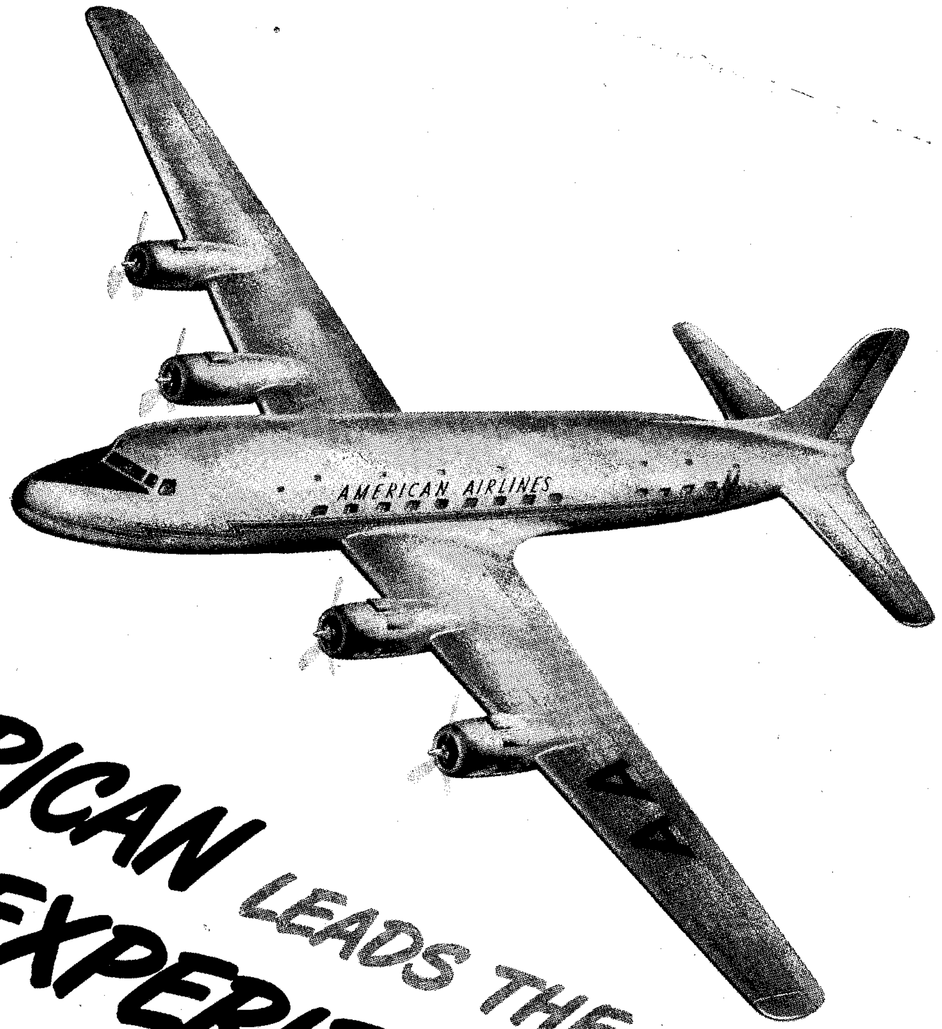

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

DISPLACED

ONE of the oratorical flourishes that almost every politician uses when addressing a group of foreign-born citizens is to hail America as the haven of the oppressed. He tells of the coming of the Pilgrims; of the German Revolution of 1848, which sent us such valuable Americans as Carl Schurz; of the flight of the Irish from their potato famine; of the exodus of Russians in the time of the Czars; and, if he is really in good form, of the arrival of multitudinous Italians and southeastern Europeans early in this century. In another year or so, when enough of a new group of immigrants have landed here, the politician will be able to add a modern category, the D.P.s, or displaced persons. A Presidential order issued in December, 1945, permits an annual influx of thirty-nine thousand D.P.s, but so far, because of transportation difficulties and the complications of making selections among the hundreds of thousands of D.P.s in American camps and roaming the Continent, only seventeen thousand have entered the country. One morning a while ago, the Steamship Marine Perch landed five hundred and fifty-five displaced persons at Pier 86, at the foot of West Forty-sixth Street, and I was on hand in the hope of learning something about what it meant to a person to be, in the cold language of our time, "displaced."

I had made arrangements beforehand to meet and talk with a D.P. named Kurt Maier, a Czech Jew who speaks English without difficulty. He is a slight man with blue eyes that appear terribly tired but brighten when he becomes interested in something. His light-brown hair is thin, and he looks three or four years older than his age, which is thirty-five. He is a professional pianist and accordionist. Before the war, he played in Prague, Budapest, Vienna, Milan, and, mostly, in Karlsbad, where he was born and where his widowed mother was living. There, because of the large number of American and British tourists, he had plenty of opportunity to practice his English, which he had studied in school. He worked in resort hotels and cafés, either as a pianist or as an accordionist. In the summers, when wealthy tourists came for the cure, he got large tips for playing request numbers. He had many friends in those days, and he led a pleasant, footloose, independent sort of life.

When I found Maier, soon after he had debarked, he was standing under one of the usual large white placards—the one on which was painted, in black, the letter "M"—waiting for the customs men to inspect his baggage. Clasped tightly under one arm was a worn briefcase stuffed, as I later discovered, with sheet music. Beside him was the rest of his baggage, a valise. Also under the "M" were some other displaced persons—an elderly Polish priest, over whose black cassock was hung a G.I. musette bag; an even more elderly Austrian woman, in a wheel chair; and a young, handsome German woman holding a small girl by the hand. Passengers were still debarking when I arrived, and were being greeted at the foot of the gangplank by representatives of Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant welfare groups who told them where to go—in their own tongue if they could not speak English. The day was cloudy and windy, and it was dark on the pier, which was not especially crowded. The Marine Perch had tied up ahead of time, and so far there was no swarm of friends and relatives behind the barrier at the street end of the pier. The customs men, like the relatives, were slow in turning up. "Well," Maier said tolerantly, "I've waited years for them, I can wait a little longer."

I apologized for the poor service, and said that if I were in his place, I'd be impatient.

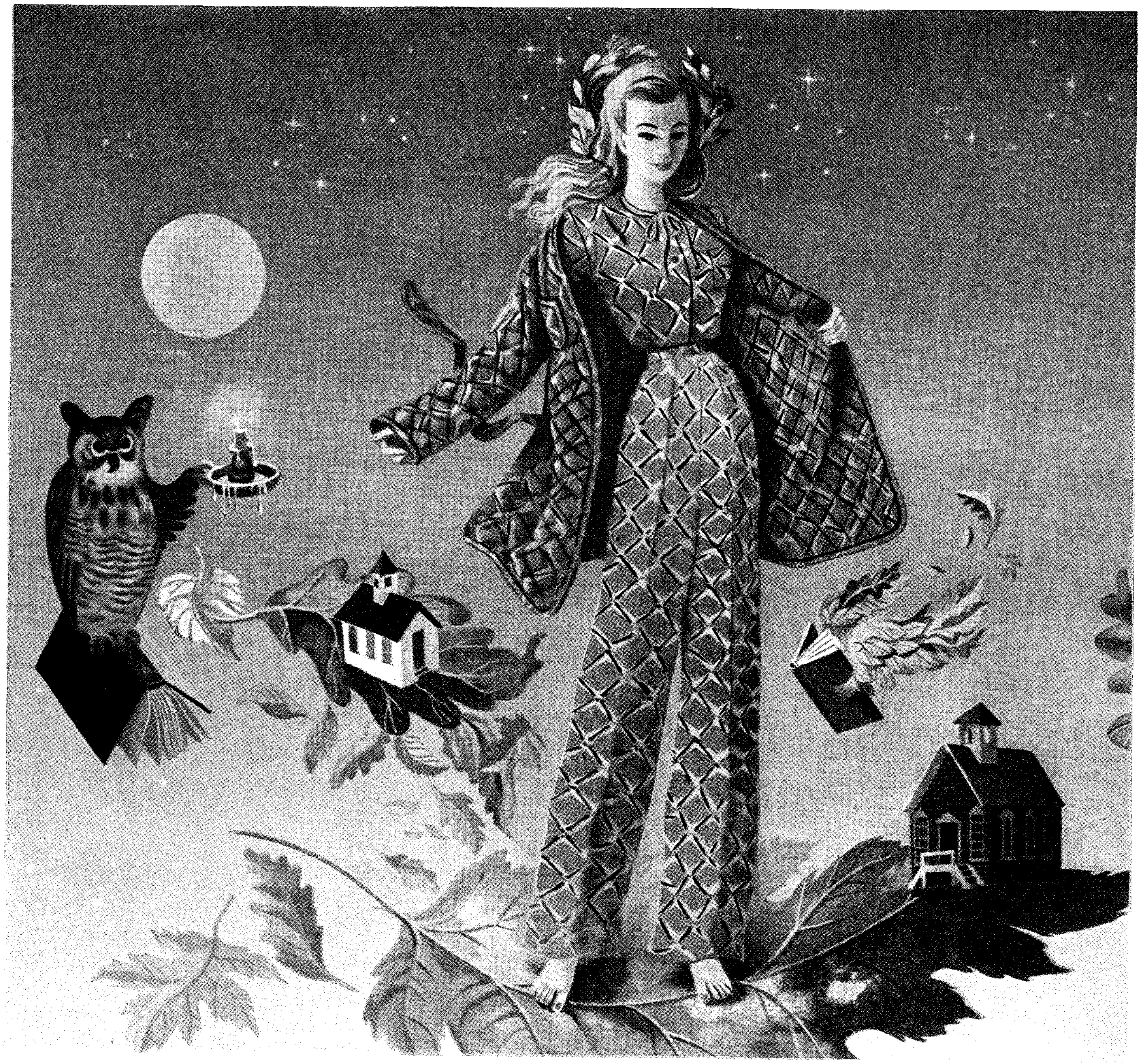
"To tell you the truth," he said, pointing toward the barrier, "I *would* like to know what is outside there in the street."

"Taxis, trucks," I said.

He laughed. "I should have known that myself," he said, "but when you've been thinking of nothing for years but coming to a particular place, you build up a funny picture in your head. This morning, I was leaning on the ship's rail, seeing New York at last, but it didn't look right. It looked smoky, as though it were full of factories. And the skyline! The other D.P.s and I thought the city had been bombed, just as the Nazis used to tell us. First we saw a skyscraper, then low buildings, then skyscrapers—up and down, up and down, just like after bombs. Also, the Empire State Building was not so big. I had thought it was much taller. Long ago, before the war, my sister Alice, and Karl, her husband, who are meeting me today, used to send me snapshots and postcards of your country. Some of the postcards were of the Empire State. Perhaps I looked at them too much." He laughed again, self-consciously.

I ASKED Maier what other thoughts he had had about America. He sat down on someone else's trunk. "The idea of coming to America could have begun with those postcards and snapshots of Alice's," he said. "When the Sudetenland was given to Hitler, I was playing in Karlsbad, at the Hotel Goldener Schild, where I had a room. I

PSYCHOANALYST
Kovarsky



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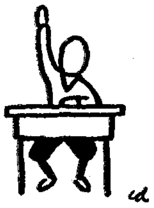
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. *Sole Importer* packed in a hurry. Then I checked my room to see if I'd forgotten something. A postcard of the Empire State was in a bureau drawer. I put it in my pocket. I didn't know why." Maier and his mother went to Prague, which was not in the occupied territory. He and an old friend formed a two-piano team and got a job at the Elysée Bar. His sister wrote often. Her news was not particularly exciting, but he looked forward to mail from her because she occasionally enclosed a snapshot of some place or building she and her husband had become interested in.



The Germans marched into the rest of Czechoslovakia that spring. At first there was very little trouble in Prague, but Maier did not feel secure. It was just a question of time, he knew, before some sweeping decree would affect him. Within a few months, the new rulers of Prague began to institute minor reforms. Maier was in the middle of a "Show Boat" medley one evening at the Elysée when a boyhood friend named Rudolph Fischer walked into the place and sat down. "We had gone to the same schools in Karlsbad and played together and done our lessons together," Maier said. "His parents and mine used to visit each other." Maier greeted him from the piano, but Fischer did not respond. Later, thinking his friend had not recognized him, Maier went over to Fischer's table and sat down. Fischer got up and left the café. "He had become a Gestapo man," Maier said. "The next day, my boss told me to look for a job somewhere else."

Maier decided to drop café work and give piano and accordion lessons. Most of the pupils who came to him were not Jewish, but as the German repression became severe, the non-Jewish ones reluctantly stopped taking lessons. Then, early in 1941, the Nazis, surprisingly, gave permission for the opening of a cabaret for Jews in Prague's Jewish district, and almost at once Maier was playing the piano again. "It was a gay place, and the nights were fine," he told me, "but the days were full of awful rumors." Mail was still coming from the United States, however. "I watched for my sister's letters from America," he said. "And when I wrote her, I would tell her to be sure and send me more pictures. In my gallery, finally, I had pictures of Broadway crowded at night, the Central Park Zoo with children and their parents standing in front of the cages, more pictures of the Empire State, and a view of New Jersey from the Hudson at West Eighty-ninth Street, which was near where Alice and Karl lived. I'd lie on the bed in my room and look at them over and over again."

Shortly before Pearl Harbor, the Jews in Prague were told to assemble at the Veletržný-Palác, an exposition building on the edge of town. From there, they were shipped, in lots, to a concentration camp outside Theresienstadt, forty miles northwest of Prague. Maier and his mother went in one of the first contingents. They spent two and a half years there. "Theresienstadt was not nearly as bad as the camps that came later," Maier said. "The Swiss and Swedish Red Cross representatives were always visiting it, and the Nazis wanted them to see how well they treated their prisoners. They let us have a coffeehouse and a garden." They also let the camp have a band, which played continuously from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. in the coffeehouse. Maier, of course, was a member of it. His mother was put in a women's unit assigned to mending the clothes of the camp's Nazi staff. The days went by pointlessly. The prisoners were not terrorized at Theresienstadt, but Maier found living in a ghetto oppressive. "Before, I had never cared whether my friends were Jews or Christians. I still didn't. You know how it is with musicians—if you can play a nice obbligato or hold a long note, that's all that matters. But in this camp, each day, I was supposed to think, 'We are Jews. We are different.'"

In May, 1944, Maier's mother was transferred to the concentration camp in the Silesian town of Auschwitz, and shortly after that Maier himself followed. It was not, like Theresienstadt, a ghetto, but it had notable aspects of its own; conveniently located at each corner of the camp was a gas chamber and a crematorium. "At night," Maier said, "the flames in the crematoriums rose eight, nine feet into the air. They looked as though they came from the chimneys of a porcelain factory." The gas chambers were for the old and the sick. Maier's mother was sixty-one, so she was gassed. Maier learned about it, through the camp grapevine, the day it happened.

The young and the healthy were put to digging coal in the mines near Katowice and Gliwice. In general, they lived only a little longer than the gas victims, because the conditions in the mines were so bad that most of them died after a few months. Every night,

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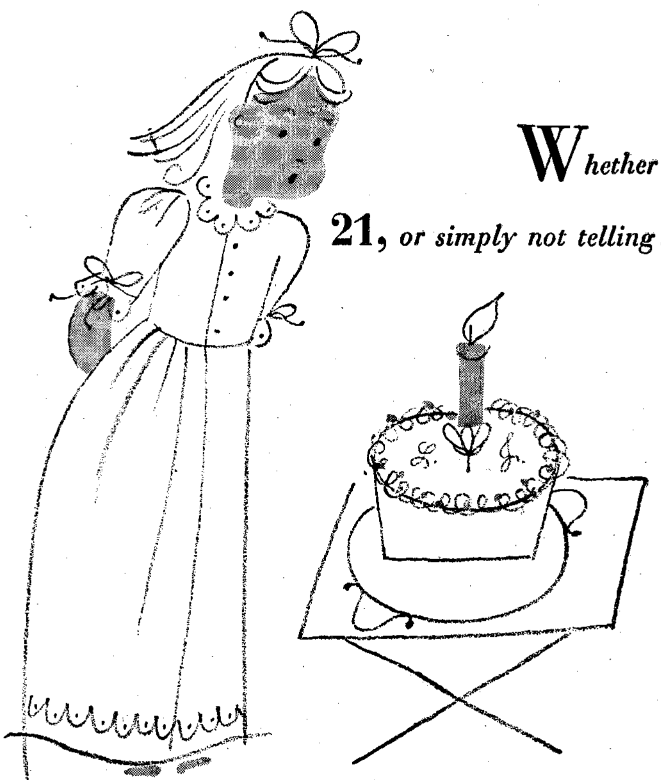

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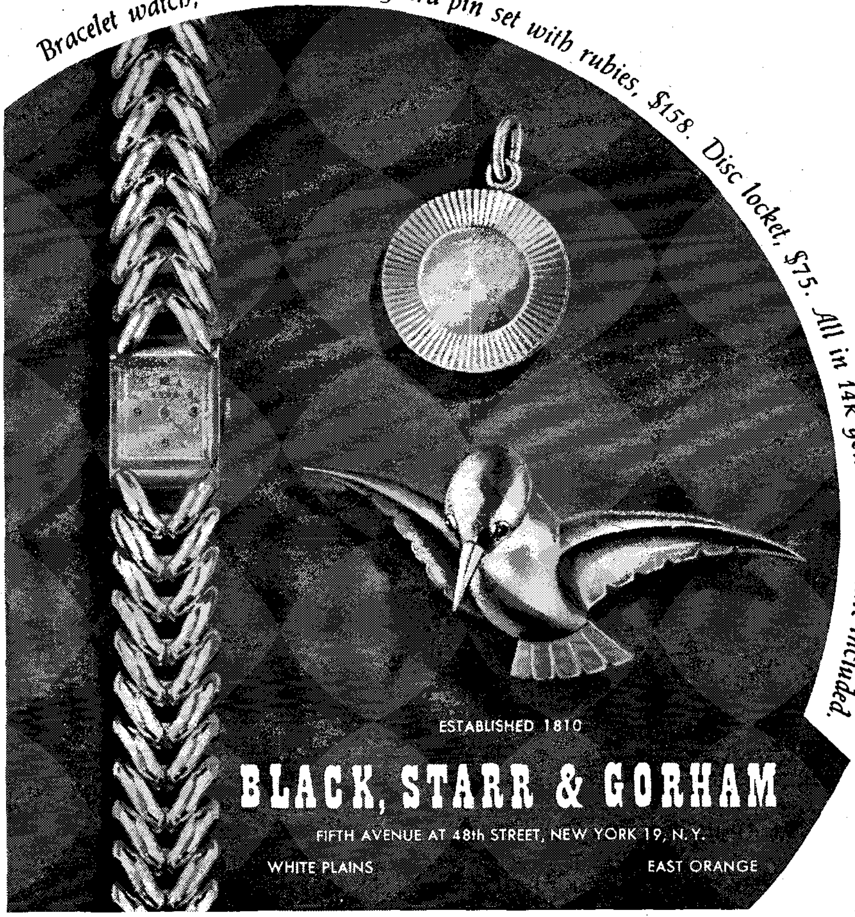

ESTABLISHED 1810

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM

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WHITE PLAINS EAST ORANGE

five or six of them deliberately threw themselves against the electrified wire fence that ran around the camp. Maier owes his survival to a quaint competition that developed among several concentration-camp commandants. The head of the Auschwitz installation, hearing that bands had been organized in other camps, was determined that Auschwitz should not be outdone. Maier, instead of being sent into the mines, was assigned to the camp's musical contingent. "There were twenty-four of us," he told me. "At six in the morning, we'd be standing outside the commandant's quarters at the camp gate playing 'Alte Kameraden' or some other march, so that the prisoners would keep step as they passed in review on their way to the mines. Other times, we'd be called out to play when truckloads of our fellow-prisoners were being driven off to the gas chambers. The idea was for us to drown out their cries, but we never could."

When Maier arrived at Auschwitz, his sister's postcards and snapshots and all his papers were taken away from him. "I felt lost without the American pictures," he told me. "I'd close my eyes and try to recall every feature of them. I got so I thought I could see all the faces in that snapshot of the crowd on Broadway." Gradually, however, the images began to fade. "The more this happened to me, the more difficult it became to go on believing that there was any world outside Auschwitz. And when you decided that Auschwitz was the whole world, the idea of walking into the wire fence some night seemed reasonable."

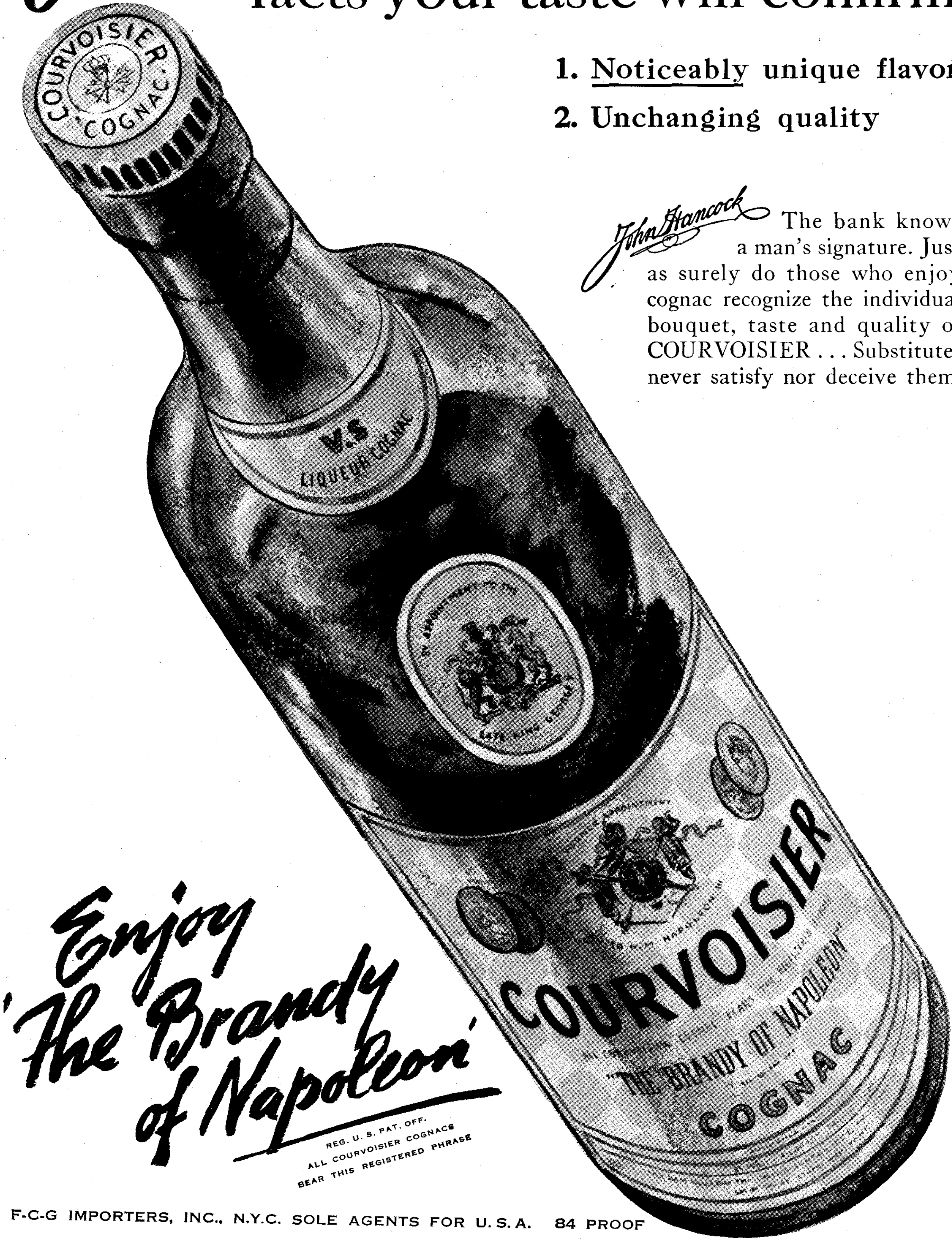
Maier had been in the camp about a month when he received assurance, in an odd way, that the world was still bigger than Auschwitz. One afternoon, an American fighter plane flew over the camp, turned around and flew back, circled for a while, and then dived at one of the high watchtowers just inside the wire fence. A Nazi soldier was doing guard duty on the tower. There was a burst of machine-gun fire from the plane, and he toppled from his platform and bounced off the wire fence below. "Now, here is the interesting thing. Only the Russians were regularly flying in our vicinity," Maier said, "but the plane that happened to come to our camp and kill the guard was an American, who must have been lost, and this impressed me."

AFTER two months at Auschwitz, Maier was shipped farther west, to a camp at Sachsenhausen. Right be-

Courvoisier facts your taste will confirm

1. Noticeably unique flavor
2. Unchanging quality

John Hancock The bank knows a man's signature. Just as surely do those who enjoy cognac recognize the individual bouquet, taste and quality of COURVOISIER . . . Substitutes never satisfy nor deceive them.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"THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON"
COGNAC

Enjoy 'The Brandy of Napoleon'

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ALL COURVOISIER COGNACS
BEAR THIS REGISTERED PHRASE

F-C-G IMPORTERS, INC., N.Y.C. SOLE AGENTS FOR U.S.A. 84 PROOF side it, the Nazis had constructed an underground airplane factory, which two shifts of slave laborers kept going twenty-four hours a day. Soon after Maier arrived, he asked one of his fellow-prisoners if the camp had been bombed by Allied planes. "No," the prisoner answered. "The Americans are flying in this section, but they haven't bombed the camp, because they don't want to kill us. But we are not so sure they are right. Some of us think they ought to bomb this place in order to disrupt the factory. Without us, the Nazis can't produce airplanes. Others believe that if we are spared, we may be able to rebel against the Nazis when the right time comes."

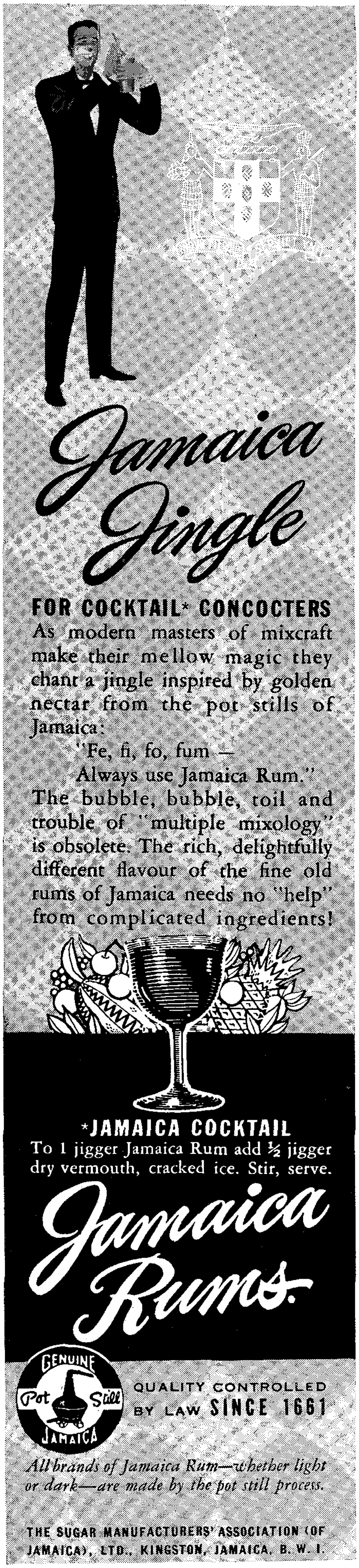
At night, in the barracks, this question was constantly debated. Occasionally, when the arguments became bitter, some peacemaker would say, in effect, "Well, the Americans have more information than we have. We must trust them." "I could never find out what made them so certain that the Americans knew about the underground factory," Maier told me. "But that did not make any difference. The speculation about whether the Americans were right or wrong gave a life to the camp that I had seen at neither Theresienstadt nor Auschwitz. The people acted as though they could control their own fate. All they had to do, it seemed, was to agree unanimously among themselves on what America's bombing policy should be. Fortunately, they never did."

Maier was at Sachsenhausen only three weeks, and then was shifted farther west, to Ohrdruf, in Thuringia. Near this town, six thousand slave laborers were completing two projects in a lovely hillside forest—a V-2 launching site and a defense line. The laborers, most of whom were not Jews, had been drafted in every occupied country on the Continent. Maier was assigned to the V-2 site and given a wheelbarrow, a shovel, and a pickaxe. The guards shot a great many laborers who faltered. Beatings were common. One afternoon, when Maier did not seem to be working fast enough, a guard wearing brass knuckles went to work on him and permanently scarred his chest.

The only respites at Ohrdruf came on the occasions when Allied planes—always American now—flew over the area. Then the laborers had to throw themselves on the ground and lie motionless, so as not to reveal the fact that a project was under way there. The thousands of slave workers, dressed in their prisoners' uniforms, lay absolutely still on the hillside, as though they were playing in some ghastly, well-rehearsed tableau. "It was such pretty country," Maier said. "Our hillside looked down on a valley that had a crooked river going through it. We would think of freedom when we looked at the country. We would not often think of it when we were inside our barracks. When the American planes were overhead, we would press against a stone, resting at last, and look up at the tall birches and firs of the forest and the yellow alpine flowers, and smell the valley air. On those days, I knew what we would talk about in our barracks at night. It was always the same. 'If only the pilots would land and pass out guns to us!' we would tell each other."

Maier was beginning to wonder how much longer he could stand the work when he was summoned to the headquarters of the Ohrdruf commandant, whose name was Stibitz. The Nazi pointed at an accordion lying on his desk and said, "I have had much difficulty in finding this instrument. I want to hear music. Play. Play 'Mamatschi.'" This is a sentimental ballad about a little boy who keeps asking his mother to buy him a horse. Maier became Stibitz's private minstrel. Often the commandant invited two or three other Nazi officers in to spend the afternoon in his office in the prisoners' area listening to Maier. Once they made him play "Mamatschi" over and over for an hour. "Just as you'd expect, one of them cried," Maier recalled.

Maier's musical career at Ohrdruf came to an end after American planes had made their first nuisance raids on the part of the camp where the Nazi officers and guards had their quarters and bomb shelters. They had orders to use the shelters whenever the siren was sounded. The commandant, however, always hustled over to the prisoners' area, where he was pretty sure no bombs would be dropped and he would be safe. He would proceed to his office, where Maier would be waiting for him. "Stibitz demoted me," Maier said. "Instead of having me play 'Mamatschi,' he would have me make him coffee, or he would take off his boots and order me to shine them. Once he took a shower and told me to soap him. He thought up the lowliest things, because he knew what I was thinking—that in his time of danger he had come to *me*, that as long as those American planes were in the neighborhood, I could feel superior to him. I even felt sorry for



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Always use Jamaica Rum."

The bubble, bubble, toil and trouble of "multiple mixology" is obsolete. The rich, delightfully different flavour of the fine old rums of Jamaica needs no "help" from complicated ingredients!

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To 1 jigger Jamaica Rum add ½ jigger dry vermouth, cracked ice. Stir, serve.

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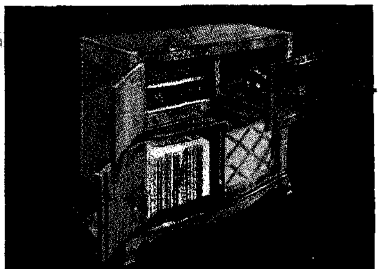
THILL-MURAY
PETER and the WOLF



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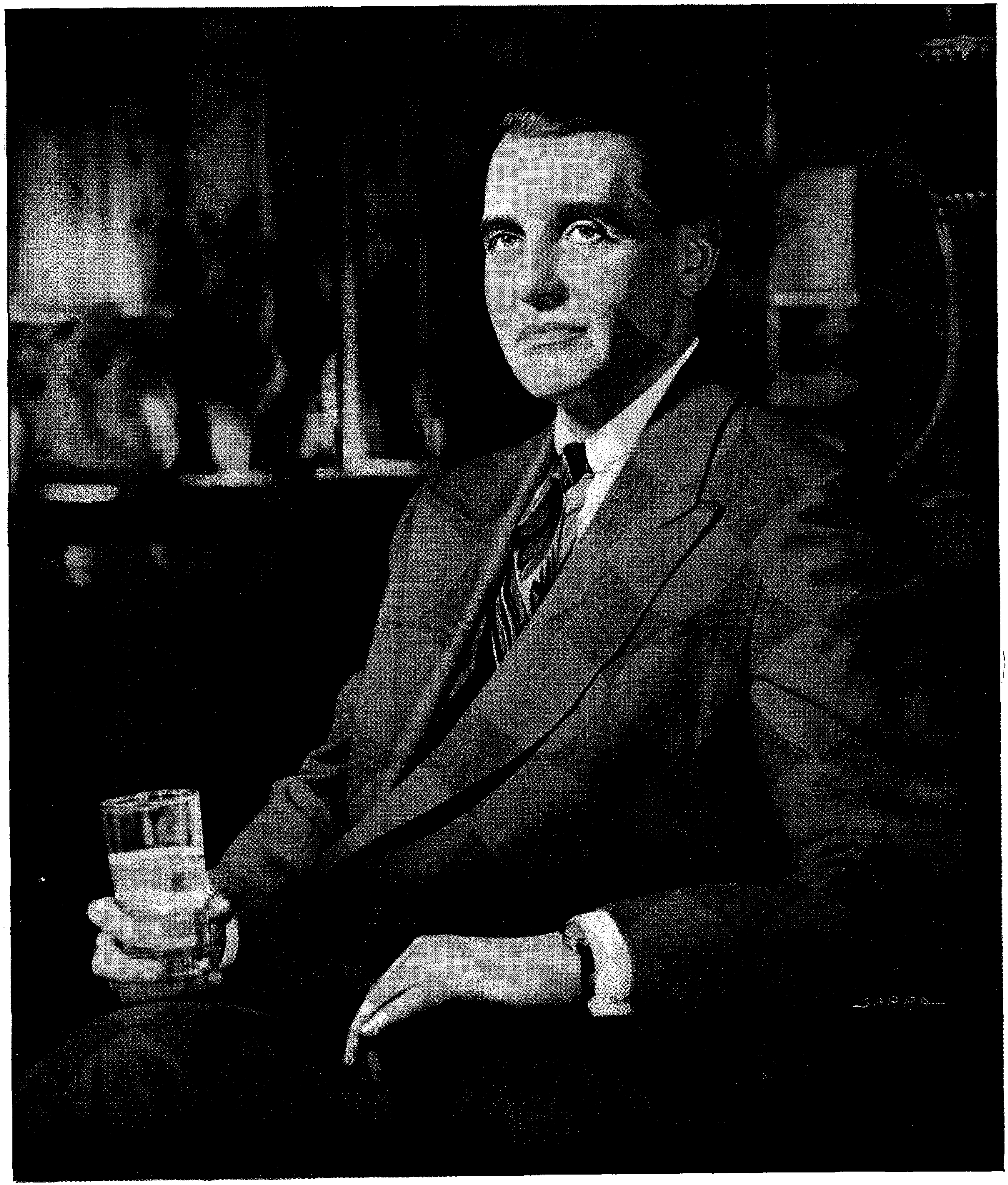

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Lord Calvert is a matchless refinement of the world's most distinguished whiskies...so *rare*...so *smooth* ...so *mellow* that it is intended expressly for those who appreciate the finest. Since Lord Calvert is usually available only on request, be sure...wherever you order...to ask for Lord Calvert specifically by name.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY.

old Stibitz occasionally, and I think he knew that."

BY March of 1945, the Allies had advanced so close to Ohrdruf that the camp's male prisoner population was evacuated. The men, most of whom had no shoes, were forced to march to Buchenwald, eighty kilometres away. Over half of the marchers had to drop out along the way and were shot. American planes, patrolling the roads, swooped down to check on the ragged parade. When they recognized the prisoners' uniforms, they dipped their wings. By the time Maier's party reached Buchenwald, the Germans there had gone berserk and were shooting prisoners indiscriminately. To those who survived, the new prison was at least tolerable, because Allied artillery fire could be heard coming closer every day. Then, on the morning of April 11, 1945, small-arms fire could be heard, and the Nazis at the camp fled. The men in the Buchenwald underground broke out guns they had secreted, armed the other prisoners, including Maier, and went on a shooting spree of their own, picking off any Nazi they could find. Most of the prisoners then scattered over the countryside and never came back. Maier was one of those who returned. "I wanted to see who had freed us," he said. "It was the Americans, all right."

IT was lucky that Maier decided to return to Buchenwald, because the next day he came down with typhus. For six weeks, he lay desperately ill in the S.S. barracks, which the Americans had converted into a hospital for the liberated prisoners. By mid-June, thanks to American doctors, nurses, and medicines, he was on his feet again. Soon afterward, a Special Services officer asked him if he would like to be an entertainer at the 1st Armored Division's Officers' Club in Stuttgart. Maier jumped at the chance. One afternoon, not long after he took the job, he was playing some Gershwin tunes for a lieutenant and a captain when the lieutenant asked him if he were German. "Czech," Maier answered. "Oh," the lieutenant said, "you're a D.P." Maier, who suspected an American wisecrack, smiled and asked, "What's that?" The lieutenant told Maier what the initials stood for, but Maier did not quite understand. He looked at the captain, who he knew could speak German. "*Verschleppte Personen,*" the captain said. "'*Verschleppte,*'" Maier said to me, "means displaced by force, against one's

The TIME Advertising Quiz No. V

HOW DO YOU RATE AS AN ADVERTISING EXPERT?
HERE'S A WAY TO TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE.

(*Answers below, upside down*)

1. **E. T. Wright Company, maker of Arch-Preserver Shoes, advertises in TIME to reach three of these five groups:**

A. U.S. postmen who walk millions of miles every week delivering the 1,091,574 subscription copies of TIME. ☐

B. 1,800,000 TIME-reading men who occupy positions of leadership and influence "in all walks of life"—and do a lot of recommending to their friends. ☐

C. Thousands of TIME-reading doctors, for their possible prescribing or recommending influence on the use of Arch-Preserver Shoes by their patients. ☐

D. Archbishops, archdukes, architects, archeologists and archers. ☐

E. Best customers of leading department stores and men's wear stores—proved time and again to be TIME-readers. ☐

2. **The H. & S. Pogue Company, leading Cincinnati department store, recently ran a fashion advertisement in TIME for four of the following reasons:**

A. A survey showed that Pogue's own customers vote TIME their favorite magazine. ☐

B. The advertisement would be an excellent springboard for a store-wide promotion of TIME-advertised products. ☐

C. TIME reaches 1,500,000 high-income women across the nation. ☐

D. To help promote the new longer skirt styles with the slogan, "Pogue skirts will go down in TIME." ☐

E. To build prestige and good will for Pogue's, among the many TIME-reading executives of companies who supply the store with merchandise. ☐

3. **Steinway & Sons advertise regularly in TIME for three of the following reasons:**

A. To sell new Steinways to the 900,000 well-off TIME families who have no piano, *and* to the 600,000 who own a piano of some kind. ☐

B. To tell TIME-reading apartment dwellers about their new fly-weight "Infant Grand." ☐

C. To establish among business executives the prestige of the piano industry in general and Steinway in particular. ☐

D. To register their new slogan, "Steinway to Paradise." ☐

E. To reach the many TIME-reading executives who can influence the purchase of musical instruments for schools, churches, clubs, etc. ☐

You can do one thing with your advertising in many magazines. But you can do many things with your advertising in one magazine—because that one magazine has collected as its audience a primary readership of 3,000,000 people who are many things to any advertiser.

There's ALWAYS an EXTRA REASON for Advertising in TIME

Every fact about the TIME audience in this advertisement is correct. The right answers are: Question I, B., C., and E.; Question II, all but D.; Question III, A., C., and E.

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Symphony No. 5 in C minor: 4—12″ records $7.00
Symphony No. 6 in F major ("Pastorale"): 5—12″ records $8.75
Symphony No. 8 in F major: 3—12″ records $5.25

DVORAK:
Symphony No. 5 in E minor ("From the New World"): 5—12″ records $8.75

TCHAIKOVSKY:
Piano Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor (with Conrad Hansen, pianist): 4—12″ records $7.00
Serenade For Strings in C major: 3—12″ records $5.25
Symphony No. 6 in B minor ("Pathétique"): 5—12″ *records* $8.75

Write for a list of these and other imported Ultraphon recordings available at

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Gramophone Shop
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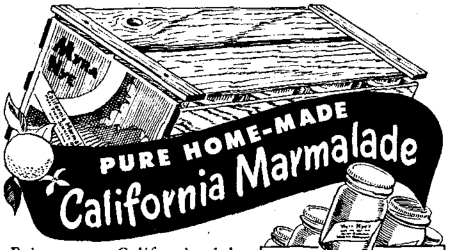

Bring sunny California right into your own home at breakfast, lunch or tea with these tangy, delicious marmalades. Better yet, give them as unusual gifts – 8 four-ounce jars packed in miniature orange crate. Delivered express prepaid anywhere in the United States. **Only $3.62**

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★ Bitter Orange
★ Sherry Orange
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★ Lime
★ Ruby Lemon
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Send me____ crates of Marmalade. Check for ____ is enclosed. Ship to
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will. It was accurate, God knows, but when I heard it for the first time, that afternoon, I suddenly felt annoyed with myself. I had been displaced for so long that it had seemed like a way of life to me. Now this new name made me wonder what the way of life had amounted to. Yes, I and hundreds of thousands of Yugoslavs and Letts and Greeks and Hollanders were going to outlive Hitler and Göring, but we had not fought. All we had done was suffer and create a new species—*Verschleppte Personen.*"

Maier didn't want to go back to Karlsbad, even though during his imprisonment he had looked forward to the day when he could. His mother was dead, and he had heard from another D.P. that the house he was born in had been bombed. There were other reasons, too. "Take a pleasant day I used to have in Karlsbad," he said. "Most of the time, I was playing at the Hotel Regina. O.K.? In the morning, on my way to breakfast, I'd buy *Die Wirtschaft* from a newsstand dealer to whom I always gave a Christmas present. Well, he went Nazi. So did the waiter who brought me my eggs. I had a Skoda car and I'd drive out to Tüppelsgrün, a swimming club where I'd often swim with Miki Prosser—also a piano player—and two girls, Flora and Gertrude. Prosser was afterward gassed at Auschwitz, and so was Gertrude, and Flora became a Nazi colonel's mistress. After lunch, the four of us would drive back and go promenading on the Mühlbrunn, the main boulevard, and see what kind of people were in the international set that year. We'd have beer and sandwiches at the Café Passage, and then it would be time to go to work at the Regina. One of the regular customers, a local leather-goods man, was quite an admirer of mine. Every evening, he'd lead the applause and tell me I was better than Eddy Duchin. But the day I left Karlsbad for Prague, after Hitler came in, he ran after me in the street and shouted, 'Glad to hear you're going to Palestine, Maier!' Late at night, when the Regina was nearly empty, some policemen on duty would drop in for a quick free drink. One of them, Rudolph Turnovsky, and I became close friends. The Nazis caught him committing sabotage." Maier shifted on the trunk on which he was sitting. "I decided it would be better to look for a new home."

Once Maier had made up his mind to look for a new home, the choice was obvious enough. He had lost his sister's address, but a U.S.O. entertainer who returned to America found her and told her that her brother wanted to come to this country. She "sponsored" him with the immigration authorities; that is, she guaranteed that he would not become a public charge in this country. Maier was put on a D.P. waiting list, and after six months was instructed by the American Consulate at Stuttgart, where he was still working at the officers' club, to proceed to Bremerhaven to board the Marine Perch.

WHEN the customs man finally came along to inspect Maier's valise and briefcase, Maier greeted him with a solemn handshake. The official grinned and said to me, "Some of them even ask for my autograph." The inspection was quick. Maier had few possessions. Among them was a green fatigue suit, with the number 104994 sewed on it. "A souvenir," Maier told me. "Buchenwald." The customs man stamped Maier's two pieces of luggage, and a lady welfare worker appeared and led him to where everyone else who had cleared customs was seated, on a row of chairs about a hundred feet short of the barrier. She wrote down his name and the name of his sponsor on a piece of paper, which she took to a young man who was announcing over a public-address system.

The D.P.s said very little to each other as they waited. They seemed tense, and they stared at the announcer, as if by doing so they would know sooner whose name he was going to call out next. By now, the relatives and friends had arrived in force and were crowded behind the barrier. Several policemen kept telling them to stand back. They set up a din, which subsided abruptly whenever a name was announced over the public-address system. Maier was as tense as the other D.P.s. "A few more minutes," he said excitedly, "and I will be out in the street and really in America." He stopped as the announcer said, "Erno Grünwald, sponsored by David Weiss! Erno Grünwald for David Weiss!" Then he said, "The American soldiers in Germany used to tell me that one had to watch how one walked in American streets, because they were covered with chewing gum. I don't expect to see that, but I expect some surprises. In fact, I have already been surprised, in a way. I had always pretended to myself that the harbor where I arrived would have only one pier, with the word 'America' in lights. But this morning we passed many piers, and I remembered my little fantasy about the pier. Why so many piers? Do some people refuse to land in America unless they can land at their favorite pier? Also, this morning, from the boat, we saw a plane writing 'Pepsi-Cola' in the sky. I had heard of Coca-Cola, but never of Pepsi-Cola—"

"Szymon Wroclawski . . ."

"But I am talking like a tourist," Maier said. "I am *not* a tourist, you know."

"Josef Zeichner . . ."

"There are so many things I want. It is so long since I have invited friends to spend an evening with me at my place. It is years—"

"Max Alexander . . ."

"I would like to have a regular job once more. I'd like to be playing music again in a small café full of people who have come together to drink and talk and have a good time, a café where no one would dream of saying 'Jewish swine' to me. Perhaps, after a while, I might even have a family of my own. But American women are probably too remarkable for me. I have heard that on Sundays, American fathers can be seen pushing baby carriages. In Europe, that never happens. There, the women—"

"Kurt Maier . . ."

Maier sprang from his chair. He stood still for a minute, uncertain what to do next. Then the welfare worker came up to him. "Follow me," she said. The two of them went off toward the barrier as his name was repeated over the public-address system. Behind the barrier, I could see a man and woman start to push forward through the crowd. These two finally reached the gate, but there an officer stopped them. The woman cupped her hands, and I could hear her voice above the noise: "Kurt! Kurt!" It was then that Maier saw her. He began to run, and since his briefcase and valise were light, he could move quickly. In a few seconds, he was yards ahead of the lady guide. She stopped, watched him for an instant, and then turned and came back for another displaced person.

—DANIEL LANG

•

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Bachrach
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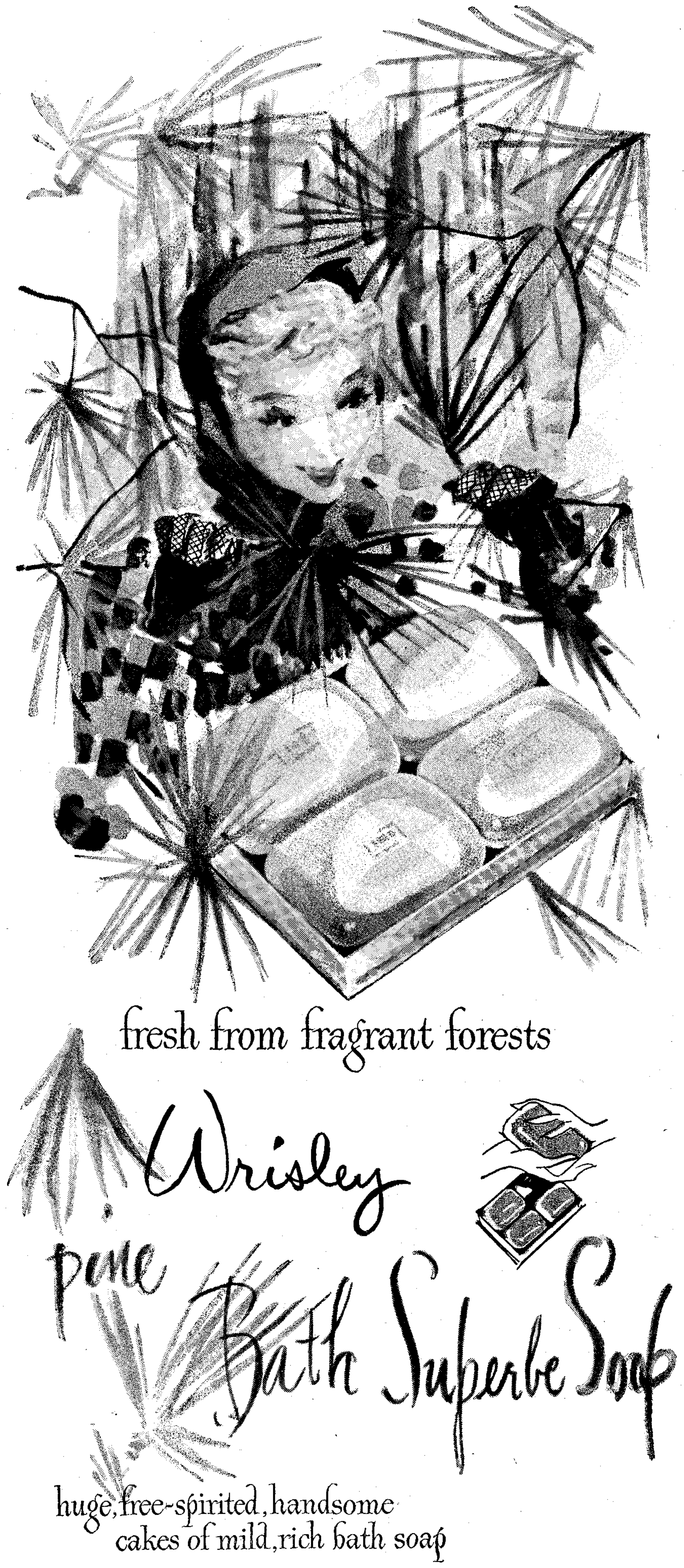
fresh from fragrant forests
Wrisley
pine
Bath Superbe Soap
huge, free-spirited, handsome cakes of mild, rich bath soap

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Feathered Fun

TWO FEA
THEY WE

EVEN though it's been a long time since I've watched any bird more glamorous than a pigeon, this report on the English film called "Tawny Pipit" will probably be influenced by an early enthusiasm of mine for peering at everything from finches to grackles. There is something at once edifying and risible about bird-watching, and in "Tawny Pipit" few aspects of the activity are overlooked. The picture tells how a placid English village is jarred from somnolence during the war by the arrival of a pair of rare pipits (*Anthus campestris*), which have to be protected while nesting from such dangers as maneuvering tanks and thieving ornithologists. The subject is, Lord knows, bursting with whimsey, but somehow Bernard Miles and Charles Saunders, the co-directors, have kept the piece gently humorous and have almost entirely avoided stickiness. It is refreshing indeed to meet, on the heels of a host of Hollywood bad men, such a diverting villain as a member of the Royal Ornithological Society who is, *sub rosa*, a ruthless nest rifler and to find him allied with a plastic-egg fabricator who manages to get clutches of valuable eggs while disguised as a Methodist cleric. "Tawny Pipit" makes much of the fact that only in free countries, such as England, do rare birds get the kind of treatment they deserve, and emphasizes, too, that only a democratic villain would have the decency to denounce himself as a cad for pinching pipits' eggs and work himself into a state for fear that he has addled them. The rural scenes in "Tawny Pipit" are pleasant to look upon, and the actors playing bucolic roles are uniformly persuasive. I liked especially one lady, who serves as the village poetess. Her hymn to the pipits starts out:

> It's a very great honour, we're all agreed,
> That they came to Lipsbury Lea to breed.

Besides co-directing the picture and writing the script, Mr. Miles also acts in "Tawny Pipit," making quite a droll character out of a retired English colonel. The pipits, incidentally, looked like common meadow stock to me, but,

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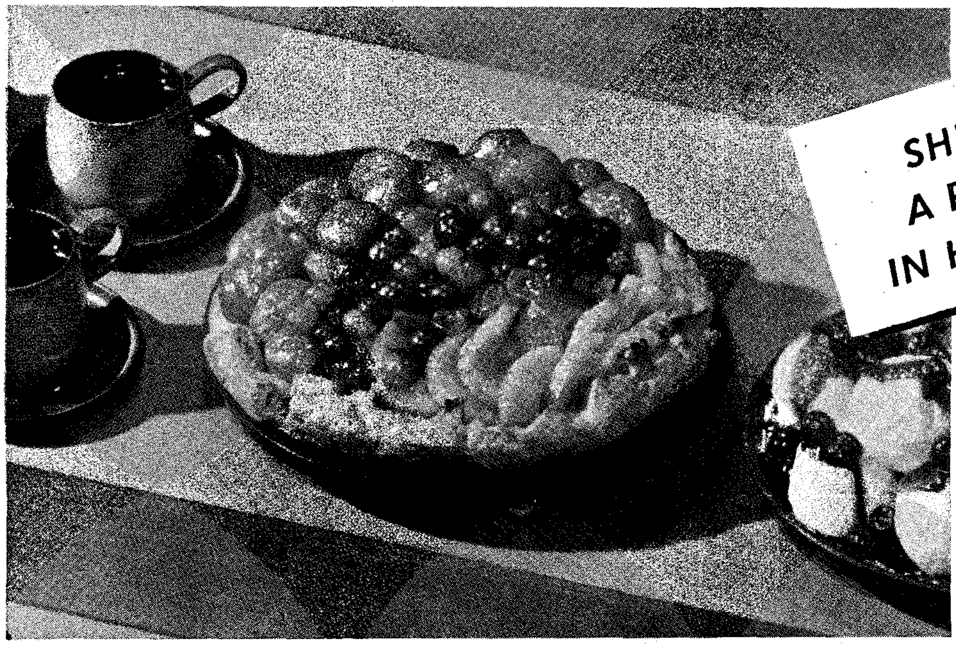

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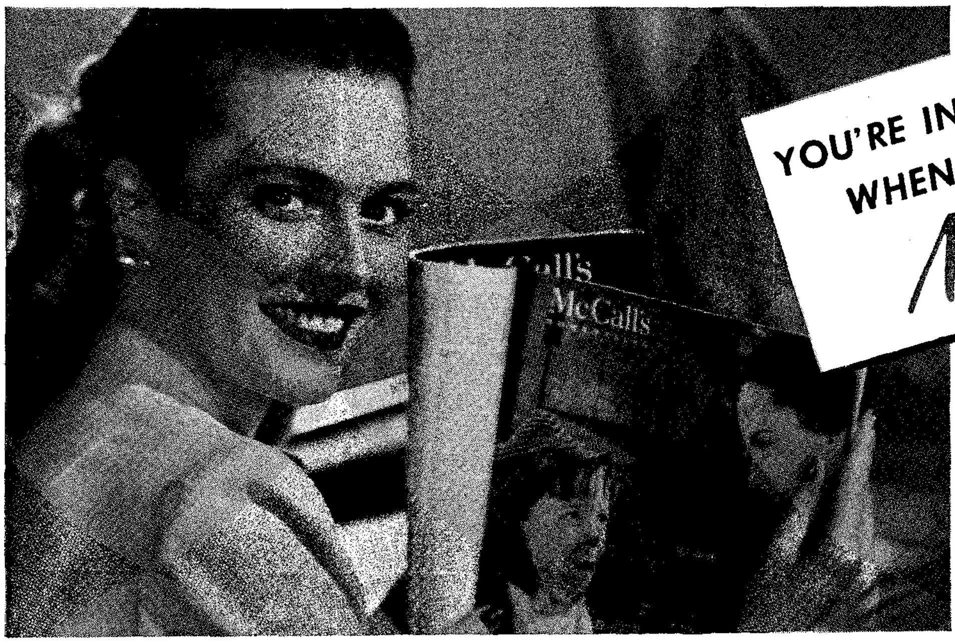

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as I say, it's been a long time since I dabbled in ornithology.

"DARK PASSAGE" demands a superlative, but it's hard to figure out which one will do it justice—"worst" or "most foolish." The leading figures in the drama are Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, and before they finally fall into each other's arms for keeps, one lady and two gentlemen have passed away most untidily. Miss Bacall, I'm sorry to report, still restricts her acting style rather severely. In moments of stress, she dilates her nostrils; at other times she is immobile. Depressed, perhaps, by her stolidity, Mr. Bogart isn't very chipper himself. I've a strong suspicion that he was as bored with "Dark Passage" as most of the customers are going to be.

"THE DEVIL'S ENVOYS," a French picture directed by Marcel Carne, offers us a cumbersome, overly stylized medieval romance that becomes progressively more tedious as it goes along, what with silly dream sequences and a wooden-faced hero who looks as if he had just arrived from a Sioux reservation. Arletty does what she can to redeem the picture, but even her considerable talents aren't enough to weigh the balance in its favor.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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Watch healthy cows chew grass in ease,
Then would I laugh at Bang's Disease.

For now where'er I look is loss,
My hopes from high this scourge did toss,
Aborted calves, decreased milk yield,
What worse ill-luck could strike my field?

But I'm not one who will appease
My fortune's thief called Bang's Disease
My vet will hear from me today,
I'll blood test now—no more delay.

My six-months' calves I'll vaccinate
To rid myself of this pet hate;
No cow of mine will serve as prey
To Bang's Disease—I'm for Plan A.

I'm through with you, you Bang's Disease,
No more earned profits will you seize;
Your playground somewhere else go find,
I don't like guests so unrefined.

I'll know again the touch of wealth,
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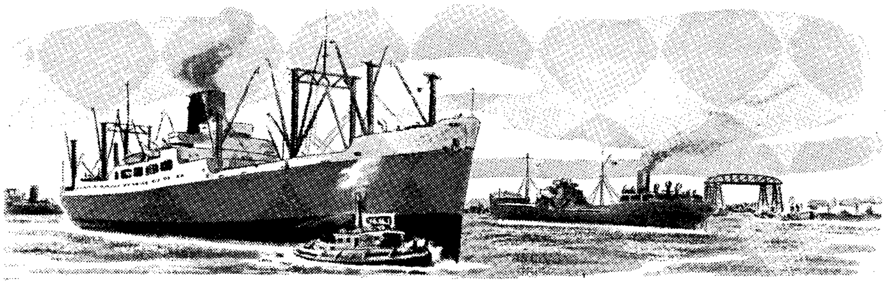

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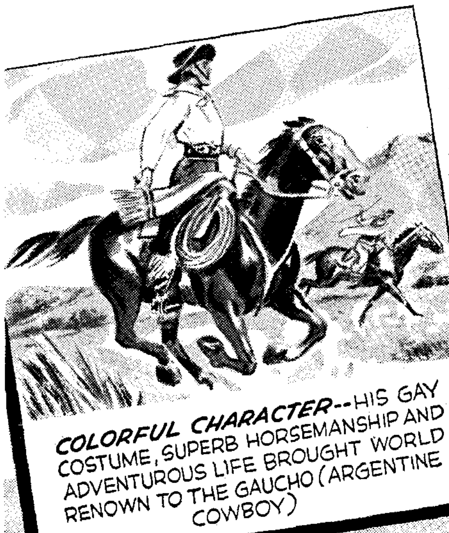

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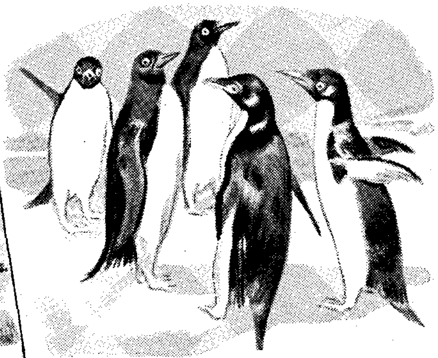

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BOOKS

Doctor to Doctor

"BLACK ANGER," published some months ago by Little, Brown, and now being reissued by the Book Find Club under the title "Black Hamlet," is a biography of a South African medicine man and witch doctor by a Russian-born psychoanalyst, doctor, and writer named Wulf Sachs. It is also a curious and wonderful story, and deserves considerably more attention than it received when it was first brought out.

In the early twenties, Sachs, then a young man, went to South Africa and settled in Johannesburg, where he encountered the *nganga*, or medicine man, he calls John Chavafambira. The meeting took place in a part of town known as Swartyard, one of the filthy, overcrowded "locations" in Johannesburg where Negroes are forced to live, when Sachs was called in to treat the medicine man's wife for a malady that would not respond to her husband's art. The white doctor's success, and his friendliness, impressed Chavafambira, and the two struck up a rather self-conscious acquaintanceship, which Sachs cultivated at first because of his professional curiosity about witch doctors. (A medicine man, he found, is a herbalist and a healer; a witch doctor's art is malign and is chiefly employed to cast evil spells on a person.) After many talks with Chavafambira, Sachs became aware that there was more in the *nganga's* story than just material for a footnote in a textbook and that he was dealing with a human being, not merely with a laboratory specimen. The so-called primitive mind, Sachs eventually discovered, is not so primitive after all.

In the course of their talks, the two men traded a great deal of professional information. Throughout their long relationship, John never admitted that his science was inferior to Sachs'; if one of his treatments failed, it was only because the patient had been in contact with whites and infected with "white poison," which resisted all native remedies. Later, he showed Sachs how to "twirl the horns" and "throw the bones," and told him how he interpreted dreams and what roots were most effective for lovesickness, the commonest complaint a *nganga* comes across. These doctor-to-doctor conversations flattered John, and gradually Sachs, switching to psychoanalysis, got him to talk freely about his personal problems and his dreams. It took years of patience and skill to draw out John's story, and the process was complicated by his unconscious antagonism for his white friend, which led him to tell lies. (He once said that all Negroes lie to white men as a matter of course.)

Sachs learned that there is a code of ethics among medicine men as rigid as that of the American Medical Association. To set up shop, one must come from a line of *ngangas*, whose departed spirits, or *midzimu*, visit their descendants in dreams to instruct and advise. John was the son of a *nganga* who had been highly honored in his poverty-ridden kraal in Manyikaland. This man, whom John revered, had died under dubious circumstances when John was very young. The dead man's brother, a wicked fellow whom John suspected of having poisoned his father, then married John's mother, set himself up as *nganga* in the kraal, and expelled the boy from the family tent. The resemblance to the situation in "Hamlet" is plain, but Sachs does not overwork the parallel between this lowly kraal intrigue and the elevated activities at Elsinore. Thereafter, John underwent an internal struggle almost as destructive as Hamlet's and marked by the same moroseness and indecision.

When he was about twenty, he left the kraal and went to Johannesburg. At first, he was astonished and delighted by the marvels of the white world, but

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WE LOAN THE MOST
MONEY TO LOAN
CASH FOR OLD GOLD
CASH FOR WATCHES DIAMONDS GUNS RADIOS CAMERAS JEWELRY MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
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QUICK CASH
CASH FOR CAMERAS
CLAUDE

after a few months in Swartyard he was not so impressed. All around him were the misery and the viciousness that comes from desperation. He saw his people driven in chains through the streets on their way to prison, subjected to a mass of nagging rules (a black man in Johannesburg, for example, must carry as many as eleven passes), and being constantly reminded that they were inferior beings who had better keep their place. This wretchedness and injustice inflicted deep scars on John and gave him a tireless hatred for the whites. He was determined to do something to improve matters, and as a result he became a medicine man. After about ten years of increasing despair, during which he alternated between moods of protest and of nihilistic hopelessness (in one of the latter periods he practiced for a while as a witch doctor), John decided to return to his kraal, oust his usurping uncle, and take his rightful place as *nganga.* But after a very short time at home he found that he had lost touch with tribal life; he had forgotten the taboos his people lived by and, worse, he could no longer regard them as important. He went back to Johannesburg.

Except for this record of instability, Sachs says, there was nothing very remarkable about John. He was what might be called an average medicine man. And yet Sachs noted in him the same fears and dreams and convictions of guilt that more educated neurotics, suffering the effects of overcivilization and the harassments of high-tension existence, so often reveal to their psychoanalysts. Even many of the dream symbols of the "primitive man," Sachs found, are precisely the ones Freud uncovered in the subconscious of his refined Europeans. Sachs also learned that the very disorders of personality that were thought to distinguish, and be the products of, our form of society—self-frustration, the unconscious wish to commit suicide, neurotic alcoholism, and so on—are common in the South African kraals. Christianity, the only part of the white man's intellectual culture allowed to the Negroes there, seems to have failed to solve anything—or, in fact, to have had any effect at all. The South African Negroes have embraced the doctrine to please the whites, but they cannot understand the Christian idea of sin, they consider the idea of the Devil and Hell foolish, and the significance of Jesus completely escapes them; most of them, Sachs says, think of Jesus as God's secretary.

As a case history of racial intolerance

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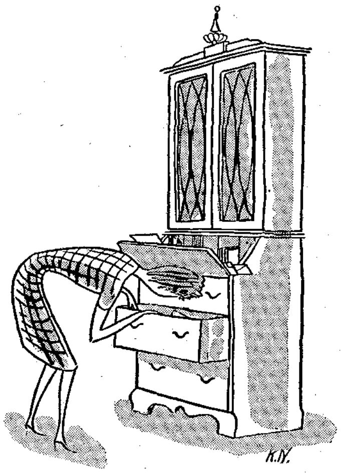
and oppression, "Black Anger" is a tragedy of considerable dimensions, but I suspect that it is more important both as an example of a new kind of anthropology, in which ritual and superstition are considered in relation to the daily life of human beings, and as a study of psychoanalysis that shows that the principles of the science hold no less true for oppressed and backward people than for those who take taxis to their analysts' Regency offices. The author is a skillful and scholarly writer, and I think you may find his book worth looking into. —ALBERT HUBBELL

VERSE

JOHN BETJEMAN'S "Slick But Not Streamlined" (Doubleday) brings the reader up against some unexpectedly weighty considerations. Modern poetry, although filled with nostalgia of various kinds and degrees, is notably lacking in pathos. Pathos, it might be said, is an emotion derived from contemporary objects or contemporary experiences; it is not a yearning for the past. Modern poets have so firmly eliminated pathos from their work that the suspicion sometimes arises that they are incapable of experiencing it, that the modern sensibility has become so hardened and abstract that entire areas of emotional response are outside its range. We would not wish, certainly, for a return to the sentimental repining of early and middle Romanticism. Yet this lack of true pathos deprives modern verse of a whole set of emotional effects and reverberations. Betjeman has nevertheless made a serious and emotional contribution to the modern lyric, all the more surprising since every effort has been made by his American publishers to emphasize his lighter side. Even W. H. Auden, who has written an introduction to Betjeman's book, dwells lengthily on the poet's skill as a satirist and on his "theatrical" manner of presenting things. Satirist and wit Betjeman surely is, but a special kind of graveness underlies a good deal of his work. Nothing is farther from pathos than parody, which is Betjeman's manner of projection, and it is an unexpected experience to find him now and again pushing parody over into the region of pure feeling. (Gide observes somewhere in his "Journal" that aesthetic problems that will not yield to a frontal attack may sometimes be solved by oblique or outflanking methods.) Betjeman brings off his effects with the greatest deftness. He is capable of writing in the most glittering way about British middle-class mores; he is capable, too, of abruptly stepping into another dimension, where sensibility is all. Suddenly, we are in the midst of pathos before we realize what response is being demanded of us.

Because Betjeman's interests are basically topographical and architectural, he goes directly toward visible and concrete symbols of middle-class pretentions and yearnings: churches and chapels, parsonages, suburbs, provincial gaslit towns and seaside lodgings, railways, viaducts, factories, tearooms, and hotels. He involves these various locales and structures in perfect replicas of nineteenth-century verse forms, not forgetting the hymn. But he matches form to feeling, rather than the other way around. So, instead of getting a stream of sly jokes and satirical cuts, we get poems whose high spirits and sharp observation are continually breaking off to admit the spirit of place and of character, the sadness of human beings and of things. The dangers in Betjeman's method are obvious. Some of his poems hang in a hair's-breadth balance between the success of sincerity and the failure of smartness. The tone of "The Arrest of Oscar Wilde at the Cadogan Hotel" is not quite a success. On the other hand, "Parliament Hill Fields" (a note of nostalgia, it must be admitted), "Death in Leamington," "Sudden Illness at the Bus-Stop," and the exquisitely satirical "Bristol and Clifton" are perfect examples of how emotion may be smuggled into the modern lyric without restricting its freedom or dulling its finish and point.



TWO books of verse by young American poets make a definite contrast to Betjeman, in both method and material. Jean Garrigue's "The Ego and the Centaur" (New Directions) gathers up poems that have been widely published in literary quarterlies. Miss Garrigue writes with disarming smoothness and ease, but is skilled at the unexpected and short-circuiting phrase—the phrase that suddenly plunges the poem into obscurity. She is good at detail, but the reader is constantly being thwarted by her labored nouns, verbs, and adjectives, her thumping resolutions, and her lack of transition. She is evidently a pupil of Wallace Stevens, but her emotional key is fixed at a medium position, and she states emotion rather than projects it. "The Sea Faring," by Louis Coxe (Holt), is the product of a more varied temperament. It has the war as part of its background. Mr. Coxe, unlike Miss Garrigue, is able to produce tension, but he, too, is a victim of the search for the tortuous phrase and overelaboration of language. Whereas Miss Garrigue seems completely satisfied with her methods, Mr. Coxe shows some sign of simplifying his. Talented young Americans are not yet able to take things easy enough, to write poems that smell less of the lamp and of the seminar than of what, for lack of a better word, we must call life. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HOUSE DIVIDED, by Ben Ames Williams (Houghton Mifflin). No previous performance in this author's career would lead one to expect a work of such genuine interest as this vivid panorama of the Civil War. The story follows the fortunes of a wealthy Virginia family, sprung from plain yeoman stock, who by 1859, when the narrative begins, were counted among the aristocratic landed gentry. To these passionately loyal Confederates comes the revelation that their dead father was Abraham Lincoln's maternal grandfather (about whom, indeed, nothing is known). Mr. Williams obviously means this to be the emotional pinnacle of the novel, but its effect is more or less lost sight of in the absorbing course of the story. The members of the clan have homes in Richmond and plantations in the Carolinas and Virginia, a dispersion that allows the author to record the various manifestations of the growing tensions that preceded the war, and, later, to follow military engagements in the South. The novel is frankly written from the Southern viewpoint, but with little of the sentimentality that now colors most accounts of the Civil War. Mr. Williams does not, for example, spare the high-placed politicians (Jefferson Davis is presented as a fool and something of a rogue), hotheads, and

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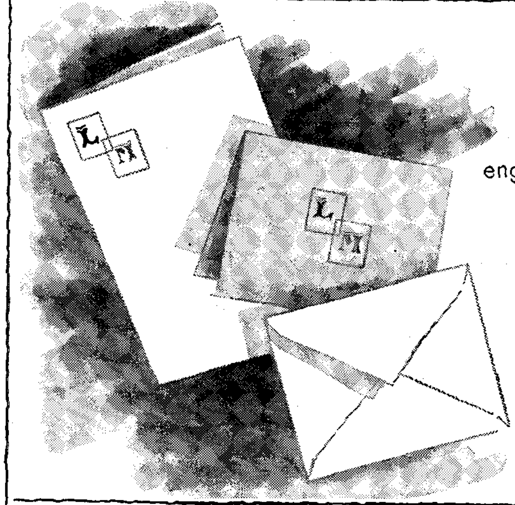
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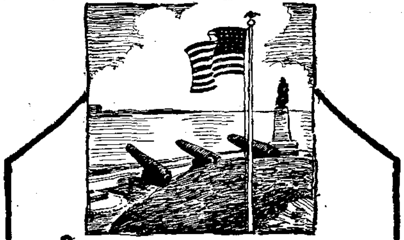

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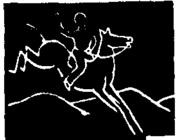

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profiteers of the Confederacy. The book has more than fifteen hundred pages, but it is almost continuously instructive.

LONELY CRUSADE, by Chester Himes (Knopf). A bitter story about a thoughtful young Negro who becomes a union organizer at a West Coast airplane factory during the recent war. Unlike most novels that explore the difficulties of the black man, this one does not stack the cards too obviously against the hero; the union members cultivate him for political purposes, and his employer is friendly to him in the hope of using him against the Communists. The tragedy of this particular man is a psychological one—a growing despair over being black, which hamstrings him in every human relationship. Mr. Himes considers this problem intelligently and convincingly; regrettably, though, he seems to think that an ugly narrative is necessarily a powerful one.

LET ME DO THE TALKING, by Richard Mealand (Doubleday). The sincerity of the author puts this far from artistic lampoon on the big-business world of letters a cut above the usual satires on the subject. The chief character, a high-pressure literary agent, is presented as a smart guy, a smooth talker, and a reverent believer in "the angle." Though Mr. Mealand doesn't think much of him, his purpose is not just to make fun of his victim. He has a good time deflating the pompous denizens of the world he so cheerfully exposes, but he is also troubled by what he sees going on there. He knows that something evil is happening to literature, but he does not quite understand what. An entertaining novel, which, for all its noisy brashness, comes near to being a good one.

THE BRIGHT PROMISE, by Richard Sherman (Little, Brown). Whatever you may think of Mr. Sherman's novel, the Literary Guild selection for September, you will not be able to deny that it gives you a lot for your money. The author provides a nostalgic review of the Franklin Roosevelt era, a study of a small-town girl in the big city, the story of the founding of the first picture newspaper, a great deal about a wife who is Not Understood, and an inspirational ending that may rest uneasily on a queasy stomach—all bound together by an amalgam of cliché and slick-paper technique.

WAY OF LIFE, by A. Hamilton Gibbs (Little, Brown). The story of an American soldier and a nice middle-class English girl who marry during the war and, after the young man loses several fingers in the fighting, are faced with the difficulties of making a good life for themselves. The book is so filled with incontrovertible high-minded sentiments that it makes one feel like a cad to say that it is among the dullest works of the season.

HOUR OF NIGHTFALL, by Myron Brinig (Rinehart). The first third of this trivial and incredibly tedious book is concerned with the crush a nosy little boy has on a beautiful girl ten years his senior. How the book ends and what sort of padding Mr. Brinig uses to fill it out will probably be discovered only by readers with infinite tolerance for the commonplace.

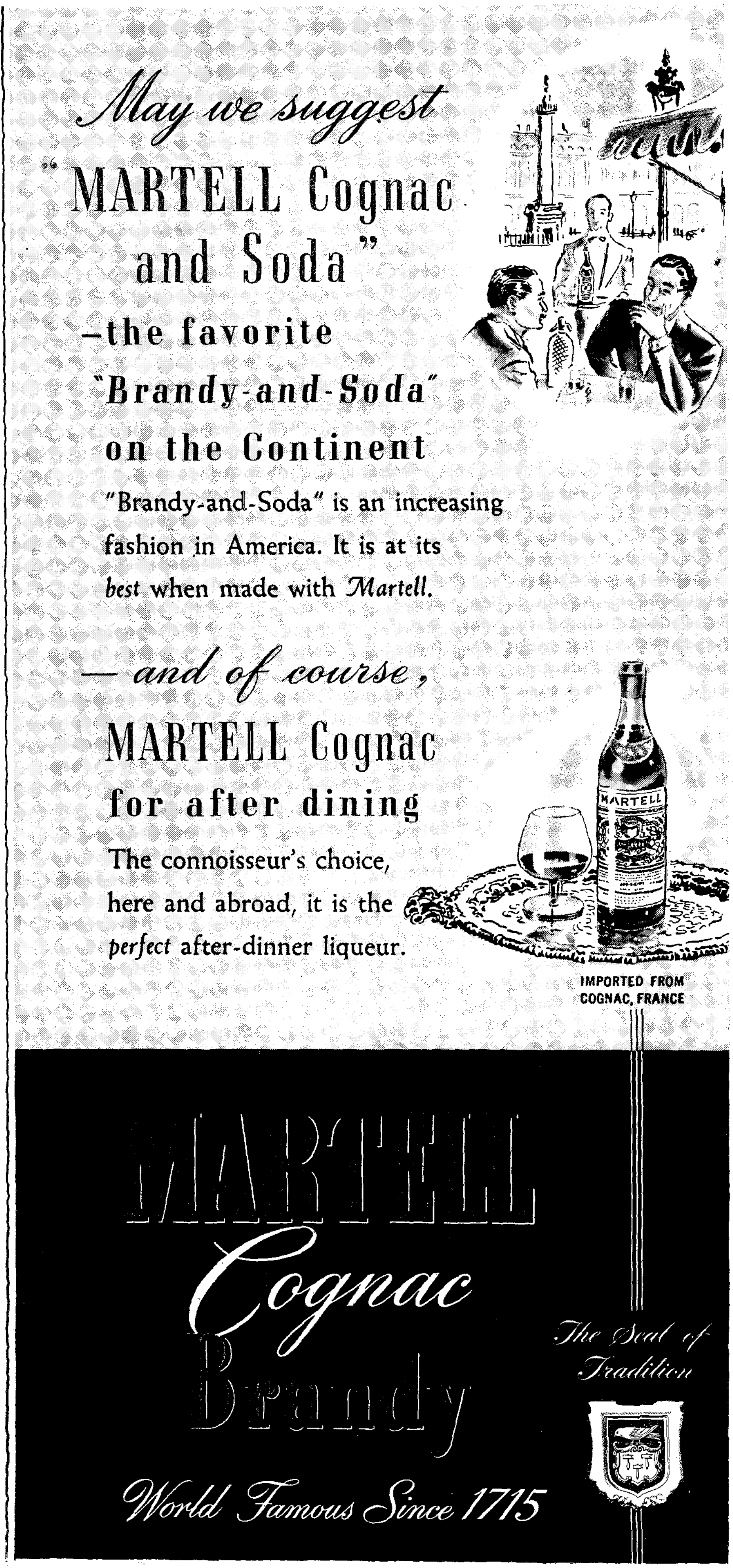
TOKYO ROMANCE, by Earnest Hoberecht (Didier). This is the novel you may have heard about, which has sold three hundred thousand copies in a Japanese edition. The simple (one might almost say simple-minded) narrative has the fascination of those French conversation exercises in which Mme. A meets Mme. B and, after inquiries about health, husbands, and children, shops thoroughly at the Bon Marché, meets friends at a *salon de thé*, and, with appropriate observations on the horse, the cab, and the coachman, takes a drive in the Bois. In Mr. Hoberecht's little exercise, Mmes. A and B are replaced by a famous American war correspondent and a beautiful Japanese movie star, who fall in love with each other. After the man has let himself be suspected of murder in order to save the lady's reputation, and the girl has sacrificed her name to clear him, they get married and spend their honeymoon at a fine, expensive hotel. The story ought to make the Japanese think very highly of American war correspondents, but what it will make them think of our fiction writers one would rather not consider.

GENERAL

A PATTERN OF POLITICS, by August Heckscher (Reynal & Hitchcock). The author of this plea for a more mature approach to American politics feels that the future course of the United States will depend to a considerable degree on whether or not we are able to get rid of the established notion that politics is a shabby, committee-room business that has very little relation to the proper conduct of a nation. Mr. Heckscher, a young newspaper editor from upstate New York, is inclined to blame most of the inadequacy of our political development on the misty belief (a heritage from Emerson and his Transcendentalist friends) that the citizens of a democratic state should resist the temptation to separate their business and politics. We should get rid of that idea, Mr. Heckscher says, and aim, instead, at a planned but lively political life capable of giving legitimate expression to all the stresses and interests of the national body. Good, disturbing thinking, somewhat rhapsodic in spots, perhaps, but that's not a great failing.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, by G. P. Gooch (Knopf). An English historian's assessment of the man who has been described by some people as the most enlightened and articulate of all European rulers, and by others as the most talented criminal in modern Western history. At the conclusion of a brisk survey of Frederick's part in the swirling politics of eighteenth-century Europe and a more leisurely study of his correspondence and political writings, Dr. Gooch takes a stand on the high, dry ground that is near the middle of every controversy. It is all right, he thinks, to say that Frederick was less benign in fact than he made himself out to be in his writings, but it is going too far to blame him for Count Bismarck and Adolf Hitler. The book includes some excellent chapters on the hilarious carryings on between Frederick and Voltaire.

OPERATION VICTORY, by Major General Sir Francis de Guingand (Scribner). This book, by the man who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served as chief of staff under Field Marshal Montgomery in North Africa and Europe, is both a history of the planning and management of the war in those theatres and, at the same time, another estimate of the Field Marshal's disputed talents and personality. General de Guingand, as you might expect, views his former boss as a more nearly perfect human being and soldier than Lieutenant Colonel Ralph Ingersoll did. He has a greater interest in strategy than in gossip, however, and as a result has turned out one of the most thorough and informative records of the African and European campaigns that have appeared so far. The author's style, which sometimes reminds one of a letter to the London *Times*, gives the book an odd charm.

BASIC JUDAISM, by Milton Steinberg (Harcourt, Brace). A brief and unentangled explanation of the origins, practices, and aspirations of the Jewish faith, particularly successful because of the author's rare ability to stick to unadorned information, instead of wandering off into the fascinating but convoluted alleys of theological controversy. The outline of the points of similarity and difference between Judaism and Christianity is extremely instructive, and so is Mr. Steinberg's method of explaining his religion as it is interpreted by both traditionalist and modern Jews.

THE CULT OF POWER, by Rex Warner (Lippincott). A series of essays, in which the author is largely concerned with the conflict between freedom and authority in the twentieth century, a matter he took up more extensively in his recent novel, "The Aerodrome." He approaches his subject in a forbidding manner—by way of studies of Dickens, Dostoevski, and the language of Aeschylus—and the conclusions he draws never hit the problem very squarely; they merely push it around a little.

IT BEATS WORKING, by John Lardner (Lippincott). A collection of those entertaining excoriations of celebrated sporting figures that Mr. Lardner has been writing for *Newsweek* during the past seven or eight years. In a disarming preface, the author answers a question that may have occurred to some of his readers: How do the subjects of his essays feel about being roughed up in this way? He doesn't think they mind very much. Cartoons by Willard Mullin.

SANDBY DRAWINGS AT WINDSOR CASTLE, edited by A. P. Oppe (Phaidon). The two Sandby brothers, Paul and Thomas, who lived in the latter half of the eighteenth century, made Windsor Castle their special artistic province, and between them they must have done two or three hundred drawings and water colors of the place. About fifty of these are reproduced in this volume, in addition to nearly a hundred figure studies, drawings of contemporary London, and so on. The result is not as monotonous as it sounds, for the pair were competent, careful draftsmen, and their pictures of the great, rambling, semi-medieval structure produce a cumulative effect of impressive mass.

NOTE: "Tales Out of School," by John J. Espey, a sequel to the author's "Minor Heresies," has been published by Knopf. It is a collection of stories that deal mostly with Mr. Espey's three years as a pupil at the American School in Kuling, China. Many of the chapters first appeared in this magazine.

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I am twelve years old and would like to know more about the atom, its effects and what it will mean to me.

Could you also tell me something about the screen star, Vera Ellen? K. P.

Used in a bomb during war, the atom will mean destruction to you. Even if your body should survive, your family, friends, country and ideas will go up in smoke. To get a vivid picture of this, you are not too young to read John Hersey's "Hiroshima," which first appeared in the New Yorker Magazine on Aug. 31, 1946. The public library will help you find it.

Used in peace time, the atom can help find cures for cancer, create lakes in deserts, make Arctic regions comfortable for living, power ships, and possibly enable you to take a trip to the moon. You might enjoy reading "Atom Smashers, a Story of Discovery," by Raymond Yates, available at the library.

The Twentieth Century Film Company at 342 West 44th Street, New York, can send you a press sheet on "Carnival in Costa Rica," which gives some information about Vera Ellen and tells where you can get more.

—*Ossining (N.Y.) Citizen-Register.*

While there is yet time.

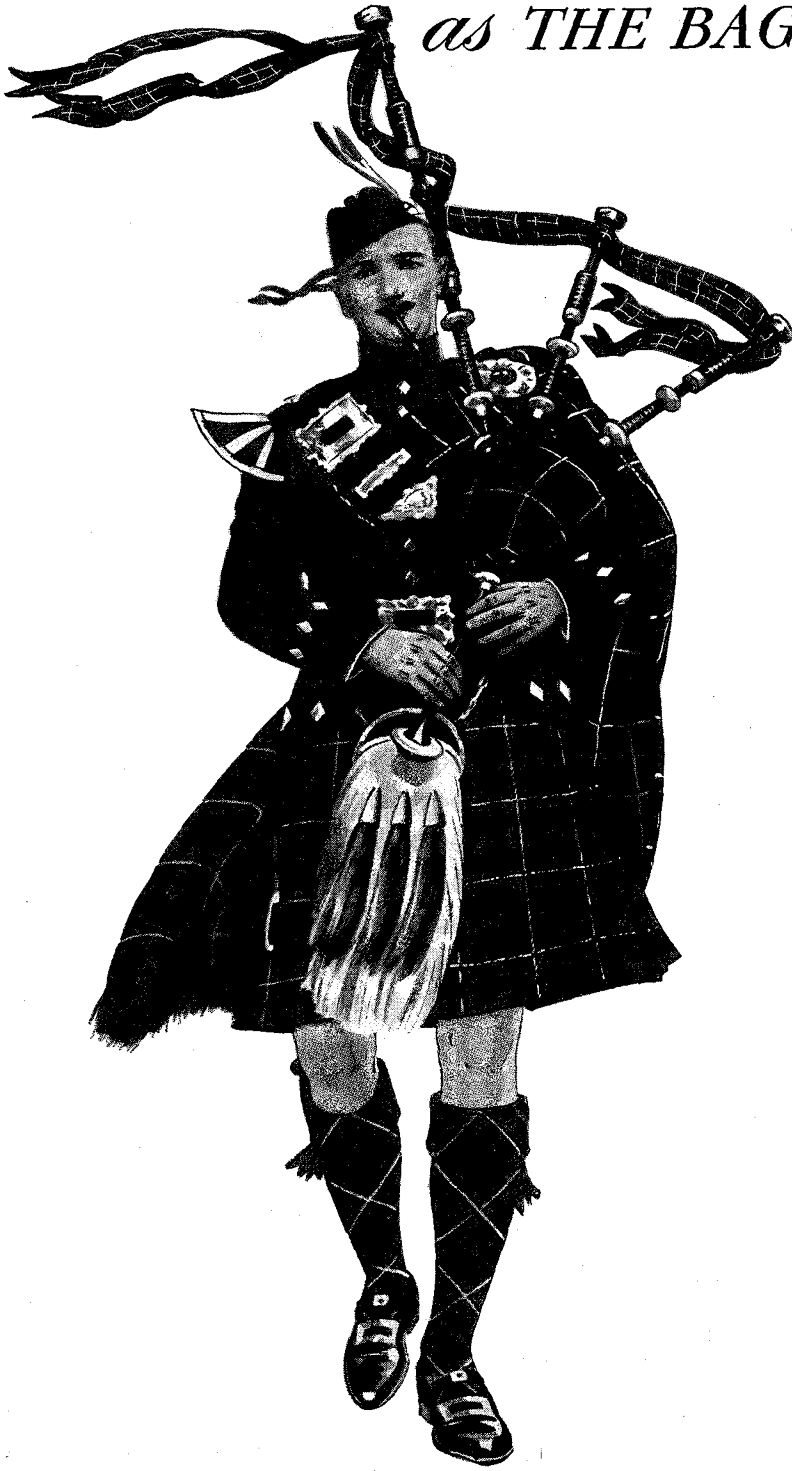
•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[From a description of characters prefacing a promptbook of the Eugene Walter play "The Easiest Way," produced in 1909]

Twenty-five or thirty dollars a week was all he needed. With that he could buy his liquor, treat his women, sometimes play a little faro, sit up all night and sleep all day, and in general, lead the life of good-natured vagabondage which had always pleased him, and which he had chosen as a career.

As Traditional of Scotland as THE BAGPIPES



MUSIC is *international* — but the skirl of the pipes brings to mind one nation, and one nation alone — Scotland! . . . So too with Scotch Whisky. And a call for *this* traditional drink brings to hand the *Highball of the Highlands* — Dewar's . . . Wherever you are in the whole world, enjoy this wee bit o' Scotland in a glass.

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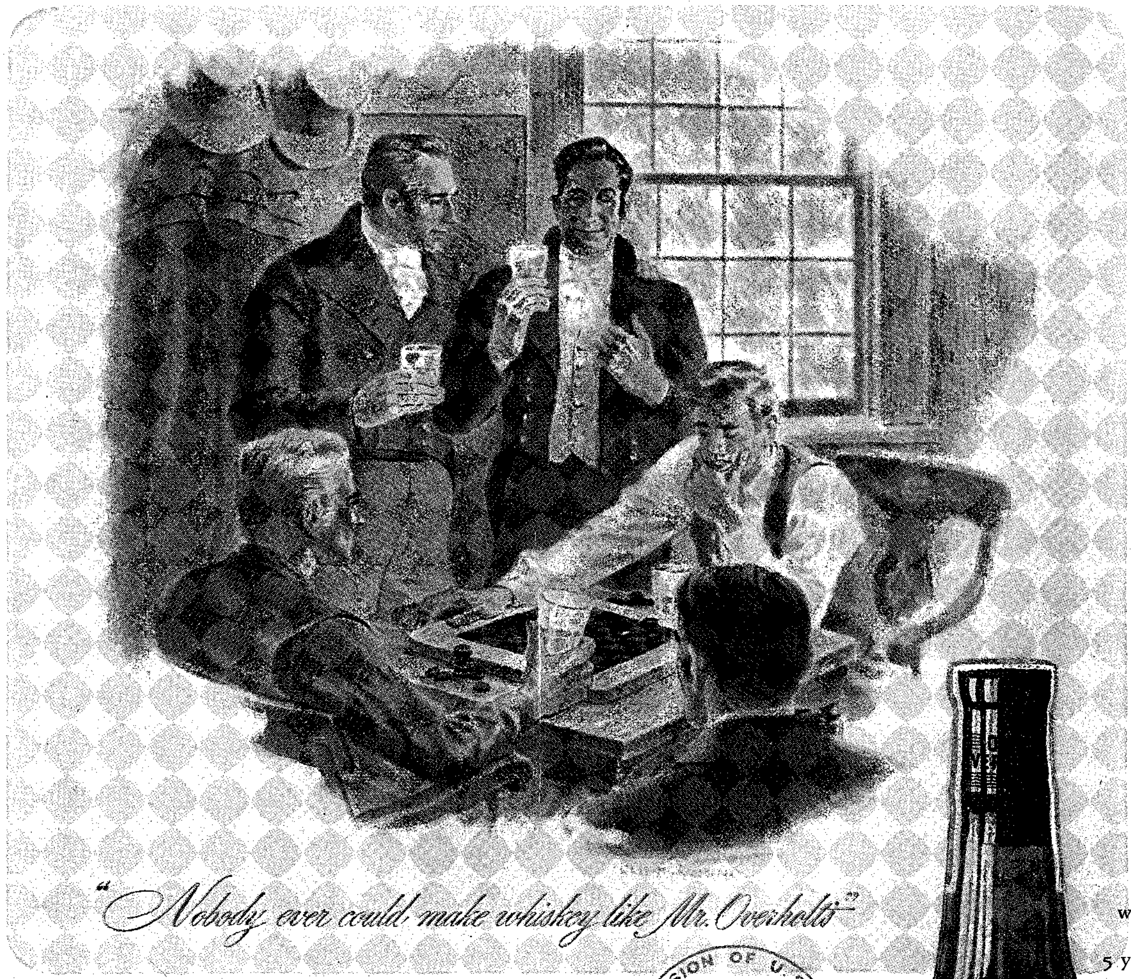
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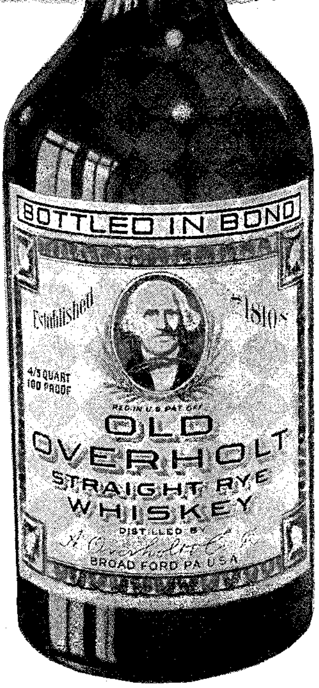
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